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## THE ARCHBISHOP OF HIERAPOLIS

ONE of the greatest delights in one's reading of history is to come across persons and situations which conform, in some measure at least, to conditions of which we have personal experience, or to people whom we have come in contact with in our own life. History, "*cette éternelle recommenceuse*", does repeat itself, precisely because, with all their virtues and vices, their culture or their barbarism, men do not greatly vary; hence the same passions and ambitions are for ever calling forth more or less identical situations. If I were asked to what personage in the history of the most interesting community the world has ever seen—that is, the Catholic Church—the revered Archbishop of Hierapolis bears the most marked affinity, I should say without hesitation that it is to the great figure of St. Gregory Nazianzen. Gregory "the affectionate, the tender-hearted, the man of quick feelings, the accomplished, the eloquent preacher", as Newman depicts him, was a native of Cappadocia, a somewhat remote province whose inhabitants seemed to have possessed some of those rugged and sturdy characteristics which are to be found to a remarkable degree in the people of the Archbishop's native Lancashire.

Alban Goodier was born on 4 April, 1869, at Great Harwood, of a family that never knew any other religious allegiance than that of the Holy Roman Church. It is, assuredly, a singular mark of divine predilection when a man is brought back to the bosom of Holy Mother Church at a time of life when he is fully aware both of the greatness of the privilege and of the tremendous implications of a step which, thank God, has long ago ceased to be matter for wonderment amongst us. The convert—the adult convert—recovers an incomparable inheritance; he enters into an enchanted world where he makes one thrilling discovery after another. He has seen both sides of the hedge and he now knows on which the sun shines. Hence

that exuberant joy in believing and those fine enthusiasms which usually make of him a keen and persuasive herald of the faith, which he values all the more as it has been late in coming to him. For all that, it is an even greater grace to have been born into the faith, as a man is born into an ancient family, or into easy and pleasant circumstances. That Alban Goodier was keenly sensible of this fact appears from the following passage in a book the very purpose of which it is to describe the happiness of the faith: "He [that is, himself] sincerely believes in and loves his Church, to which he is no convert, but which has come down to him from the days when every soul in England was Catholic. He thanks God every day for the gift of the Faith which came to him as an infant, and he regrets nothing more than that so many of his fellow-countrymen have lost this inheritance which once belonged to their fathers."\*

It was in the nature of things that the boy should be sent to the not-distant College of the Jesuit Fathers at Stonyhurst, a circumstance which was to have far-reaching consequences in the life of one who, in the midst of dignities, always remained an ardent disciple of St. Ignatius. Places have their individuality, their spirit and character, almost as much as human beings. Once you have entered through Stonyhurst's monumental gateway you feel transported to a new, or rather to a very old, world, to a time "when every soul in England was Catholic". Of those early days at school the present writer is not competent to speak; however, we get a glimpse of what they meant to the boy from a tribute to the late Father J. Keating, contributed to the *Month* by the Archbishop himself only a few weeks before his own death. "Father Keating," he wrote, "as it were picked me up from nothingness at the beginning of my scholastic career. Then he was full of philosophy and literature, and he would take me into the woods around Stonyhurst, and read by the hour, aloud, to enjoy the rhythm, the poets. He introduced me into a little poets' club of four, the condition of membership being that each produced a poem of some sort, once a month." (The

\* *The Inner Life of the Catholic*, preface VIII.

*Month*, April 1939). It was then, no doubt, and under such a master of lucid, musical English, that he who was destined to enrich our Catholic literature as few men have enriched it within recent decades, acquired that smooth, limpid and unaffected style which imparts so much charm to all his writings. Above all, it was during those formative years that he came to realize that in spite of his love of literature and of all that is beautiful, or perhaps, at least in part, for that very reason, he must forgo whatever prospects the world may have held out to him.

Alban Goodier entered the Jesuit noviciate on 7 September, 1887, at Manresa, Roehampton. On 20 September, 1903, he was ordained priest. There is no religious order or institute within the Church in which so much, and such protracted care, is bestowed upon the formation of its subjects. The very ideal which St. Ignatius had before him seems to demand such prolonged moulding and fashioning of the future Jesuit. It was the ambition of the soldier-saint of Pampeluna to provide Holy Church with a well-trained, mobile force, one that could take the field anywhere, against any kind of opponent, and that at a moment's notice. Complaints were sometimes made that the late Pope made too much use of the Jesuits; but the Pontiff's reply was that no matter what he asked the General to do or to undertake, he was always prepared for whatever might be asked of him and his order. The society is also the most individualistic institute in the Church. Its members must possess initiative and a goodly measure of self-reliance. They must know how to act not only as a corporate body, but as individual units. Hence the long training. Thus it comes about that on the day of his ordination, at a time when the average secular priest often has a whole decade of priestly work to his credit, the Jesuit is launched on his life-work with an enviable ripeness of character and a pretty clear notion of what he is fit or not fit for. Above all, he goes forth to his work in the mission field, or in the class-room, with deeply rooted habits of prayer, a keen sense of duty and a well-stocked, orderly mind.

Though as a Jesuit Alban Goodier was prepared to be moved, at short notice, from one house to another and

to be assigned the most varied tasks, it must have come to him as a great surprise, and even as a shock, when in the early months of the Great War he received orders to go to St. Francis Xavier's College, Bombay, where the German Jesuits were no longer able to carry on the work for which, until then, and again since the war, they had met with universal applause. In 1919 the Holy See named Father Goodier Archbishop of Bombay. This period of his life, though it lasted but six years, was assuredly the most painful of the whole of his existence for himself personally, as it was one that contributed to an enormous extent towards making him such as the period of his retirement has revealed him to tens of thousands of hearers and readers.

Of this period I am not competent to write. In the conversations I have had with the Archbishop, he referred but seldom to those years, and at no time to persons and circumstances that made that comparatively brief span a time of sore trial for so sensitive a nature as his was. But at this stage of his career the parallel with St. Gregory Nazianzen is most clearly marked. Gregory was a lover of solitude and rural quiet, of prayer and books. For all that, it was of one so sensitive as he that choice was made to govern the unruly and turbulent Church of Constantinople. "Gregory was of an amiable temper, fond of retirement and literary pursuits, and cultivating Christianity in its domestic and social aspect rather than amid the toils of ecclesiastical warfare . . . but his conduct at Constantinople made it clear how well he could undergo and fight against persecution in the quarrel of the Gospel. But such scenes of commotion were real sufferings to him."\* The picture is prophetic; practically every one of its features is applicable to Archbishop Goodier. The parallel is completed by the further circumstance that just as all that Gregory fought and suffered for was realized within a few years of his retirement, so was the intolerable situation in Bombay satisfactorily settled by the Holy See not long after the Archbishop's resignation. And, like Gregory, "when he had passed through many trials, and

\* *Historical Sketches*, II, 66.

done a great work", Archbishop Goodier came home "to be what he had been before, to meditate and to do penance, and to read, and to write poems, and to be silent as in former years".

The return from India marks the opening of the last, but likewise the most fruitful, period of the career of Alban Goodier, now titular Archbishop of Hierapolis. A brief spell of work in London, as assistant to Cardinal Bourne, soon brought it home to him that life amid the noise and rush of London was more than his greatly impaired health could stand. At length he found an ideal retreat at St. Scholastica's Abbey, Teignmouth. Standing more than half-way up the hill on the flank of which it is built, the beautiful convent, whose inmates have kept up the perpetual adoration of the Blessed Sacrament for more than sixty years, overlooks the smiling bay that spreads below, locked in the arms of the red cliffs of Devon. Here, far from the rush of the noisy world, the Archbishop entered upon a period of most strenuous yet peaceful activity, for which all that had gone before had been but the providential preparation. Though previous to his departure for India he had been in great request as a retreat preacher, and many articles had flowed from his pen, it was after his return that he produced what he himself considered his *opus magnum*, the chief work of his literary career, viz. *The Public Life of Our Lord Jesus Christ*, in two big volumes, which were eventually followed by a third volume on the Passion. On more than one occasion he told the present writer that this work was the fruit of his ten years' life and activity in the East, and that but for the intimate acquaintance with Eastern peoples and their ways which he then acquired, he could not have written a work the appearance of which, as a matter of fact, was hailed with enthusiasm by the devout. No doubt the trials that tore his sensitive soul during those years drove him in upon himself, or, rather, compelled him to flee to Him who was ever the all-absorbing love of his noble heart, and in the constant study of the words and actions of the world's Saviour he sought and found an unfailing anodyne for the stripes that bruised his spirit. One night he

showed me his well-thumbed Greek New Testament, saying, "This book was my constant companion on all my journeys in India, and often enough I had no other book—and I neither needed nor desired any other."

For Archbishop Goodier the Son of God made Man was the beginning and the end of all he did, spoke and wrote. Some of his smaller works are but the substance of sermons preached by him in Bombay and elsewhere, to audiences which included men of every religious persuasion, among them not a few pagans and Moham-medans. Yet to this strangely mixed audience the saintly Archbishop preached nothing but Christ, Christ crucified, Christ the King of the world, with a fervour and an enthusiasm that caused a nun in England to ask him, after she had read some of those sermons, how he could bring himself to speak with such warmth, not to say such abandon, in the hearing of people who did not even believe that Jesus is the Son of God. The answer was, in substance, that if men see that we ourselves are really in earnest in our belief in Him, if our very words glow with love for Him, they too will surely feel drawn towards one who has such power to charm.

At times one is almost tempted to think that in his eagerness to lead men to Christ, the Archbishop, so to speak, makes Our Lord too human—that is, reads too much of our own human feelings and emotions into one who, though He stooped towards humanity, did not thereby lower Himself, but rather exalted man. As a matter of fact, such a process seems scarcely avoidable in a really personal approach to Christ, for we instinctively create for ourselves a Christ as we would wish Him to be to ourselves; moreover, His is so rich a personality that we do find in our Saviour all that we seek in Him, and infinitely more. Before sailing for India the Archbishop wrote a kind of farewell message for some nuns; I believe the Sisters of the Sacred Heart, Roehampton. The pamphlet is entitled *A More Excellent Way*. More than once I ventured to tell his Grace that, to my thinking, this little pamphlet was the best of all his writings—a gem, in fact. He received the remark with the familiar, somewhat wry smile, but he did not contradict me; in fact, he was



obviously pleased that his little masterpiece should have so powerfully impressed this particular reader. Within the narrow compass of some thirty-two pages the Archbishop here draws for us a portrait of Christ which is doubly valuable, first as a vivid description of the supreme personality of all time, and, secondly, as a piece of unconscious autobiography. "When I was younger, a novice in religion, and knew myself less, and knew others less, and was full of high ambitions in the spiritual life, and sought in books and in study, in thought-out plans and schemes on paper, for guides to the summit of perfection, I set virtues before me, and meditated on their beauty, and proposed to myself to acquire them, subdividing them, analysing them, arranging their degrees as the steps of a ladder. . . . But now, when I have grown older . . . I am convinced that there is one road to perfection better than all else. . . . One thing is not possible; it is not possible to grow in the knowledge, and love, and imitation of Jesus Christ without at the same time growing in the perfection of every virtue and becoming more a saint every day."\*

The *admirabile commercium* of the Incarnation necessarily implies a twofold movement, a downward one and an upward one, viz. the coming down of God and the ascent of man. It is impossible to say which of these two aspects of the great "mystery of godliness" is the more amazing. St. Leo the Great, indeed, tells us that it is less matter for surprise that God should stoop to man than that man should be raised to the very plane of God Himself. Most of the Fathers have spoken in glowing terms of what they call man's "deification", through the fact that in the man Jesus our human nature is caught up into the innermost circle of the deity. Others have been no less inspiring in their descriptions of the Man of Sorrows, who, in this world, shared our lot in all things compatible with the majesty and holiness of one who, though man, was likewise God. This latter aspect of the mystery made an overwhelming appeal to the Archbishop's sensitive temperament: it was the favourite theme of all his writing and preaching.

\* Pp. 20, 21.

Archbishop Goodier was at all times, as it were, preoccupied with the mystery of Christ. As one reads his books, or as one listened to his sermons and addresses, one soon perceived that the person of the Saviour of mankind was the real theme of all he said or wrote, whatever may have been the immediate subject-matter he had to deal with. Like the blessed three on holy Tabor, he "only saw Jesus". As one in love can only think and speak of the object of his affection, so was Christ the all-absorbing object of the holy prelate's interest. I said at the beginning that there is more than a superficial resemblance between Archbishop Goodier and St. Gregory Nazianzen, separated though they are by some fifteen centuries. But I might have said that there is a no less striking similarity between him and Papias, the first Bishop, one may suppose, of Hierapolis, a place with which our Archbishop was to become for ever associated in his retirement. It is matter for much regret that the writings of one who, according to St. Irenaeus, had known and heard St. John the Evangelist, should be lost to the world. They were all of them commentaries on the *logia*—that is, the sayings and doings of our Lord not recorded elsewhere. What Papias tells us of himself, in a fragment fortunately preserved by Eusebius, is of great interest and serves to increase our regrets. "I did not take pleasure," he says, "as the many do, in those who speak much, but in those who teach what is true; nor in those who relate foreign precepts, but in those who relate the precepts which were given by the Lord." The words might have been written by Archbishop Goodier, except that he would have been reluctant to speak of his own person at all.

It was in the spirit of Papias that the twentieth-century Archbishop of Hierapolis lived and laboured. He may not have been a biblical scholar in the accepted and narrow sense of the word—he himself would have been the last person to make a claim of this kind—but it is quite evident that, like Apollo, he was *potens in Scripturis*. His knowledge of the Bible, and of the background of the Bible, was quite out of the common, and could only be the fruit of assiduous study. A careful



visit to biblical sites in the Holy Land under expert guidance was also of very great help to him. On the other hand, questions of textual criticism and suchlike things were but little to his liking. He loved to contemplate the divine Scriptures; above all, he was ever on the look-out for anything and everything that in any way referred to Him to whom the Scriptures bear witness. He studied the Scriptures not for the sake of scholarship, but as a means to apostolic action. To put it differently, all the Archbishop's preaching and writing had but one end, that of interpreting Christ to men, so that as many as he could influence, should ever come into closer contact with Him who bids all mortals come to Him in their joy as in their distress. If, when he "preached Jesus" to men, as Philip of old "on the way that goeth down from Jerusalem into Gaza", Archbishop Goodier seemed at times to read much of his own feelings even into the personality of our Lord Himself, is it any wonder, in view of the intimacy in which he lived with his Redeemer? And are we not meant to see Jesus each with his own eyes, listen to His voice with our own ears, love Him in our own individual way? Nor is it small gain to have Jesus interpreted to us by one who was so eminently fitted by nature and grace to explain Him:

Many . . . have attempted to describe for us the perfect man . . . none have been able to include in their description the whole idea of man's perfection . . . in every case it will be his own vision, his own point of view, which will be expressed; true, noble, complete, perfect in its degree, but nevertheless with the confining limitations . . . which human nature cannot escape. . . . Yet we are compelled to make one exception: there has lived in this world one man in whom, if he is taken wholly, no fault whatever has been found; who has shown himself in all things perfect . . . the impossible has been done before our eyes. The more closely the portrait is examined . . . so much the more is this amazing fact found to be true, and that not only by followers who love his name . . . but by unbelievers also who would look on him with cold eyes, unenthusiastic in his cause, what they would call unprejudiced and scientific, and yet would be honest and sincere.

This long quotation from *Jesus Christ, Model of Manhood* may serve as a sample of the simple, straight-

forward literary manner of the writer, as well as of the penetrating warmth and unction that impart to all the Archbishop's writings an indefinable charm which was his own particular secret—an emanation, so it seems to me, of the Holy Ghost, who inspired him and guided his hand.

The idea may appear far-fetched, not to say fantastic, yet it is one that it may be permitted to draw attention to. It is this : when we read the works of Alban Goodier we read the writings of a Bishop ; that is, of a successor of the Apostles—of one, therefore, who was in a peculiar manner an organ and instrument of the Holy Ghost for the spiritual building-up of the Church. It is interesting to recall that in the act of imparting to a new Bishop the fulness of Christ's priesthood the consecrating prelate thus appeals to God on his behalf : *Sis ei auctoritas, sis ei potestas, sis ei firmitas*. A Bishop speaks and writes with an authority that derives immediately from his character and position in the Church ; but if to this charismatic authority there is added that which comes from learning and personal holiness, there must needs be in his teaching a special power and inspiration for the "edification of the body of Christ".

Apart from those of his works which deal more or less directly with the Person of Christ, Archbishop Goodier also wrote much on the spiritual life in general ; in fact, the very last of his published works is precisely an *Introduction to Ascetical and Mystical Theology*. This is perhaps the one book from his pen in which he had an almost exclusively didactic purpose in view, for the work is the substance of nineteen lectures given to the Jesuit students at Heythrop College. Though here we see him in the lecture hall, the Archbishop still remains true to himself. The whole of his luminous exposition of the nature of the soul's supernatural life, of its growth and final maturity, is suffused with a light that never lacks warmth : he was ever "a shining and a burning light". This work appropriately crowns all his other writings, in fact his whole life, for it was by following this threefold path—these three stages of spiritual development—that he became the man of God that his written and spoken words show him to have been.

The Archbishop has also written much on prayer. By prayer I mean here that personal effort at establishing contact with God which goes by the generic name of prayer or, much less happily, meditation. In the last analysis it could be said that in all his writings, as well as in all his preaching, the Archbishop's sole object was to provide food for prayer. This is even the avowed purpose of another of his didactic works, viz. *The Word Incarnate ; a Harmony of the Gospels*, which he completed "in the hope that it may help many in prayer and meditation". (Preface). Prayer is indeed a gift from above : "I will pour out . . . the spirit of grace and prayer." (Zach. xii, 10). It is also an art that can be taught and learnt. In the three volumes *The Life that is Light*, which represent the fruit of many years' retreat preaching, he provides a perfect pattern of prayer, whilst at the same time he lets us into the secret of his own interior life with God, for so sincere a writer could not have set down what he had not himself felt. The whole of the book has a personal ring, so to speak, subdued indeed, and restrained, yet there all the time. For him "prayer is one's own realization of God and the supernatural, not the mere analysis of spiritual things ; it is the raising of one's own heart and mind to God, in one's own expressions, however feeble. . . . There can be nothing more individual than prayer." Further on he laments the "misfortune"—it is nothing less !—that "so many never get beyond intellectual knowledge. . . . They learn enough to reverence the infinite wonder of Jesus Christ ; they do not grasp His personal, familiar humility. This is not to pray, but to study ; not to know, but to know about ; not intimacy, but speculation."

Archbishop Goodier was the gentlest and most indulgent of men, and a great respecter of the opinions of others, with the consequence that he was at all times willing to learn. For all that, he could be roused when he saw men advocating ideas or theories about prayer which he felt to be inaccurate, or at any rate stated in exaggerated or misleading terms. The following quotation, from an article which gave rise to a controversy that pained him greatly, is eloquent in its restraint : "Students

of prayer know that in France and elsewhere there has revived of late *an old misery*,\* that of dividing prayer into schools, and thus setting one school against another." (*The Month*, Oct. 1935).

It remains to refer briefly to the life of the Archbishop in his Benedictine retreat at Teignmouth. On the surface those were quiet and leisurely days, but *Nam mihi partita quies* . . . would be an utterly wrong description of those years of intense and most fruitful activity. Their chief feature was simplicity, regularity and, I think I may add, happiness; the Archbishop felt in his element. The years of stress and frequent change lay far behind. From his sheltered anchorage he could survey the storm-tossed world, even as when he paced up and down one of the few level paths in the sloping grounds of St. Scholastica's, he would stop from time to time to gaze upon the azure bay stretching away at the foot of the hill. Morning after morning, in summer and in winter, he went down into the extern chapel at six o'clock, when he made his full hour's prayer. I never saw him use a book; a mind so richly stored as his, a heart so habitually attuned to divine things, could have but little need of such help, though it is likely enough that, faithful to his own and other masters' teaching, he prepared, or foresaw the subject of his prayer—his contemplation, I should say—during the long visit which he invariably paid to the Blessed Sacrament last thing at night before retiring. At 7.15 he would take up Holy Communion to the infirmary. To do this once or twice, or for a brief period, is assuredly no great hardship for a healthy man; but the Archbishop was no longer young, and his heart was not in good condition; yet he did this day by day, for months on end. As often as not there was no server; a sister responded, and the Archbishop moved the book himself. It was a joy to watch him say Mass; he neither hurried nor dragged over words or ceremonies. He did not pronounce the Latin in the Italian fashion—at any rate his c's were soft. After his thanksgiving and a very light breakfast he would glance at the paper for a few minutes, after which the day's work began. He occupied

\* The italics are mine.

a small room, facing almost due north and no bigger than a monk's cell. Here he sat in an armchair, by the fire-side, with a wooden contraption of his own devising across his knees which served him as a writing-table. On Saturdays he took what he called a holiday! It was not easy to see the difference from other days, except, perhaps, that he indulged in a certain amount of reading and wrote a little less. In the afternoon he would go to a convent about a mile away to hear the confessions of the community. He went there on foot, so that he got a walk on that one day of "relaxation".

That a life of such close application to literary work bore a very marked penitential character, only those would question who have never tried it. On cold days, and when summer might lure him into the garden, when in good health, and in sickness, the work of the pen went on for many hours on end. Only this heroic devotion to work made possible the immense literary output of those years of his retirement. The penitential aspect of this life is further emphasized by the fact that, as he told me more than once, all his books were written at least two or three times over.

The peaceful yet intensely productive period at Teignmouth was frequently interrupted by retreats, lectures and special sermons, for he was in great request for this kind of work, and he was generally booked up one or two years ahead. His sermons and addresses on special occasions were always carefully prepared and admirably appropriate. I well remember the first occasion on which I heard him preach. It was at the profession of a nun. He pontificated and gave an admirable address. It was interesting to listen to the comments of the clergy when all was over. They were impressed—no small tribute, to be sure, from men who think they know all there is to know about preaching. "A Jesuit meditation in three points" was one comment. I dare say it was—but may we have many such exponents of Jesuit meditations!

His broadcast address on the Sunday before the King's coronation, entitled "Our Hallowing", must have made a deep and lasting impression on hundreds of thousands of

listeners. In that address, as in a hundred other ways, the Archbishop revealed his great love for England. He was far too good a Christian, and too sensible a man, to be a jingo, but he was proud of the Empire. In particular he had a profound sense of England's providential mission in India, where he himself had toiled for ten years. More than once I have heard him speak in terms of the highest appreciation of those responsible for the government of India, more particularly of one or two outstanding personalities whose names I must not mention, men whom he admired for their sincere religious convictions and their lofty conception of England's mission to those teeming millions.

Thus the years sped by, peacefully, yet most fruitfully, but only a very few persons could be aware that the venerable prelate's physical condition was such as to render its sudden termination an ever-present possibility. In the afternoon of 13 March the Archbishop received the visit of a priest friend. Together they went down to the chapel. The Archbishop left his friend there and returned alone. He had almost reached the door of his study when he suddenly staggered and collapsed before help could be given him. He had known for some time that the call might come with that peremptoriness by which God shows that He alone is the master of life and death. Sudden, but not unforeseen, was his passing from time to eternity, to Him whom he had loved so much, for whose name he had toiled so long, of whom he had spoken and written so well, whose Kingdom he had so successively laboured to establish in the hearts of men.

In what little time men move through the work which is, as it were, the end for which they are born, and which is to give character to their names with posterity. They are known in history as the prime movers in this work, as the instruments of that . . . and when we examine dates we often find that the exploits, or discoveries, or sway which make them famous, lasted but a few years out of a long life, like plants that bloom once, and never again. . . . Their ethical character, talents, acquirements, actions seem concentrated on a crisis. . . . Gregory lived sixty years ; his ecclesiastical life was barely three.\*

\* Newman, *loc. cit.*



With certain modifications the words are prophetic of Archbishop Goodier's career. He lived to be seventy, but the supreme work of his life, that by which his name will long live in the history of English Catholicism, was performed after he had retired from an active career, far from the public eye, and within the last fourteen years of his life. To sum up, then : I venture to think that even as Gregory Nazianzen lives in history, not so much as a Patriarch of Constantinople—a great many people who know him as a Father of the Church are quite ignorant of the fact that for a brief spell he held the see of the capital of the Empire of the East—but rather as a writer and an orator, so will Alban Goodier live as a spiritual writer of singular grace and unction, rather than as the ruler of a difficult diocese in a distant land. He has indeed left his mark in India, and Bombay will long hold his name in grateful recollection ; but in his own country he will be remembered as the venerable and saintly Archbishop of Hierapolis when his temporary, though much more real, connexion with distant Bombay may well have been forgotten.

DOM ERNEST GRAF, O.S.B.

## MEMORIES OF THREE POPES

**M**Y first visit to Rome, and my first glimpse of the great Pontiff Pius IX, was in the year 1867, when I was an impressionable schoolboy of fourteen, and the Pope was in his seventy-fifth year, with a decade still to run of his memorable and unprecedentedly long pontificate. And that glimpse (for it was nothing more) was of him seated on his throne, a white-haired, white-robed figure, at the far end of the great transept of St. Peter's, encircled by a corona of cardinals ; and of a little insignificant figure in a black gown advancing across the great open space, kneeling at the Pontiff's feet, presenting to him a long roll of parchment, receiving his blessing, and walking back into the crowd of onlookers.

The occasion was the canonization of more than two hundred Japanese martyrs for the faith, many of them Jesuit priests and brothers. And the solitary suppliant whom I saw kneeling before the Holy Father was Father Peter Becks, the famous general of the Society of Jesus. "Look well at that little man in black," said my friend, a Protestant resident in Rome, with whom I was staying, "he has more power and influence than all the Popes and Cardinals and bishops in the world." "Good heavens ! who can he be ?" I whispered awe-struck ; and the answer was almost hissed into my ear : "*It is the General of the Jesuits.*"

Pius IX was not yet at this time the "Prisoner of the Vatican", as he was to be during the last eight years of his eventful life. He still preserved the last shred of his temporal independence ; but though Garibaldi had been soundly beaten at Mentana, the Piedmontese invaders were already swarming over the Papal States ; and it was only with the aid of French bayonets that Pius was still master in his own city. Still he went about his wonted business, unruffled by the enemy at his gate, and cheering the people who loved him by his presence among them. But, except for that one glimpse of him at St. Peter's (I remember still how deeply it interested me), I never once caught sight of him again during the fortnight of my Roman visit.



Three years later, during the twelve-months' interval between my Etonian and Oxford days, I spent my seventeenth birthday in Rome, and was present at the stirring events which culminated, on 20 September, 1870, in the occupation of Rome by Victor Emmanuel, and the end, as it seemed, for ever, of the temporal independence of the Sovereign Pontiff. I have written elsewhere at length of the humble part which I played, on that hot September day, in succouring the wounded and dying soldiers of the Pontifical Army. What I want to recall here is the second glimpse (it was no more than a glimpse, indeed rather what would be called in these days an "aerial view") of the Holy Father, only two days before the invasion of Rome by the Piedmontese. For that glimpse was from the summit of St. Peter's, hundreds of feet above the city; and standing there with my friend, Walter Constable-Maxwell, one of the international corps of Papal Zouaves, I witnessed a sight which will remain engraved on my memory till I die. Far below us, in the famous Corso which bisects the city, we saw the Papal coach wending its way along the crowded street, and could clearly descry the figure of the venerable Pontiff, in his scarlet cloak and hat, passing slowly along on foot with his attendants, and blessing the kneeling multitudes who thronged the narrow street. And then, turning our eyes beyond the confines of the city, to where the Campagna stretches to the Alban Hills, we could plainly see the enemy's camp—the white tents sheltering the invading host which two days later was to enter the stricken capital, through the Porta Pia. That evening Walter Maxwell took me round some of the Roman wine-shops frequented by the Zouaves; and everywhere we found them, as they smoked their long thin black cigars and quaffed their *mezzo vino*, lamenting at the news that the Pope, to avoid unnecessary bloodshed, had ordered that the defence should be merely nominal, and vowing that they would expend their last cartridge, and shed the last drop of their blood, in his defence.

On the fatal 20 September Maxwell fought gallantly with his corps, was taken prisoner, frog-marched to Cività Vecchia, and, after long detention there in a filthy prison,

was at length embarked on a crazy old steamer and allowed to sail for England. I too, when all was over, left Rome for Scotland. Before my departure I received from Cardinal Antonelli a medal which I still treasure, and an expression of the Pope's thanks for the little which I had been able to do for his soldiers on this day of the siege. But that glimpse of the Pontiff, in his last progress through the streets of his capital, was the only one which I had of him during all those memorable days.

Five years later, when I was a Magdalen undergraduate half way through my university course, I came into personal contact with Pio Nono under quite different circumstances, and in a much more intimate fashion. It was in the Easter week of 1875. On Maundy Thursday, which that year coincided with the Annunciation ("Our Lord in our Lady's lap", as the Romans phrased it), I had been reconciled to the One Church in St. Alphonsus's dear and devotional church on the Esquiline, before the picture of Our Lady of Perpetual Succour. I had made my first, my Easter, Communion at St. Andrea della Fratte, where Alphonse Ratisbonne had some years before been converted with the suddenness of St. Paul. I had received confirmation at the hands of Archbishop (afterwards Cardinal) Howard in his private chapel in the Villa Negroni: I had seen Cardinal Manning take possession of his titular church on the Cœlian Hill; and now, as the crown and climax of those wonderful days, I was kneeling beside my dear friend and god-father, Ogilvy Fairlie (nephew of the Scots Protestant laird who had been my host in Rome eight years before), in one of the halls of the Vatican, to be received and blessed by the aged Vicar of Christ.

Slowly he entered the audience-chamber, preceded and followed by his Swiss and Noble Guard, and attended by his court. He paused before us. "Students of Oxford, recent converts to the Catholic faith," murmured the maestro di camera. I looked up at the benignant, smiling countenance of the Pontiff, still unlined, for all his years and all his troubles. I kissed his ring and received his benedictions and felicitation on my conversion; and he passed on to two other youths who were kneeling beside

us, "Also Oxford students," were the words of introduction, "but Protestants." "No, Santo Padre," said one of them, greatly daring, "*non Protestanti, ma Anglicani.*" . . . "Sì, sì," gently rejoined his Holiness, in the tone of a parent soothing a fractious child, "*stessa cosa, stessa cosa*" — "it's all the same thing"; and he added the expression of his hope that they would follow their *condiscipuli* into the Ark of Peter. We had never seen them before, and we never saw them again.

So passed away that happy hour, the close of many happy and memorable days; and I had perforce to leave Rome, where I should have loved to linger, and to return to the academic groves of Oxford. But I felt that I had left in the Eternal City *dimidium animæ meæ*—half my soul. My life at Oxford and in Scotland continued to be an occupied and happy one after, as it had been before, my conversion. But the happiest weeks and months of the following years, until I found my vocation in a Benedictine cloister, were those succeeding spring-times which I had the good fortune to spend in Rome.

My link with the Vatican and its illustrious occupant (who never once left its inclosure during the last eight years of his life and his reign) was, of course, greatly strengthened by the office of *cameriere della spada e cappa* (chamberlain of the sword and cloak) which had been conferred on me through the good offices of my kind and constant friend, Archbishop Eyre, Scottish vicar-apostolic and future occupant of the restored metropolitan see of Glasgow. This appointment, of course, gave me to some extent the *entrée* to the anticameras of the Vatican; and as one result of the Revolution of 1870 had been a certain relaxation in the strict etiquette of the Papal Court, one's attendance was not confined to any particular week, but was often extended to the whole period of one's residence in Rome.

One of our privileges was, on certain days of the week, to be present when the Holy Father, after dining alone (as was and is his invariable custom) came down to one of the smaller halls of the palace for half an hour's "recreation", or informal conversation, with some of the Cardinals. Their Eminences sat in a sort of square (or rather oblong)

on high-backed benches, in strict order of seniority, the aged Cardinal-Bishops next to the Pontiff. Sometimes, however, he would call up one of the younger Cardinals to his side, as he enjoyed lively talk; and Cardinal Edward Howard ("Ovardi", as he was called in Rome), the junior Cardinal Deacon, was quite often summoned to sit beside the Pope, and give him the news of the day. Meanwhile the Papal snuff-box (adorned with a beautiful cameo) was produced, and passed round the circle of Eminences, the Holy Father always keeping an eye on it.

Certain senior chamberlains appointed permanently (our offices were only for the reigning Pope's life) were known as the *Camerieri di numero*. One was my friend H. Grissell, an Oxford convert, who, in virtue of his special position, was given a large gold medal every year, and had also a right to a basin of soup daily from the Pope's table. The Romans, who had a nickname for everyone, called these privileged chamberlains the *zuppanti*. I was never privileged to get either the soup or the medal.

As I found myself frequently in attendance at the Papal audiences (Pio Nono, being naturally of social and kindly disposition, willingly received every one who wished to see him), I witnessed not a few curious scenes in the anticamera. One such was the appearance of a young Protestant Englishman, tutor to the son of the then British Ambassador to the Quirinal, who asked for and obtained an audience, but declined to kneel as the Pope passed round the circle. His Holiness's military attendants were inclined to make short work with this impolite intruder; but the Pope motioned them back, stood for a moment looking at the young man, and quietly remarked, "Aha! I see: a new statue for our Galleries." The youth was promptly hustled away from the hall and out of the palace. The same evening Sir Augustus Paget, the British Ambassador, received an intimation from the Italian authorities that his son's tutor must be out of Rome, and across the frontier, within twenty-four hours. It was not the policy of the Government to permit the Pope to be insulted in his own palace.

I remember a French lady-devotee in the circle of visitors, who when her turn came to be received assured

the Holy Father that she had been the subject of a miraculous cure. Having obtained one of the Pope's stockings, she had worn it on her leg, and had been healed of acute and persistent rheumatism. He looked very grave on hearing this, knowing that the stocking could have been only obtained surreptitiously and against all regulations ; but he only said quietly, "Thank God, my daughter, for your relief ; but you must not say it was the stocking." . . . "But it *was*, Holy Father, it was your own stocking, and it cured me." . . . "My child," said the Pontiff, "you make a grave mistake. Look at me, an old man who has worn *two* stockings all his life, and yet I have suffered from rheumatism for years. So you see that it could not possibly have been my stocking that cured you." We all smiled ; but the good lady remained unconvinced.

I think that my most interesting experience as chamberlain was being in attendance when Eugénie, ex-Empress of the French, came to pay her respects to the Holy Father. It was indeed a historic meeting, for but a few years before the Revolutions in France and in Rome had broken out in the same year and almost the same month ; Pius IX had been forcibly dispossessed of the last remains of his temporal possessions, and was virtually a prisoner within the narrow confines of his house and gardens. And Eugénie, who was said to have urged on the Franco-Prussian War, and the withdrawal of the French troops from Italy which directly brought about the fall of Rome, was now a lonely widow who had lost her husband, her country and her crown, and was living in exile in a foreign land.

I thought of all this as I stood on duty in the ante-chamber, and saw the bereaved and stricken Empress, attired (as were her two ladies) in deepest black, standing in the doorway. Opposite was the door into the Pope's private apartments ; presently it opened, and the Pontiff stood there with hands outstretched, ready to welcome his royal visitor, who, according to the prescribed etiquette, should have crossed the anticamera to where he was standing to receive her. To our surprise and embarrassment, the Empress, instead of advancing, knelt

down in the doorway and burst into tears ! We all stood motionless, not daring to stir or even look round. There was a moment's pause : then the aged Pontiff walked slowly across the chamber, raised the weeping lady from her knees, and led her into his apartments. The doors were closed ; and when they were re-opened some twenty minutes later, we saw the Empress come out, her black veil thrown back, a smile irradiating her still beautiful face, and in her hand the long gilt and decorated palm-branch which the Pope had received in Lent, as usual, from the nuns of St. Agnese, and had now handed on as a souvenir to the poor Empress. He had clearly known how to console her.

Pio Nono desired that, although the Sardinian Royal family were now installed at the Quirinal Palace (King Victor Emmanuel himself never once slept there excepting on the night before his death), the Roman *patriciato*, the Princes and nobles who still remained faithful to the old régime, should carry on their social life as before the Revolution. So they continued to entertain their own set (known as the "Blacks") in their own palaces, and gave parties, not very gay, perhaps, but very stately, with the scarlet and purple and lace of Cardinals and Monsignori gleaming among the black and white dresses of the ladies (no other colour was ever worn), and the famous family jewels of the Corsinis, Altieris, Dorias, Borgheses, Albanis and Giustiniani-Bandinis flashing on the white necks or above the raven tresses of the daughters of Rome.

I have a weird reminiscence connected with one of these receptions, held in the Pamphili Palace in the Piazza Navona, in honour of the elevation to the cardinalate of Archbishop Moreno of Valladolid. We were all awaiting the arrival of the Apostolic Ablegate, the high official sent by the Pope to bring the biretta to the new Cardinal. An hour after the appointed time the Ablegate had not appeared. The fact was that while crossing the Tiber on his way from the Vatican the poor man had fallen down dead on the bridge of St. Angelo. The coachman drove back to the Vatican with the corpse : another Ablegate was hurriedly appointed ; and by him the biretta was duly brought and presented to the Spanish prelate.



## LEO XIII

I left Rome, after my usual spring sojourn in April 1877, and never saw Pius IX again. The agitating news arrived, a month after Christmas, that the King of Italy and the Pope were both dying; and both were dead when I reached Rome, just in time to assist at the last of three solemn Requiem Masses celebrated for Pio Nono. Already the thoughts of all Christendom were turned to the impending Conclave. *The Times* devoted five times as much space to surmises and prognostications about the coming election as it had done to the demise of the Crown of "United Italy".

Sixty-one Cardinals entered the Conclave which elected Gioacchino Pecci to the throne of St. Peter. Two of the four English-speaking Cardinals, Manning and Howard, were present and voted; but the two others, Cardinals Cullen of Dublin and McClosky of New York, reached Rome too late to take part in the election. Recalling the titles and personalities of the *cortège* of Eminences whom I watched proceeding to the throne-room for the Pope's first allocution to the Sacred College, I cannot but reflect what extraordinary distinction attached to their names at that time. One remembers the saintly Cardinal Bonaparte, with his clean-cut features, pale as marble, strangely recalling those of his kinsman the great Emperor; Hohenlohe, of character as great and noble as his lineage; the princely Schwartzemberg of Prague, as magnificently generous as he was wealthy; Chigi-Albani, patrician of Siena and of Rome, and brother of the hereditary Marshal of the Conclave; Borromeo, of the blood of the great St. Charles of Milan, and arch-priest of St. Peter's; Ledochowski, of an illustrious Polish house, who had suffered imprisonment for his fidelity to the Holy See—Donnet, the kindly and genial Archbishop of Bordeaux, who once electrified the French Senate by describing how he himself had been laid in his coffin for interment, and had woken to consciousness as the first screw was being driven into the lid.

Of course the most interesting figures in that long

procession, in the eyes of some of us, were the two English Eminences, Manning and Howard, who walked side by side. A singular contrast they presented—the spare ascetic figure and keen, mobile, parchment-hued countenance of the Cardinal of Westminster, and the tall, burly form, handsome ruddy features, and military carriage (it was almost a swing) of the ex-Life-Guards officer of the British Army, who had headed the procession through London at the Duke of Wellington's funeral a quarter of a century before.

*The Times* confidently declared that Pope Leo XIII, who was fifteen years older than Pius IX had been at his election, had no possible chance of exceeding the years of Peter. Time, we know, falsified that prophecy; but a man might have been excused for making it who looked at the emaciated sexagenarian, with his face of wax-like pallor, as he passed into the Hall of the Consistory to take part in his first Pontifical Act; turning, as he moved along, his piercing brown eyes on the silent rows of kneeling spectators, and raising his nervous, trembling hand to give them the sign of blessing. That his hand always trembled was manifest from his extraordinary handwriting, of which I treasure a page: a tiny caligraphy, not cursive, for every letter was separated from its neighbour, but singularly clear and legible.

I well remember how the contrast between Leo XIII and his beloved predecessor struck me at the first reception which he gave to the Pontifical Household, of which I was a humble member, and also at the first public audience held by him. Kind old Pio Nono used to totter into the audience-chamber, leaning on his ebony stick, carrying his big cameo snuff-box, his face wreathed in smiles, as he stopped every moment to give a genial greeting, or utter a little playful jest, to those whom he recognized in the waiting crowd. Pope Leo walked through the long chamber swiftly yet majestically (I remember no one save Cardinal Vaughan capable of progress so rapid and yet so dignified), turning his piercing gaze from side to side, and saying no word to anyone. He had a kindly nature and a tender heart, but he did not wear them on the surface. I remember how at his public audiences he eschewed all



trivial conversation with devout ladies, and, as a rule, paused only to converse with nuns or (very frequently) with missionary priests.

Things had become slack in the vast household of the Vatican since the Revolution of 1870; and Pope Leo's first care was to restore order, discipline and, above all, economy in every department of the palace. With the able assistance of his maestro di camera, the much respected Mgr. Macchi, and his universally beloved major-domo, Mgr. Ricci, the old regulations were restored, and all officials, from domestic prelates down to chamberlains, had to take their allotted turns in attendance at the Papal Court. I recall an incident affecting the excellent English prelate, Mgr. Edmund Stonor, who had in recent years assumed the privilege of *entrée ad libitum* into the Papal apartments, especially when any distinguished English visitors came to pay their respects to His Holiness. When the late Duke of Norfolk paid his first visit to the new Pope, Mgr. Stonor was prepared, as a matter of course, to usher him into the presence, and protested when he found himself debarred from entry. "*Monsignore,*" gravely replied Mgr. Macchi, "*io son maestro qui.*—I have already appointed Signor Giorgio Lane Fox to attend the Duca at his audience." So my friend George Lane Fox stepped in and Mgr. Stonor stayed out. But I am sure he bore no grudge against anyone, for he was humble as well as kind.

One of the first of the new Pontiff's economies was getting rid of all the horses in the Papal stables—a perfectly useless source of expense, he maintained, as he never expected or intended to go out except afoot in the Vatican gardens. I remember meeting my friend, the Marchese Serlupi, the Pope's Master of the Horse, coming down the stairs from the private apartments actually in tears, with a large red silk handkerchief held to his eyes. "It is useless, my friend," he said to me; "I have implored his Holiness to keep a few horses ready for possible future eventualities, but he is adamant. I have orders to sell every beast in the stables without delay." *Sic transit!*

One result of the disappearance of the horses was, of course, the discontinuance of the traditional custom of

sending Papal carriages to fetch officials summoned to the Vatican. Even I, a mere chamberlain, used to be driven, when on duty, from my hotel in the city ; and handsome pair-horse coaches were at the service of prelates and cardinals. The dispersal of the Papal stud, of course, put an end to this, much to the chagrin of some of the court. I heard that a deputation (including one or two Cardinals) waited on the Pope to protest respectfully against the abolition of this immemorial privilege ; and that Leo XIII replied to the remonstrance by making one of the very few jokes ever credited to him : "The Cisalpine Government," he is reported to have said, "has done some strange things in our city of Rome ; but it has, I understand, established a very efficient service of tramways ; so that your Eminences and Reverend Excellencies can now come all the way to the Vatican, and back, for twopence !"

I left Rome in April 1878, entered the Benedictine novitiate in the autumn, and did not set foot again in the Holy City for more than a quarter of a century, when the personality and pontificate of Leo XIII were already little more than a memory. My personal recollections of him are therefore confined to the few opening months of his long and illustrious reign. I vividly recall the privilege which was sometimes mine of attending his private Mass, which he said in the little oratory adjoining his simple sleeping-chamber, served only by his faithful valet Pio Centra. Slowly he celebrated the august mysteries, and with the deepest reverence and devotion ; and long (as I well remember) he lingered over the *memento* both for the living and the dead ; for had he not the whole world to pray for during those solemn moments ?

My last glimpse of this great Pontiff was in the Vatican gardens (which I often visited) on a bright morning in early April. Penned within myrtle hedges, near the Zitella fountain, browsed a little flock of goats, a present to the Pope from his dear fellow-townsmen of Carpineto. Their rustic shepherd, Cacciotti, had accompanied them to Rome ; and the Holy Father often visited the flock, caressed the gentle animals, which supplied him daily with milk, and conversed with their humble custodian. So I saw him—for the last time—on that radiant spring

morning. Presently he turned away, Cacciotti kneeling for his blessing ; and he stood for a few minutes motionless before the statue of the Madonna, his tall white figure in the scarlet mantle silhouetted against the turquoise sky, and his lips moving in silent prayer. The scene came back to me years afterwards, as I read his swan-song, *Extrema Leonis Vota*, "Leo's Last Prayer", which he penned to God and His Virgin Mother, when the end of his long journeyings was at hand, and when his life-long love of Mary found final expression in the touching lines :

O cœlum attingam ! supremo munere detur  
 Divino æternum lumine et ore frui ;  
 Teque, o Virgo, frui : matrem te parvulus infans,  
 Dilexi, flagrans in sene crevit amor.  
 Excipe me coelo ; coeli da civibus unus  
 Auspice te, dicam, præmia tanta tuli.\*

*Leo's Last Prayer.*

O may I win to heaven and there enjoy  
 The eternal visions of God's Light and Face !  
 And Mary, whom I loved when yet a boy,  
 And loved still more as age crept on apace,  
 Welcome me now to heaven, while I confess  
 'Tis to thy help I owe this happiness.

PIUS X

Almost exactly twenty-six years after I had resigned my office of Private Chamberlain to the Pope, on entering the Benedictine Order, and had left Rome, as I thought for ever, it was my good fortune to have once again the happiness of visiting the Eternal City, and that on the occasion of a great festival, in which, as a Benedictine monk, I was, as was only natural, deeply interested. 12 March, 1904, was the thirteenth centenary of the first and greatest of all the Popes who have borne the illustrious name of Gregory ; and Pope Pius X, who had succeeded Leo XIII, of glorious memory, in the Apostolic See nine

\* Leo XIII's fluent and scholarly Latinity is not easy to translate, as those knew (I am thinking of that learned Benedictine Bishop Hedley) who had the task of preparing English versions of his admirable Encyclicals. I venture to append my own version of the lines in the text.

months before, had decreed that the anniversary should be celebrated at St. Peter's with all possible splendour.

On our arrival in Rome, my companion\* and I made our way almost at once to the great Basilica, where preparations were on foot for the coming festival, and we watched (as I had done many years before) the *Sanpietrini* flying, as of old, a hundred feet from the ground and hanging crimson brocades—a fearsome and exciting spectacle.

On the following Sunday we Benedictines kept the Gregorian festival at our own Basilica of St. Paul; but next day was the great celebration of St. Peter's, where the Holy Father himself pontificated in the presence of 40,000 people; and a choir of 1000 monks, of whom I had the privilege of being one, rendered the grave, yet jubilant, Gregorian music with thrilling effect. All was as I remembered it in the great days of old: the Papal March, blown on the silver trumpets; the long procession up the great nave of abbots, bishops and cardinals, conspicuous among them Rampolla, with his fine features and grave, penetrating look, and Merry del Val (the youthful Secretary of State), tall, dark, and strikingly handsome; the Pontifical Court, the chamberlains in their quaint sixteenth-century dress; and finally, high on his *sedia gestatoria*, with the white peacock-feather fans waving on either side, the venerable figure of Pius X, mitred and wearing his long embroidered *manto*; turning kind eyes from side to side on the great concourse of the faithful, and blessing them with uplifted hand. The Pontiff celebrated Mass with wonderful devotion, as quiet and recollected as if he had been alone in his private oratory. High above our heads, at the Elevation, the silver trumpets sounded the well-known melody, and the Swiss Guards round the altar brought down their halberts with a crash on the pavement.†

\* Canon Archibald MacCall, my dear friend of far-off Eton and Magdalen days: sometime a father of the London Oratory, and afterwards for many years chaplain to the Duke of Norfolk.

† It was at this supreme moment that an Englishman of the baser sort once rose to his feet, and looking round exclaimed: "Is there no one in this vast assemblage who will lift up his voice with me, and protest against this blasphemous idolatry?" "If you don't get down in double quick time," retorted an American who was on his knees close by, "there is one man in this vast assemblage who will lift up his foot and kick you out of the church!"

After this great function I lunched with the Giustiniani Bandinis in the Foro Trajano, where three generations of the princely family were living together in Roman patriarchal fashion, presided over by the old Prince, who was a peer of Scotland as well as a Roman patrician.\* The whole family had been at St. Peter's that morning, in the tribunal of the Princes; and they were unanimous (so like Romans!) in their opinion that the glorious Gregorian music of the Mass would have been much more appropriate to a funeral than to a joyous festival.

I was happy, before leaving Rome, to have the opportunity of a nearer and more intimate view of Pius X than when on his throne at St. Peter's. This was at a private audience which he gave to a deputation from the English Catholic Union. We stood round him in a semicircle whilst a rather long address (of which his Holiness did not understand a word) was being read to him by an English peer; and during those minutes I was able to study at my leisure the personal appearance—the slightly stooping figure, bushy grey hair, kind careworn face, large penetrating eyes, and decidedly sad expression—of the venerable Pontiff. His manner was wonderfully simple and courteous; and by his gracious invitation (“*s’accommodarsi*”), we all sat down in a little group around him. This friendly absence of formality did not, I felt, quite justify the action of a lady of rank, who pulled out a fountain pen and asked the Holy Father to autograph a large photograph of her extensive family.† The Pope looked at the little implement and shook his head. “*Non capisco queste macchine de nuova modo*”—“I don’t understand these new-fashioned machines,” he said with a shake of his head. By his invitation we followed him into another room—I think his private library—where he seated himself before a great golden inkstand, and with a long quill pen wrote beneath the family group verse 4 from the 127th Psalm.

\* The Scottish Earldom of Newburgh, with the Viscounty of Kynnaired and other subsidiary titles, had been adjudged to Prince Bandini's mother by the House of Lords in 1858. But they remained Romans, and were never domiciled in Scotland, though a daughter of the house (Donna Isabella) is now by marriage an English peeress.

† Would Lady — (who was familiar with Courts) have taken this liberty in an audience granted her by King Edward VII at Buckingham Palace? I rather think not.

I was given an opportunity of asking for, and obtaining, not an autograph, but a blessing on my mother-house at Fort Augustus, and our Benedictine Hall at Oxford.

One final glimpse of this great and holy Pontiff was vouchsafed to me on the last Sunday of my sojourn in Rome, when I was privileged to hear one of the simple sermons or *fervorini* which he preached to his Roman children, week after week, under the blue sky in the Cortile of S. Damaso. On each Sunday afternoon the inhabitants of the different parishes of Rome (every single parishioner received an invitation) would assemble in the Cortile, numbering many thousands, and listen to a homily on the Gospel of the day delivered from a raised platform by the Holy Father, whose full and musical voice, unstudied eloquence, and grace of gesture enhanced enormously the effect of these simple discourses. Pope Leo XIII had been personally almost a stranger to the vast population of the Eternal City; but Pius X, through this wonderful series of Sunday sermons (which were unfortunately discontinued long before his death), came into direct contact with his people, who loved him, and whom he ardently loved in return.

I never saw Pope Pius again after that memorable Sunday; but during the ten years of his Pontificate which were yet to follow before his saintly death in 1914, I was still to be a witness, though from afar, of his wonderful and fruitful labours for God and His Church; his guidance of France in the dark hour of the apparent triumph of her enemies; his unceasing fight against the insidious dangers of so-called Modernism; and, above all, the work dearest of all to his paternal heart, the promotion of devotion to the Holy Sacrament of the altar, and the admission of the little ones of Christ to the benefits and blessings of Communion at the very earliest age when they were able to appreciate that inestimable privilege.

It is just fifteen years since the Cardinals of the Curia, in response to earnest petitions from the Catholics of the whole world, sanctioned the first steps towards introducing the cause of beatification and canonization of the faithful servant of God, Vicar of Our Lord Jesus Christ, the venerated Pontiff Pius X. The report of graces and



miracles granted through his intercession, and the reputation of his heroic sanctity, are daily growing throughout Christendom. Like my namesake the inspired Psalmist, "I have been young, and now am old"; but I still humbly trust to see fulfilled, before I die, the ardent hopes of many hearts, and the raising of this great Pope to the full honours of the altar.

✠ D. O. HUNTER-BLAIR,  
*Abbot.*

OH CLOUDS, UNBURDEN

The clouds are gestant with the snow,  
And weary as their time draws near.  
They stoop to the earth, and a strange unease  
Blanches the houses, holds the trees  
Quiet, in wondering fear.  
Oh clouds, unburden  
Your heavy womb, and end  
This hush of expectation! Send  
The enchanter snow, that will transform  
This sad brown earth, and make a new delight,  
A miracle of white!

The unborn thought lies heavy  
In the artist's mind.  
His eyes search the wide landscape  
For relief, but find  
Only a strangeness there, as if he stood  
At sundown in an April wood,  
Listening, listening—but no bird  
Called from the leaves. Oh hasten; bring to birth  
The thought made manifest in line or word  
And add a new completeness to the earth!

FREDA C. BOND.

## A PLEDGE BETRAYED

### *Palestine As It Is*

**L**ET us attempt something new. An impartial review of the Palestine Problem as it faces us at the moment. There is a spate of writing on the Holy Land, and not a page of it impartial. It is hard to write evenly on this subject, for fiercely held views, prejudices, ideals and enthusiasms well up more easily when one considers this most unholy Holy Land too much Promised Land, than they do in regarding any other question on earth. But ideals and partisanship, though excellent and praiseworthy, are not conducive to clear thinking or to a proper appreciation of a situation. Especially is this so in Palestine, where there is so much of right and justice on all sides; and yet so much that is evil and selfish, inextricably entangled with the good and the noble.

First, perhaps, it is necessary, to attain a clear view of the position, to state briefly what the present state of affairs is:

(a) A section of the Moslem and Christian Palestinians are in a state of open rebellion against the British Mandatory and the Palestine Government.

(b) The Moslem and Christian Palestinians (for political purposes and for convenience dubbed "Arabs") state that they fear they will be economically swamped, and politically dominated, by the influx of Jewish immigration.

(c) The British Government has antagonized both Jewish and Arab sympathies by the lack of policy it has displayed in the past, and by its present feverish efforts to impose a settlement to which neither party will submit.

(d) For various reasons, in particular for its strategical importance, Palestine is of vital interest at present, and will be until the cessation of international tension in the Eastern Mediterranean, to the British Empire. Britain, therefore, can no longer tolerate a state of revolt in the country.

(e) The rebellious section of the Palestinian Arabs has



identified itself with the cause of the potential enemies of the British Empire, and will continue to so do unless their demands are granted.

(f) Palestine is in a state of virtual anarchy. Bloody acts are met with bloody reprisals. Life and property are not safe. Gallows, pistol, bomb and demolition of dwelling-houses by British Royal Engineers is the order of the day. The King's writ runs nowhere outside the immediate range of British machine-guns.

That is the situation as it exists today. It is now perhaps necessary, before passing on to consider how it arose, to consider the claims and rights of the parties to the dispute. These are stated as bare facts, with no regard for legal niceties or legal humbug. In so vital a matter, stark facts are all that count; no amount of whitewashing, even when applied by so consummate a master as Mr. Malcolm MacDonald, has any significance when it is a question of life and death to more than a million human beings in the Holy Land.

### *The British Empire*

It claims that it conquered Palestine as part of its War effort. Although the elaborate pretence of a Mandate was staged, Palestine remains, in fact, a British Crown Colony, although all the trappings of that position are absent. Unfortunately, owing to desperate needs in the War, divergent promises were made to both Arabs and Jews. Their execution has proved impossible, but this is merely a side-issue. What is important, however, is the geographical position of Palestine. It forms a shield for the Suez Canal. It is an essential air-base to counteract the Italian aerodromes in the Dodecanese islands and their fortress of Rhodes. The port of Haifa is an easily defended naval base with an excellent harbour, recently built by Britain. The oil of Mosul is pumped through a pipe-line across the desert to Haifa. As soon as a refining-factory is installed Haifa will become indispensable as a refuelling-station for our ships-of-war. If the Suez Canal is destroyed, as it may be, in any future war, British troops can be taken

overland from Haifa to Akaba on the Arabian Gulf, and there transhipped. Indian and Dominion troops will be able to move in the reverse direction. If Egypt succumbs to a raid in force from Libya, Palestine will still be able to hold out as Britain's fortress in the Eastern Mediterranean. British aircraft, based on inland aerodromes in Palestine and Transjordan, will be able to cut Italian communications with Ethiopia and her other East African possessions, as well as to harry, at medium-long range, transports and store-ships plying between Italy and Libya. Further, Palestine will be an excellent base from which to assist both Turkey and Greece in the event of our having to execute our guarantees. From all this it is essential that we should have a quiet and tranquil Palestine, for, in the event of a general war, we shall not have the troops to spare to fight rebels in so important a base. From Britain's point of view, therefore, no matter what the hardships to the subject races, nor what prestige is lost, she must pacify the rival communities and sects in the Holy Land.

### *The Arabs*

They fear that they will be swamped by the influx of Jewish immigrants. Until recently they were not racially conscious, and it must be remembered that the idea of a Palestinian nation is a new and sickly growth, promoted by the Mandatory Government. Given sufficient time, and opportunity, the plant may become a hardy one, but at present, save in the minds of a handful of extremists, the idea does not exist. Given adequate proof that they do not stand in any danger of being subordinated by the Jews, the vast majority of the Arabs are quite willing to live in amity with the new-comers. A small, clamant, and very active minority of the educated class, employing professional mercenary adventurers, are irreconcilable. They will not be content until the British are expelled and the Jews reduced to ghetto-level. This clique dominates the majority by a system of ruthless terrorism, a fact proved by the numbers of Arabs who have been assassinated by their emissaries. Whilst it would be idle to say that this majority are

contented with the exhibition of British rule they have witnessed, or that they have any affection for the Jews, it remains true that they are appreciative of the advantages they have received, and, so long as their dignity and status are respected, they are quite willing to live on equal terms with the new-comers and to accept the protection of the British Empire.

### *The Neighbouring Arab States*

Most of these have no real interest for the Palestinians. Iraq is harassed by a regency, by internal discord, by internal racial differences, and, most of all, because the Iraqis mainly belong to the Shia faction of Islam. Between Shias and Sunnis, the two great divisions of the Islamic Faith, there is a gulf as great as that between the Fifth Monarchy men and the Catholics of Stuart days, with even more of hatred and mutual contempt. The Palestinians are Sunnis. In any case the distance across the Syrian Desert is so great that the average Iraqi has as much consciousness of the Palestinian as the man of Stepney has of the Patagonians. The artificial French-midwived States of Mandated Syria are in the process of disintegration, and far too busily engaged in probing their own sloughing sores to be bothered about any other political quasi-entities. Egypt has her own troubles and ambitions. Saudi Arabia is replete—the conquests of that truly great monarch, Abdul Aziz ibn Saud, are too recent and too vast for Palestine to concern him. It may be said that the Arab States have little interest in the Holy Land, and that, even if they had, it would be quite impossible, owing to the innate characteristics of their peoples, for them ever loyally to co-operate in a working military alliance.

### *The Jews*

They maintain that they struck a fair bargain with the British Empire in its hour of need. The Balfour Declaration\* was no act of grace, but the British end of

\* Speech broadcast by the Rt. Hon. David Lloyd George, M.P., on the National Programme 23 May, 1939. Mr. Lloyd George was Prime Minister when the Declaration was issued on 2 Nov., 1917.

a fair business agreement made at a time when it seemed that the ultimate victory would be Germany's. Trusting in the promise of security and help, the Jews have poured men and money into Palestine. Their claim is primarily based on their ancient associations with the Holy Land, and, secondarily, on the persecutions and threats against them in other countries of the world. They say that they can find no hope for their race in any corner of the earth, and that they are entitled to a Home of their own in their ancient Homeland. They ask that they should be given sufficient room and security to establish their own governance, their institutions and their culture in their traditional Motherland. They insist on the keeping of the solemn promises made by Britain being faithfully executed. They willingly admit that the Arabs have rights in Palestine, and are willing to accede to them.

That, very briefly, is the position of the rival claimants. There are others, of course. Palestine is a Holy Land to the three great faiths of the world. Despite modern cynicism, there are still countless millions of Christians, of every race, to whom the safeguarding of the Shrines where the ineffable drama of the Redemption was enacted is all-important. To Moslems all over the earth Jerusalem is still their third most Sacred City. To many Jews who are bitter anti-Zionists Palestine is holy. Racial hero-tales which were played out in the land of Outremer, the glorious stories of what their ancestors did in the days of the Crusade, are dear to every nation of Western Europe. Sentimentally, the claims of this little land are very precious to every race of the West. But as it is hard, bitter facts which we are considering in this short paper, we must, to a great extent, ignore the imponderable realities.

Inevitably we must now pass to a consideration of the historical facts which have led up to the present disastrous position. A short journey in ancient history is, unfortunately, necessary, merely to prove one salient point—the identity of the Palestinian Moslems and Christians who, for present needs, have dubbed themselves "Arabs". Let us commence by admitting their one claim to be Arabs—the fact that they speak a dialect of Arabic and

that they have, perhaps, five per cent admixture of Arab blood. Their history appears to be as follows :

The earliest inhabitants of Palestine, of whom we have any exact knowledge, are the Canaanites, though a welter of smaller peoples is hinted at, such as the Anakim, the Horites, the Rephaim, and others, who seem to have left no abiding trace on the native-born of today. The Canaanites appear to have lived mainly on the maritime plain, the Valley of Esdraelon, and in settlements in the Jordan Valley. As far as possible they avoided the rocky, sterile hills of the central range, which in later times were to be the home of the Hebrews, a people who became almost entirely Highlanders.

There were earlier waves of Semitic conquerors than Joshua's Hebrew tribes, but they made as little impression on these Canaanites as did Jacob's heirs. In fact, throughout the whole of recorded history, right to the present day, the aboriginal strain persists. With Hebrew overlords the Canaanites became worshippers of Jehovah, just as they had accepted Astarte, Baal and the whole pantheon of earlier Semite masters, or the Osiris, Set and Horus of Egyptian conquerors. As the wheel slowly revolved, and Israel was driven from Palestine, the still-remaining Canaanite peasants, too humble for transportation to Babylonia, adopted Anu, Ellil and Ea as their deities.

When Hadrian drove the Jews to death on the heights above Bittir, six miles from Jerusalem, Jupiter, Venus and Saturn became the gods of the peasants of Palestine. In due course they were Christians of Greek rite, and remained so until the Caliph Omar ibn el Kittab imposed the Faith of the Prophet upon them. A living relic of Byzantine times still persists in the native Christians, descendants of those who did not apostatize when the hordes of the Crescent poured across the Jordan. The Latins are the remnants of the two centuries of the Crusade.

It would be idle to deny that there has been an admixture of blood from successive waves of conquerors. There has, but it has left surprisingly few traces. A man who has lived any time in the Near East can

distinguish, on sight, a Palestinian from an Egyptian, an Iraqi, an Arabian, or even a man from Northern Syria—and not merely by dress, but by his features, speech and build. They are distinct. This might be qualified, for the few Bedouin, who are the only true Arabs in Palestine, are quite different from the peasants and the townsmen. The proofs of this are too numerous to be detailed—little tricks of speech, and differences of face, colouring and figure betray it. For instance, the peasant of Palestine is still unable to pronounce the hard “K” sound at the beginning of words; he always uses a soft “ch”, thus the word for dog, “*Kelb*”, becomes *Chelp*. More surprising still is the fact that, if the word imposed by Jephthah as a test of race, as detailed in Judges xii, 6, was given to a Palestinian peasant of the Jebel Nablus district today, he would still be unable to utter *Sibboleth*, without betraying his origin by saying *Shibboleth*. But this is merely to labour the point, which is that the Palestinians are neither Arabs nor Jews. In fact, until recently the term “Arab” was an insult to a peasant or a city-man. It was equivalent to calling him a vagabond, a tramp, and was most bitterly resented. Only in religion, imposed on their ancestors at the point of the sword, in speech, and in recent tradition are the Palestinians Arabs.

Certainly this strengthens their claim to be left in possession of their land, but it disposes of the hysterical mouthings of some of their European supporters who babble about their thirteen centuries of “squatter’s rights”. The matter is advanced merely to show how often and how successfully this race has met the threat of being swamped by “outsiders”, and to show that they still retain the ancient powers of their people. A race like this has no fear of being extinguished by immigration from an alien source. It may also serve to explain why, despite the screams of the small minority of educated Palestinians, mainly of pure Turkish descent, or the perorations of religious teachers and firebrands, the Palestinian peasant has no real hatred for the new Jewish settlers. Innately, despite themselves, they know the truth—they are rooted in the soil of Palestine, nothing



can ever dislodge them. They may bow—if the Jewish penetration was complete, and remained so for centuries, as once, indeed, it did, there would still be the deep-rooted Canaanite on the rocky hills and in the deep valleys, even though, by then, he might speak Hebrew and worship in a synagogue. They have seen as great transformations, and weathered them all.

Certainly the Palestinian peasant is not actively conscious of this great trait, or of his racial ancestry, but the salient fact remains that it tells him not to hate the new-comer. He does not. The noise, the bloodshed, the shouting and the dust is caused by this little clique of literates, who have employed foreign gunmen as their agents. European, and especially British, partisans of the Arab cause sneer at this. They say that there is a hatred of the Jews permeating every breath of the Palestinians—they laugh at evidence that it does not. Yet their own statements condemn them, for their worse strictures are reserved for the Arabs, who refuse to subscribe to the revolutionary tenets held by their protégés. The very figures bear out the truth of this lack of hatred, for the greater number of those assassinated by the terrorists have been Palestinian Arabs, slain because they refused to display the sentiments demanded of them.

But it may not be denied that there is a growing wave of hatred against the British Empire. A peasant people, as deeply rooted in the soil as are the Palestinians, can do nothing but hate a Power which sends their little farmsteads soaring into the sky on top of a blast of explosives laid by British Engineers. They have seen their flocks and herds seized to pay some impossible collective fine levied upon them. Farmers of a merciless and a poor soil, using primitive implements, they live frugally and always on the trembling knife-edge of want—they have never one piastre to spare for luxuries. To them demolitions, collective fines, concentration camps taking the tillers from the fields, and prohibition of traffic between their holdings and the markets are even more dreadful than the British gallows with their dangling nooses.



Certainly they have come to hate the British with a sullen venom that nothing can allay so long as one of the detested khaki uniforms is in sight. Bombs rained on their villages, machine-guns blasting down their little streets, all conduce to the growing hatred of an ancient, deep-rooted folk. It may not be denied that the days of the Black-and-Tans in Ireland are a Mothers' Meeting when compared to what has been done in the last two years in the Holy Land of Palestine. In Ireland, its proximity to Britain, its nearness to British newspapers, the fact that even a strict censorship could not prevent the British tax-payer and his wife, innately decent people when their simple minds are not deliberately led astray by falsehoods widely published, prevented the worst excesses being committed. In Palestine none of these considerations applied. They were brown-skinned folk, one of Kipling's "lesser breeds without the Law". A rigid censorship prevented news being taken out—as strict a system at home persuaded the national newspapers not to publish the little they learned.

Even British friends of the Arabs were made to suffer. Dame Frances Newton, the best-known of these, a lady who has done an infinitude of good for Britain in Palestine, one of the most loved figures in the whole drama, was subjected to the limit of insult. She, a Lady of Justice of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem, who had, at her own costs, accommodated and entertained many thousands of British troops; who had given up her own house, rent free, to be a club for British sailors in Haifa; who might have been the greatest agent in restoring goodwill between Arabs and British; who had given priceless gifts of golden antiquities to enrich the Palestine Museum, came home on holiday. An officer from Scotland Yard stalked—most courteously, it is true—into her London drawing-room and handed her a roughly printed roneoed form, curtly bidding her keep away from Palestine until further orders. The original order was not even signed, it bore the rubber stamp of the High Commissioner's name. Miss Newton's property, her income, everything she valued, was all bound up in Palestine, where she had lived for many years before and

since the War. Yet, despite her age, her necessities, and her unselfish years of service to Britain, she was arbitrarily excluded from the land where she has lived for so long. And the reason? Because she was brave enough to issue a pamphlet describing some of the acts of military repression which she had witnessed, or which she had investigated. But, badly as she was treated, Miss Newton has been more fortunate than others. The gallows in Jerusalem and in the Great Prison of Acre have worked overtime. In many cases only five or six days elapsed between arrest and execution. Many brave men have suffered ignominious death in the hangman's noose. Not only Arabs; there have been Jewish victims as well. And once a man has been hustled through the scaffold's trapdoor there is no retracing the act. Guilty or innocent, he is dead. The Military Courts, as always, are the fairest in the world. Pains-taking and conscientious officers have strained themselves to be just according to their lights, but in a country like Palestine it is almost impossible to reach in so arbitrary a manner the rights and wrongs of every case.

Again, take the greatest punishment inflicted on the Arabs—the demolition of a great section of the Old Town of Jaffa. That may have been a most necessary military measure. It was a labyrinth of alleys and lanes, almost impossible to control from a military point of view. The day-room of the Jaffa police barracks was commanded from a dozen points by snipers' nests; but the fact remains—who were the snipers? Certainly not Jaffa men. They would never bring inevitable punishment on their own homes. If any of the *Jaffowis* were fighting the British, it certainly was not in Jaffa. The snipers there were outlanders, who had held the inhabitants in fear of death. Yet it was the inhabitants who were punished.

Even in this military operation the Palestine Government displayed its fatal hypocrisy. It stated openly that it was considering a matter of Town-planning, it wished to improve the amenities of the Old Town. It did. The inhabitants were given summary notice to quit—the Sappers moved in—and Old Jaffa was sent hurtling to the skies by blast of explosives. If one admits the

necessity for this military measure, there is no excusing the underhand, cowardly manner in which the Palestine Government, of which all the important executive members are British, did it. It was condemned in round terms by Sir Michael McDonnell, the Chief Justice, who, sitting on the Bench, stated in round terms, "I am bound to call it," (*the action of the Government in ordering the destruction of the Old Town as a mere measure of town planning*)\* "a singularly disingenuous lack of moral courage. . . . It would have been more creditable if the Government, instead of endeavouring to throw dust in people's eye by professing to be inspired with aesthetic or other quasi-philanthropic motives, such as town-planning or public health, in the demolition which was contemplated, had said frankly and truthfully that it was primarily for defensive purposes, which, one may assume, means enabling the forces of the military or the police, an easier means of access in the congested quarters of the town in question. . . . It would be a negation of justice if, in a glaring case of evasiveness such as that before us, the High Court did not speak its mind freely." Sir Michael McDonnell resigned a few months later, but it was stated in Parliament, by Mr. Ormsby-Gore, that his quitting so important and honourable a post had nothing to do with his strictures upon the Palestine Government.

The destruction of the Arab Quarter of Jaffa, however, if the most damaging, is only one of scores of similar actions by British military despotism. It is merely important because it is one of the few which have reached the knowledge of the British parliamentary voter. These actions are important, because it now becomes easy for this sinister clique of literates to tell their dupes that their misfortunes are a direct result of under-cover Jewish influence upon the British Government. Only in this way can they rouse the hatred of the Palestinians against the Jews, overcome the deep good-sense of the inherent qualities of the millenniums.

Let us now pass on to the facts of Jewish immigration and the whole Zionist policy in regard to Palestine. The

\* The italics are mine.

recent history of the Jews must be considered. At the beginning of last century, started, maybe, by the French Revolution, and by the commencement of the Industrial Revolution, a most significant and far-reaching change came over the fortunes of Jewry. With the new industrialism came the rise of towns and the release from the ghetto. The Jews, confined in their narrow, noisome dens by centuries of intolerance and active persecution, had been driven into commercial pursuits. Forbidden, in many countries, to own real estate, they became bankers and merchants, holding their property, in an easily transportable form, against any emergency which might send them into exile. Consequently they were peculiarly well-fitted for the needs of the new commercialism, especially when freedom, and the right to become citizens, was granted to them.

For the first time the middle classes rose to power, and the Jews were most definitely middle-class people. With their class, the new merchants and industrialists, they rose to political power. But the nobles and the old class of merchants feared and hated the new liberalism and the spread of education. Despite their powerful opposition, the Jews surged ahead. The great House of Rothschild showed what might be accomplished under the new dispensation, e.g. the financing of railways, shipping, minerals. Jews found most of the money for founding South Africa. After the American Civil War Jewish funds built up, in a very great degree, the new territories. Jews took a great part in the scientific development of the world. Lieben and Hertz were pioneers in radio. Berliner made the first microphone, and a dozen others were amongst the most distinguished artists and scientists of the new renaissance.

But, naturally, the successful Jews found a growing hatred and envy, as, indeed, they would have done if they had belonged to any other creed or race. They thought they were distrusted because of their religion and exclusiveness. Many earnest men and women believed the time had come for assimilation, for an ending of the segregation in which their race had been forcibly held for eighteen hundred years. They hoped by inter-

marriage, baptism, and other means, to overcome the gregarious herd-intolerance of their contemporaries. The process of breaking down the barriers went swiftly ahead, approved by most Jews in Western countries. In three generations the extinction of Israel as a people apart might have been virtually complete.

But in Russia there was a checking factor. There the Jews were still ghetto-bound, and the assassination of the Czar Alexander the Second on 13 March, 1881, was the signal for a great outburst, officially sponsored, against the Jews. The main reason was the aristocratic and official classes' hatred of democracy, and the Jews seemed the best scapegoats, the best whipping-posts to stem the flood of new ideas. The Jews fled in thousands from Russia. Most of them went to the United States, so that over 75% of American Jews are of Russian descent. These people, whipped by persecution, evinced the natural reaction; the blood of martyrs is the seed of all good causes—they became fervent nationalists and bitter anti-assimilationists.

The notorious Dreyfus case confirmed their faith. One prominent Assimilationist Jew, Theodore Herzl, a journalist, was in Paris, and heard the mob howling for Jewish blood. In that moment Zionism, as we know it today, was born. Herzl bent all his energies to reviving Jewish nationalism, and, inevitably, a return to the Promised Land was its most obvious badge. Most of the richer and more powerful Jews, to their shame, remained Assimilationists—they desired their Jewish origin to be forgotten as quickly as possible—but the poorer, humbler classes became fervent, almost ravening Nationalists, and gloried in their ancient race. Long before the Great War the return to Zion had commenced. Two great pilgrimages had been made: the "*Bilu*", of 1880, and the "*Second Aliyah*", of 1907, were the main organized immigrations, but smaller parties were continually arriving. That of 1907 might be called the first-fruits of organized Zionism; the earlier one was almost spontaneous and was greatly aided by the help of the Rothschilds. These pre-War Jewish settlements lived on terms of the greatest concord and mutual respect with

their Arab neighbours. They offered assistance both medical and agricultural to the Arabs, and received active aid from them. The Jewish children grew up amongst the Arabs, speaking Arabic in addition to their own language, and with both communities entirely understanding each other.

Then came the Great War like a flame-shot curtain, cutting off all that went before. Jews, as citizens of their respective countries, fought in every army. In Palestine itself occurred a deathless epic of heroism—a section of the Old Colonists decided to do all they could to further a British victory. They were led by the Aaronsohn family, farmers of the Jewish village of Zichron Jacob, perched high on its hill above the sand-dunes surrounding the ruins of fallen Imperial Caesarea. They knew the terrible risks they faced, but did so calmly. Vital information was carried to the British military headquarters, then halted in the Sinai Desert, where they had been thrown back by the Turkish defenders of Gaza. Risking their lives a dozen times a day, this band of young Jewish men and women took incredible risks to carry their information. Swimming out in the darkness amongst the dangerous cross-currents, they were picked up by British patrol-boats and taken south, to return and regain the guarded beaches in the same manner. They slipped though the lines, they signalled British aircraft, they took advantage of every form of communication. The daughter of the house, the gallant Sarah Aaronsohn, was arrested by Turkish officers and questioned. She was tortured terribly—the least being the tearing-out of her finger-nails; told that she would be taken to prison, she obtained leave to go to the bathroom in her father's house. There she shot herself, and, when her tormentors dragged her out, she said that she had done so not because she was afraid of them, but she did fear her woman's body, which might be tortured to delirium, during which she might betray her comrades. With her dying breath she prophesied the freeing of Israel and its triumphant return to Palestine.

Her brothers, Aaron and Alexander, carried on un-



daunted. Aaron disappeared whilst flying to the Peace Conference, and fills an unknown grave. Alexander, given the Distinguished Service Order and the rank of captain in the British Army, was handed a cheque for £10,000. He was only a poor farmer, but he took ship to England and proudly handed back the cheque, saying that he had not struggled and fought for monetary gain, but for a British Promise to allow Israel safety and freedom to rebuild her home in her ancient patrimony. This British Promise was laid down in the Balfour Declaration. Much has been said and written about the negotiations which preceded the publication of this historical document. Charges imputing sinister Jewish influence have been levelled. That there were negotiations is perfectly correct. It could not have been otherwise. The best account of what happened has been given by Mr. Lloyd George, who, as the Prime Minister of the day, should be the most competent witness. He has said that, at the time, Britain's back was to the wall. In the last months of 1917, Mr. Lloyd George said, it seemed that the scales of Victory were tipping towards the Central Powers. Tipping only slightly, it is true, but both Allies and the Central Powers were trying desperately to grasp at any straw which might send the balance crashing down.

One most important effort, made by both sides, was to win Jewish influence and sympathy, Jewish funds and recruits. Both sides bid highly. Both promised Palestine as a *quid pro quo*. Palestine, remember—the Jews were promised Palestine. The National Home, so Mr. Lloyd George says, and the Jews believed, was to be theirs in return for their help. The existing non-Jewish inhabitants were to have their civil and religious liberties protected, but Palestine was to be the Jews' home. If they had thought for one instant that all that was intended, as some protagonists now insist, was some form of Institution, on the lines of a state farm or an orphanage, they would have taken the bid made by the Central Powers. The ex-Prime Minister went on to say that this was no act of grace made from Britain's bounty, but a frank and honest bargain. In return for Jewish aid

they were to have their National Home in Palestine. He also said that they faithfully kept their part of the bargain, but he was not so complimentary about our side.

With the ending of the war came the Peace Conference and the commencement of the arguments of those Brethren of the Long Gown, the lawyers who have been Palestine's bane. Niceties of legal phraseology may be very fine things, but they are as far divorced from the stark facts of life and death as Grimm's fairy tales from sober history. The MacMahon Correspondence, a number of letters which passed between Britain's representative in Egypt during 1915 and the Sherif Hussein, ruler of Mecca, were brought forward as proof that Palestine had been promised to the Arabs. Today, twenty-one years later, controversy still rages round the MacMahon Correspondence. The British Government has consistently maintained that Palestine, as now constituted, was excepted from the territories promised to the Sherif. What the Sherif's son, and general of his armies in the field, thought of the letters is very plainly shown by an agreement he signed with Dr. Chaim Weizmann, the Zionist leader, on 3 January, 1919, in London. The Emir, later King, Feisal, aided by Colonel Lawrence, who acted as his interpreter, framed and signed a treaty of nine Articles, by which he recognized the setting-up of a sovereign Jewish State in Palestine. In fact, that was the common expectation of everyone at the time. The Treaty goes on to detail the relations which were contemplated between the Jewish State and the neighbouring Arab countries. Article IV states that "All necessary measures shall be taken to encourage and stimulate immigration into Palestine of Jews on a large scale, and as quickly as possible to settle Jewish immigrants upon the land through closer settlement and intensive cultivation of the land. In taking such measures the Arab peasants and tenant farmers shall be protected in their rights, and shall be assisted in forwarding their economic development." The Emir Feisal repeated his conviction that a Jewish State is imminent and welcome in Palestine in a letter he wrote to a prominent Jew, Frankfurter, dated 1 March, 1919. He says: "The

Jewish Movement is national and not imperialist. Our Movement is national and not imperialist, and there is room in Syria for both of us. Indeed, I think that neither can be a real success without the other."

This, then, was the position at the end of the War. The Arabs believed a Jewish State would be erected. The Jews, by right of the Balfour Declaration, believed the same. It seemed right and natural that the new conquerors should impose their own conditions. The Emir, who was, let it be repeated, the son of the Sherif, the recipient of the MacMahon Correspondence, apparently had never heard that Palestine was amongst the territories promised to his father. Let the vexed question of the MacMahon promises rest at this point.

If the nettle had been grasped at this juncture no more would have been heard of the Palestine Problem. There would have been no problem, so long as the Zionists had conducted themselves justly and amiably towards the indigenous population. The Palestinians placidly contemplated the erection of a Jewish State and were prepared to accept the rights of the conqueror to impose whatsoever settlement it desired, as successive waves of overlords had done in the past.

It is the fashion for our pro-Arab enthusiasts to maintain that there was no conquest of Palestine, and that it was the sole duty of Great Britain to aid the *natives* to self-government. The quibble is scarce worthy of mention. If Allenby's campaign was not a conquest, then no conqueror has ever lived on earth. To call it a liberation is fashionable, yet our troops drove out previous overlords, who had the bulk of militarily fit Palestinians fighting in their ranks. In no way at all did the inhabitants of Palestine, save for the Aaronsohn organization, fight for the Allies in the Holy Land. A few Arab officers of the Turkish Army, who changed sides, were not engaged on this front. In any case they were extremely few. As for our helping the natives to self-government, that presupposes an organized subject race. This simply did not exist. The Palestinian nation is a post-War creation of bureaucratic officials in Jerusalem, and still does not exist in any real form. This is, by the

way, mentioned merely to dispose of a piece of self-deception only too commonly believed in these days.

To resume—the matter of Palestine was of very little importance, at the time, to the men engaged in hammering out the Peace Treaty. Apart from the European readjustments, and the harsh terms to the defeated foes, the Arab settlement alone was too vast for a tiny, derelict, destitute Turkish province to be worthy of much attention. It was impossible to retain the huge armies employed during the War. Temporary soldiers, their duty done, were rightfully anxious to return to their interrupted careers. There was not the money to keep the soldiers in the ranks, even if they had been willing to serve. The huge military strength of Britain in Palestine swiftly dwindled. The Palestinians saw that the new conquerors had no intention of keeping them in dire subjection, and, naturally, they began to resent the idea of a Jewish State being imposed upon them. The time for a forcible settlement had passed, perhaps happily.

Next came the end of the military administration and a Civil Government was set up in its place. The lawyers may here find a point to trouble them. Britain had decided to submit the future fate of Palestine to the League of Nations; yet, before she had any Mandate, she set up a permanent, or what she hoped was a permanent, form of government. Let the memory of such an act remind us of the hollow shams of our post-War dallying with hypocrisy. The Civil Government was a most patchwork and slipshod affair. Its officials were chosen from the ranks of the soldiers who did not wish to return to England. A few of them may have been idealists, conscious of the honour and privilege of sitting in the saddles of their Crusading forefathers, but the vast majority had little or naught to which to return. Sir Ronald Storrs, the able and intellectual Governor of Jerusalem, has left it on record that his new British Staff consisted of a few professional soldiers, the cashier of a Rangoon bank, an actor-manager, two of Messrs. Thomas Cook's assistants, a picture-dealer, an Army-coach, a clown, a land-valuer, a boatswain, a distiller, an organist, a cotton-broker, various architects, a taxi-

driver, two schoolmasters and a missionary. From the present writer's own knowledge Sir Ronald might have added to this motley crew a shopwalker, a sanitary-inspector who became a very senior police officer, some longshoremen, an American millionaire's chauffeur, a British Customs policeman from India, a sergeant of the Royal Irish Constabulary, a seaman from a Bristol Channel pilot-cutter, two shop-assistants, a ledger-clerk from a small provincial town, two country lawyers of just over twenty-five, a farm-labourer and a tram-driver, with at least one man who, a couple of years before the War, had been a newspaper-vendor in city streets.

This was the type of person entrusted with the most difficult and delicate colonization task ever to be undertaken by the British Government. It is small wonder that both Zionists and Arabs found them difficult and stupid in their dealings. True, these men were a fair cross-section of Britain's citizen armies at the close of the War, but they were scarcely the material from which to select the administrators of a land like Palestine. If Britain had sent her most experienced and tactful officers they would have found their task tremendously difficult. With the rabble who assumed power in Palestine failure was a foregone conclusion.

For the next fifteen years the history of the country is simple. Palestine was of very little importance to the British Empire, and the men on the spot, these variegated officials, were left very much to themselves. The Jews continued to come in, brought from every country in the world. They bought swamps, arid plains and stony hillsides, and, with colossal sacrifice of lives and money, they made these erstwhile desert spots to blossom like the rose. Hundreds were lost through the diseases contracted in these places which the Arabs had never cultivated—at least, not since the invasion of Islam destroyed the ancient drainage and irrigation works of Byzantine and previous days.

There were sporadic outbreaks, generally local in character, such as the revolts of 1919, 1921 and 1929, in which many Jews were killed by Arabs, and more Arabs were killed by British forces. Not until the riots of

October 1933 did the Palestinian Arabs turn upon their British masters. Previously to that the insurrections were mainly in pursuit of local grievances; for instance, the massacre of the Jews at Hebron in September 1929, a massacre quickly passed over by Arab sympathizers, mainly arose because the Arabs wished to destroy the ledgers of the Jewish bankers, and the promissory-notes they held against the Hebron townsmen. The details are too frightful to mention. The present writer saw sixty-two of the corpses, hacked and riven by a vast multiplicity of axe-, dagger- and sword-strokes, torn by repeated shots fired at close range. In any case the victims were not the immigrant Zionists, but Orthodox Jews, whose forefathers had lived for generations in Palestine. Again, that is by the way, and was the action of a few ruffians, not that of the Palestinian people.

It has been proved by continual Commissions and Inquiries that very few Arab peasants were displaced by Jewish colonization. Most of the colonies were on lands left uncultivated by the Arabs. Even in the most widely quoted case, the Plain of Armageddon, very little land, now settled by Jews, was ever anything else than coarse grass and scrub or malarial marsh. The Jews paid five and six times the value of the property they brought, but, as in Ireland, an unfortunate thing occurred. Much of the land was bought from absentee landlords, who had no interest in their tenants. Where land was bought from peasants, the villages, such as Qalqilieh, Karkoun and Tulkarm show the advantages they reaped. The peasants, with characteristic good sense, devoted the money they had received—far more than they could have expected—to improving the portion that remained to them. To visit the villages in the neighbourhood of Jewish colonies is to realize this, especially if one is conversant with the state of affairs in remote hamlets. There is sewerage, drainage, a proper piped water-supply, cleanliness, modern agricultural machinery, freshly laid-out orange groves, clean fields and a general sense of prosperity and comparative cleanliness.

Palestine, hampered by its motley Government, which was not in the slightest sense representative of the people,



for practically every senior post was held by a Briton, blundered along from bad to worse. May it be said that even that most excellent check on an incompetent government, an impartial and fearless judiciary, was lacking for a long period. The judges of a country, as in our own, should be independent of the whims and vagaries of the government in power—some of the British judges in Palestine held their office on a month's notice, and at the whim of the secretariat, during those formative years. It is not meant to imply that these judges were venal or time-serving—far from it; they were honest and capable men, but it seems scarcely advisable, or just, that they should be exposed to the risk of having to criticize their paymasters, who could rid themselves of any inconvenient functionary whenever they might choose.

As time passed, and the officials grew older, and were no longer capable of launching upon a new career, their grasp on their offices grew ever more anxious and febrile. All were sunk to a dead level of mediocrity; any outstanding personality was doomed to be "axed" at the first economy purge. They were not only afraid of what might happen, but of each other's restless ambitions for promotion. The hand of the Palestine Government grew palsied and weak. The Palestinians soon began to discover, as did the ancient Jews with Pontius Pilate, that the threat of an appeal to Caesar, whether in Downing Street or Geneva, could force any concession desired. The officers in the country districts, the ablest of the crew, grew afraid to take proper action against disturbers of the peace. Right or wrong, they were sure of being the scapegoats chosen by the Jerusalem junta to save the situation when the inevitable questions were asked in Westminster or Geneva. All passed their time hoping to shuffle along undisturbed until pension-age, and quietly quoting Louis XV's remark to themselves, praying that the deluge would not come before they had that pension in their grip.

Thus, with an ever-growing incitement by Arab agitators against the Jews, and with a supine administration, anxious to avoid being faced with the eternal problem of judging between the two races, Palestine

drifted towards the rapids in which she is now so sternly beset. Drift is the proper word, for never has there been so blatant an exhibition of the policy of *laissez-faire* as in the Palestine of 1920-1935. In that year came a startling change. Italy invaded Ethiopia, and, at once, Palestine leaped into the limelight. The policy of quasi-sanctions against Italy brought tension of the most drastic kind into the Mediterranean. Palestine suddenly became essential to the security of the British Empire. The position was made worse by the outbreak of the Spanish War. There is no need to enter into the well-known details of both campaigns. Italy, naturally, was furious at the humiliation imposed upon her, more especially as she had received tacit permission to carry out the provisions of the plundering treaties which she, Britain and France had signed in regard to a partition of Abyssinia. To realize the situation properly one should remember that, two years after we had ostentatiously welcomed the reception of the Black Empire into the League of Nations, we, with the other two countries concerned, had calmly, cynically, callously concluded an agreement which, in all save legal form, would have extinguished Abyssinian independence. That it was never actually implemented is of no moral importance. The fact remains that Mussolini received, at least publicly, no warning from the British statesmen at Stresa, when his intentions in Ethiopia were patent to everyone. What he considered our hypocrisy drove him into the arms of Germany—and, incidentally, Palestine into the full limelight of international importance.

Palestine became absolutely necessary to Britain as a naval, military and air base—she could scarcely use the newly acknowledged independent Egyptian kingdom for an overt imperialist need. The fruit of the years that had been wasted became evident at once. Britain's difficulty was the Moslem's opportunity. Perfectly naturally the extremely able men at the head of the Moslem cause were not slow in utilizing their chance. They had to work by stages, for still the Palestinians were not prepared to attack the Jewish settlers, or to rebel against Britain. The trouble commenced with a taxi-

drivers' strike in Jerusalem, Jaffa and Haifa. It rapidly became a general strike amongst the Arabs. Fighting followed.

The Palestine government behaved as was expected. It did nothing. The Palestinian intellectuals, seeing that they stood in little danger, extended their activities. Fighting became general. Adventurers, many of them criminals sentenced in default, appeared at the head of gangs. They proclaimed themselves patriots, heroes of Islam, fighting the Infidels. In the best gangster tradition they levied "taxes", "gifts" and "protection-fees" on the resident Arab population. If an Arab refused to pay he was assassinated. As the gangs grew stronger their extortions became greater. Arabs and Jews alike appealed to the Palestine government for protection, for safety of life and property. They received high-sounding assurances, and naught else. Driven to desperation, seeing that the gangs were far stronger than the government, most residents submitted to the foreign mercenaries, to such men as the notorious Fauzi el Kaukaji and his lieutenants. It was natural that they should, for the government had ceased to govern in any place away from the main roads or the large towns.

The spirit of the Palestine officials is best illustrated by their failure to call in the military, to allow martial rule to be proclaimed. To do so would mean that the shadow of power would pass from their hands; its actuality was already gone. It was a perfect parallel to the last centuries of imperial Byzantine rule, when Constantinople was packed with nobles holding high-sounding titles which meant precisely nothing. An Army officer, who was then serving in Palestine, has described the position in a very able book.\* He is in a position to know the truth of the situation. He says: "It is not yet realized how dangerous were the arrangements of rule in Palestine. The civil power applied emergency rule step by step in the most leisurely fashion, and never moved far enough at a bound to make it effective."

For the past three years that has been the policy, the civil power being anxious to avoid identification with the

\* *British Rule and Rebellion*, by Col. H. J. Simson. (Messrs. Blackwood.)

necessary repressive measures of the military, and hoping to be able to hold up their fluttering, stainless palms and assure the Arabs that it was the soldiers who had done these acts, not the British officials who loved them, and who hoped to stay long enough to earn their full pensions. British police and British military have been hampered and harassed by this supine attitude. Men taken red-handed in ambushes in which British troops were killed were acquitted by some legal quibble in the civil courts. If an officer took resolute action he was doomed to spend the next weeks of his life in energetically defending his future career, or in avoiding judicial proceedings. Not until the time finally came when the civil officials had to surrender the last semblance of their power into the hands of military officers were the troops able to seriously commence repressive operations. That they have done so in an extremely severe fashion can be understood when the years of provocation they endured, and the queer meanderings of the soldierly mind in dealing with armed civilians, are considered.

Yet, all the while, Jews have continued to pour into the country. The Arab population, owing to new health regulations and the drainage and sewerage introduced mainly by the Jews, and an altogether higher standard of living, have increased by nearly 80%. Arab immigration has been almost as great as Jewish. Attracted by the good living, and well-paid work, in Palestine, Arabs from the surrounding territories have immigrated into the Holy Land in vast numbers. Perhaps the greatest rejection of the claim that the Arabs have been impoverished and driven from productive work by the Zionists lies in this very fact—the Arabs of the Hauran and other countries beyond Palestine's frontiers have flocked in, and found employment at far higher wages than any they had ever earned before.

So, at last, we come to the events of the last few months. The tragedy of Palestine lies in these days because we have had two men, both equally unsuited to their task as Colonial Secretaries, succeeding each other. Mr. Ormsby-Gore commanded the confidence of neither party in Palestine. The Arabs, because of his previous

record, considered him a pro-Zionist; the Jews had little use for his seeming unwillingness to grasp the nettle. Even so, he was better than the present incumbent. Mr. Malcolm MacDonald is a poor logician—he commences with false premises and twists wrong conclusions from them.

His Palestine Conference of the early part of this year was doomed from the first. No one but a man magnificently ignorant of the Near East would have summoned it. Even when it was called, the most important man, the Grand Mufti, Haj Amin el Husseini, the only person who could have made a real peace, was insulted and excluded. The Colonial Office remembers nothing and learns nothing—it might have asked itself what would have happened at the Anglo-Irish Conference if Mr. de Valera, Michael Collins, and other prominent Sinn Fein leaders had been refused a seat upon it.

Let us consider the points of the recent White Paper.

(a) The Jews demand performance of the sacred promise made to them. A promise which was the British end of a bargain.

(b) Even if the Jews accepted the terms offered they could have no security of life and prosperity. They have only to go back to 1933 to show another nation, which had helped Britain for many years, betrayed to death and massacre at the hands of Arabs. The Jews may claim that the Assyrian nation was brought from its homeland by British promises. They fought for Britain in the War and continued to act as "cheap" British troops in Iraq for years afterwards. They were solemnly promised a homeland, and its complete independence, as their reward. They received nothing, but, when their usefulness was at end, they were told to remain amongst the people they had held down, and so antagonized, in Britain's aid. They were given solemn guarantees that they should be safe. What happened? All the world knows. They were shot, hanged, burned, driven across the borders, to stagnate in a pestiferous valley in Syria. Only one million pounds was needed from Britain to settle these people, these descendants of the men who conquered Babylon, who had helped us—and it never

came. The Jews, naturally, ask themselves if their fates will be any better once Britain has abandoned them to the mercy and whims of an Arab Government. Are Britain's pledges any more to be believed because they are given to Jews than they were when passed to the Assyrians?

(c) The vast majority of Palestinians dread being subjected to the small clique to which Britain has surrendered. They would like to have freedom and equality in Palestine, to be left alone amicably to work out their mutual destiny with the Jews.

(d) The abject surrender to the small clique of terrorists is, in the opinion of the world, being made because of the present danger of international conflagration. Britain wants a quiet Palestine, in which she can form her bases without the annoyance and danger of internal revolt.

This last is the real reason for the White Paper issued by the British Government. It is a policy bound to fail in its object, for it satisfies neither Arabs nor Jews, for a great variety of reasons. The Arabs, because it answers none of their demands and it leaves them completely in the air. The Jewish problem will remain to them in all its complexity. To the Jews it is a shameful breaking of a solemn bargain, a betrayal of all they have striven so hard to accomplish, and a threat of future massacre. Perhaps the real purpose lies in a hope to gain the time that must elapse before anything happens. For twenty-one years we have pursued a policy of drift, hopelessly hoping that something will turn up. At all costs, therefore, Mr. MacDonald and his advisers feel that they must play for time. Long before the first five years is over the European tension must have eased—or exploded, and in either case, the temporary significance of Palestine to the British Empire will have ended. From the viewpoint of immediate policy Mr. MacDonald has, perhaps, done the wisest thing in this callous betrayal—from that of history he has wantonly saddled Britain with the foulest blot on her memory. Pontius Pilate, also, gained a temporary easement of an embarrassment upon the same terms.

At least from one point we might feel relief. No



other Power, of whatever creed or race, could be more neglectful of the Holy Places. Whatever happens, the Holy Sepulchre, and the other great Shrines, can fare no worse than they have done at the hands of Britain's Colonial Office. If we quit Palestine we leave a mouldering, rickety, toppling Church of the Holy Sepulchre in Jerusalem—a basilica in which the liturgies of the various Christian Churches who hold rights within it, can no longer be celebrated, for fear that the whole edifice will crash on to their devoted heads. The Palestine government, the agent of Downing Street, must take the blame for this. Let the ruined fane be a miserable symbol of the years we have governed the Holy Land. After all, despite its venerable and holy associations, Holy Sepulchre is but stone and mortar, there are countless human lives ruined even more irretrievably by what we have done. So, whatever the future destiny of the Holy Land may be, it can be no worse than what it has suffered beneath our dominion. A sad consolation—but true. If England could realize what England has allowed to be done in this little country, sacred to millions of ardent souls, there would be an outcry which would topple our rulers from their seats. But, and here Mr. MacDonald and his colleagues may smile, this is not an age of Faith, of overt, clamant, indomitable Faith, and Palestine means very little to the men and women who mark Britain's ballot-papers.

Is there a solution of the problem of Palestine? Can justice be done to Jew, Arab and Briton? Yes, in several ways, but all of them call for courage and initiative, qualities as out of fashion in British Colonial policy as Faith. First, Palestine has already been once partitioned since the War. The whole territory east of the Jordan was shorn away and handed over to an Arab Government—the Jews were excluded. They, the Jews, accepted this, hoping that it would settle affairs west of the River. They would even accept a further Partition, on the lines recommended by the Royal Commission—but too much courage is asked for that solution. Secondly, a Federal State of Palestine, with almost completely autonomous Cantons for Jews and Arabs, could be erected. A Federal

Government in Jerusalem to deal with foreign affairs, customs and national defence—cantonal governments to control internal matters. Thirdly, as a completely negative policy, one that should commend itself to officials chary of accepting responsibility, Palestine could be annexed to the Kingdom of Egypt. Let that be done as two separate provinces, a Jewish and an Arab province. Each might be autonomous in internal affairs within the framework of the Egyptian Kingdom. This would fulfil many requirements :

(a) Britain, whilst, as in Egypt, retaining all the realities of power, would be quit of her embarrassment.

(b) The Arabs would have the gratification of being ruled by a Moslem sovereign.

(c) The Jews under the Egyptian government would be sure of toleration and security.

(d) Egypt would be pleased and flattered at the honour paid to her.

(e) Historical associations would be continued. As in the past, the King of the Two Lands would be ruler of Palestine. Or, as when the Crusaders grew feeble of heart and their blades faltered and drooped, a Moslem from the Nile would again become master.

(f) Both Jew and Arab peasant would find a fine new market, unhampered by customs dues, in Egypt.

Fourthly, there is the most logical settlement of all—one that cuts too straitly through legal quibbles to be acceptable to a nation like ours, as befuddled by law-forms and points of etiquette as decadent Byzantium. Why not proclaim, in brutal, Imperial fashion, the reality of our conquest and accept its logical outcome ; a thing that might have been better done in 1918 than now, but still possible—proclaim the Holy Land as an integral portion of the British Empire and administer it as a Crown Colony, giving Palestinians status as British citizens, and seeing to it that neither race damaged the other ?

Palestine has had Crown Colony government, in all but name, ever since the conquest. The Palestinians have suffered under the legal shams imposed by the so-called Mandate—in itself a noble conception, but as

shallow in execution as the southern end of the Dead Sea. They have no real citizenship—their passports are given them as British-protected nationals, they bear Britain's royal coat on their covers. Yet they have none of the rights of British citizens. Hypocrisy, shams, inefficiency, feebleness and lack of any settled policy have caused all the damage we now see before us. Who now cares one real snap of their fingers for the truncated League of Nations at Geneva? Had it been a real League of loyally, honestly co-operating races, then the forms of the Palestine administration would have been justified. The League was still-born; then why continue to pay lip-service to a rotting fungus which has sprung from its decomposing flesh? There is no reality in the manner of the governing of the Holy Land. No life, no quickening in its veins. Then why not accept reality, as we have been forced to do on the continent of Europe, and boldly annex it? Who would object? Certainly not the majority of decent, hard-working Palestinian Arabs. They would be overjoyed to avoid the fate threatening them when the clique of unscrupulous men who have terrorized them for years is hoisted into power by Mr. MacDonald and his myrmidons. Not the Jews, who would be an asset, a strong-point for Britain in the Eastern Mediterranean where she so badly needs friends. Not the other members of the League—such as they are. Not Christendom, which could then force Britain to do her duty in the Holy Places. If objection there was, it could only come from nations who are not members of that futile and meaningless assembly in Geneva.

So, to conclude, one can only look at Palestine in sorrow and shamed disgust. If we had tried to do evil to the Holy Land we could have accomplished no worse. Then, even at this late hour, let us make a determined effort to save the ruin we have made. Let us rehabilitate ourselves in the eyes of the world and of History. It is the fifty-ninth minute of the eleventh hour, but we may yet succeed. But not so long as our present rulers are allowed to carry on as they are now doing.

DOUGLAS V. DUFF.

## THE EUROPEAN RIDDLE

WRITING in the first week of December, we endeavoured to estimate the position and prospects of "Europe after Munich".\* The difficulties of the task were obvious enough, and as a good deal has happened since then, it is impossible not to be conscious of the hazards of attempting in the opening days of June to write something which will not be out of date in July.

How has the earlier article stood the test of time? It was written when the Munich agreement, about three months old, was the occasion of equally violent hopes and fears. The optimists believed that it meant the substitution of conference for the threat of force. The pessimistic interpretation has since found its most eloquent and persuasive expression in the *Mémorial de la Guerre Blanche* of Georges Duhamel. We expressed the opinion that neither of these estimates was justified and questioned "whether more nonsense has been written by friends or foes of what was done at Munich". If the events of this spring are to be quoted as a refutation of those who believed that the right course was taken in September, we can at least claim that we were not deceived. "Was it ever within the probabilities", we asked, "that Hitler would develop overnight from the fanatical leader of a new crusade into a perfectly reasonable person, asking for his due and no more?" We expressed the opinion that neither Hitler nor Mussolini desired war, that indeed it could come only through the failure, not the success, of their plans. We remain of that opinion.

In the last few months the changes of front by politicians and journalists have been even more startling than they were before. At the time of the Munich Conference those who had been most critical of the Treaty of Versailles were most anxious to fight for the remnants of it. Those who connived at the remilitarization of the Rhineland which made Germany invulnerable in the west were feebly spluttering for an arrest to her expansion in the east. The fiercest opponents of the French policy when

\* DUBLIN REVIEW, January 1939, pp. 32-43.

it was practicable were for enforcing it when it was too late. The Polish question completed the paradox. The claim of Poland to Pomorze is unanswerable, but so successful was German propaganda in Great Britain and America a few years ago that the great majority of the population and nearly the whole of those who are now clamouring for war with Germany were persuaded that "the Corridor" was a great injustice to the Germans. Today, through Press and radio, the claims of the Poles are presented with fervour by those who were most energetic in denying them. We are entitled to a certain caution when the despised Poland of yesterday is so ostentatiously selected for the role of a new "gallant little Belgium".

A natural revolt against all this has been pushed in some quarters to a quite untenable defence of Herr Hitler. His clear breach of the pledges given at Munich is represented as due to the necessity of dealing with occult forces which, for some reason, he cannot describe or explain to us. Ingenious commentators have formulated explanations of the Führer's policy on which he is silent himself. We find it impossible to avoid the conviction that all this springs from a psychological necessity in the commentators. If they have a villain, they must have a hero. We may agree with them that the Comintern, International Finance, the Grand Orient *et hoc genus omne*, are forces of evil, but we are not prepared to assume that Herr Hitler is a great and good man because they have crossed his path.

The liquidation of the Treaty of Versailles is not yet completed and there is unfortunately little sign in this country of any willingness to go beyond a few misleadingly simple generalizations. One theory has it that the Treaty was certainly a very harsh and wicked one, which has made the German dog mad, but the immediate problem is to deal with the mad dog. When he has been subdued, probably at the cost of another European war, we can impose upon him an entirely reasonable settlement, avoiding all the errors of the last one. *O sancta simplicitas!* Any expression of doubt about the likelihood of a new "peace treaty" being wiser than the last will

produce dangerous symptoms of hyper-tension in elderly idealists.

The other commonplace of contemporary discussion is that there had been some appalling collapse of international standards of morality, a "breakdown of international law". There is, here, surely a confusion between what is and what ought to be. A great deal of unenlightening eloquence might be saved if we would accept a judicial definition of International Law as "the sum of the rules accepted by civilized States as determining their conduct towards each other, and towards each other's subjects".\* That this is a long way short of what we are entitled to wish for is undeniable, but it does not help matters to write as if recent developments in Europe represented a fall from man's state of innocence. We hear much of the "sanctity of treaties", but, in point of fact, treaties between nations are not legislative acts, but contracts. In practice, they have always been kept as long as it suited both the parties to keep them, or there has been sufficient force on one side to compel their observance. The peace of Europe was maintained before the Great War by the existence of a balance of power, not by a high standard of international morality.

The treaties of 1919 set up a number of small nations incapable of effective self-defence and clearly not viable unless it was somebody else's duty or interest to maintain them. The League of Nations was a logical corollary to such a policy—provided it could be made to work. There may have been flaws in post-war French "realism", but it was at least right in seeing that the new Europe could be maintained only by force. The sentimental illusions of this country could end only in disaster—as they have.

"As far as action at Geneva is concerned," we wrote six months ago, "Germany might have been talking and gesticulating down to this moment." Herr Hitler made a closely reasoned speech to the Reichstag in April and the most widely circulated English newspaper announced the next day with truth: "Hitler Speaks for Two Hours: Leaves the World Unmoved." Lord Rushcliffe's letter to *The Times*, a little later, may or may not have been a

\*Cf. Pitt Cobbett's *Cases on International Law*, 5th Ed., (London 1931), p.4.



*ballon d'essai*. What is certain is that Mr. Chamberlain and M. Daladier would risk their political lives if they took one step that their opponents could represent as "weakening". "Are there any indications", we asked in January, "that other countries are now prepared to seek a settlement on a basis of perfect equality? There is little enough in the political temper of any of the countries concerned at the moment of writing to encourage any such idea." This remains true. The reaction of Lord Stonehaven to Mr. Chamberlain's very tentative suggestion that Germany's colonial claims might some day be considered is sufficient to indicate how great are the difficulties in advancing, as Lord Halifax once put it, from armed peace to real peace.

It is impossible to understand the developments of the last few months, including, as they have, a reversal of British foreign policy, without recognizing how much of it is due to the pressure of what is called public opinion upon even the most well-disposed politicians. The liquidation of Czechoslovakia, as we have said, was not the defeat of the Munich policy, but it did mean a defeat of what public opinion in this country thought that policy to be. Moreover, it made clear that something must be done to "stop Hitler". The problem was how to do it with the least damage to ourselves and to Europe. It would be entirely unconvincing to pretend that Mr. Chamberlain was not taken by surprise by the violence of the German coup. His first thought was obviously to save the policy which has been rather misleadingly described as "appeasement". Hence his first speech in the House of Commons after the event was criticized chiefly for its moderation, and its outstanding point was its insistence on the necessity of not being deflected from the policy we were pursuing. Mr. Eden's appeal in the same debate for a union of "like minded nations"—an expression eminently characteristic of Mr. Eden—could be regarded only as a criticism of the Prime Minister's position. Later Sir John Simon, winding up the debate, specifically repudiated the line of policy Mr. Eden had recommended and declared the intention of the Government not to place its foreign policy at the mercy of the

wisdom or unwisdom of a group of other countries. Nobody can read all this dispassionately in the light of what has happened since, without recognizing that the policy announced from the Treasury Bench has been abandoned and the alternative policy of Mr. Eden and the Socialist Opposition adopted. That has been very much the history of National Government Foreign Policy in recent years. Self-preservation may be the first law of nature for organisms, including those of the political variety ; there seems to be some reason for saying that it is the only law of present-day democratic politics. From the time of the so-called Peace Ballot down to the latest reversal of policy the Government has maintained itself in office by taking over the policies of its opponents and persuading the country that it could make a better job of them than their authors. This, it is true, is no extravagant claim, and there is no need whatever to assume that Ministers who adopt this plan are actuated by unworthy motives. A glance at either wing of the Parliamentary Opposition at present must have a sobering effect on any thoughtful person. Nevertheless, while it may be perfectly true that it is important to keep the direction of policy in competent hands, we have to face the fact that this lack of principle and continuity is injurious to political life and has its natural result in the electoral apathy which has been so much deplored at recent by-elections.

The change of policy in the present instance could probably be traced to two causes, one of which is to be found in the international situation itself. Herr Hitler's character remains an enigma, nor is anybody sure to what extent he is in control of German policy. It would have been rash to say on the morrow of the occupation of Prague that the Nazi Government in a mood of dangerous exaltation would not proceed to some fresh sensational *coup*. Even if this fear was not entertained by our own Cabinet it was sufficiently easy to make the country feel it for Mr. Chamberlain and Lord Halifax to see the necessity of doing something prompt and dramatic. In these circumstances it would not be fair to analyse the famous pledges in too critical a spirit. The Prime

Minister had every justification for feeling that Herr Hitler had let him down badly, but he remained anxious to save the peace of Europe and this faced him with the extremely difficult double task of satisfying public sentiment here without taking any step which would make war inevitable or more likely.

When all these allowances have been made the pledges were extraordinarily loose and unsatisfactory. What did the promise to Poland, which began the series, amount to? The popular interpretation was that any action which the Poles resisted on the ground that it threatened their national independence would automatically bring this country to their assistance. This interpretation has never been repudiated but neither has it been affirmed, and it is not in the text. There has been a good deal of talk about misinterpretations. Newspapers have been solemnly rebuked for attempting to minimize the undertaking, but for some reason, nobody has authoritatively stated what the pledge really means. It lays down two conditions for British assistance. The first is an action which *clearly* threatens Polish independence; the second is armed resistance by the Poles themselves. It is hard to believe that a word like "clearly" found its way by accident into a declaration of this importance or that it was intended to be meaningless. The natural interpretation of the pledge as it stands is that it must be apparent to all concerned—including the British and French Governments—that the action was a threat to the independence of Poland. This is quite different from leaving the decision to the Poles themselves. The further question arises: what is independence? It is not the same thing as integrity. An article in the *Osservatore Romano* analysing the pledge line by line, ended by suggesting that the undertaking amounted to very little. Nevertheless it satisfied Poland, and it seems a reasonable conclusion that the diplomatic movements of which it formed a part had an effect in restraining Germany from further acts of aggression and brought about the uneasy lull which exists in Europe at the time of writing.

Much still remains obscure about the events of March. The story of the alleged ultimatum by Germany to

Rumania has never been cleared up. Some have seen in it a sinister plot to create a war by the spreading of false news. There is quite sufficient in recent European history to make such a supposition always plausible. It seems more probable that what happened in this instance was that the Bucharest Government had real or imagined grounds for fearing complete economic obliteration by Germany, that this led to a panic appeal through the London Embassy, and that the Germans moderated their terms, whereupon the Rumanian Government threw over its London Ambassador. What seems certain is that information reached the Foreign Office from the Rumanian Embassy in London which was subsequently disavowed in Bucharest. The further history of our attempt to build up an "anti-aggression front" has all the qualities which might have been expected of an improvisation of this kind. We are moving in a world of uncertainties. Nobody knows where Greece or Rumania stands. The situation may be summarized with rough accuracy by saying that the smaller nations of Europe have no love for Germany, but are undecided whether it may not still be better to come to terms with her than to trust to the good intentions of the Western Powers. European relations are dominated, as they always have been, by force, actual or potential, real or imaginary, and there is a great uncertainty where the balance of force is to be found.

Once this new policy was forced upon us, Russia was bound to play a very prominent part. The history of post-war Europe is full of what it is customary to call wishful thinking, but never has it been so apparent as in relation to this question of the place of Soviet Russia in a security scheme. "Things are what they are," said the wise bishop, "and the consequences will be what they will be. Why, then, should we deceive ourselves?" This question has never been answered. Such questions never are, for if the mind, as sound philosophy asserts, is made for truth, it is one of the basic facts of human nature as we know it, that the human composite is made for self-deception. Russia has played in recent political discussion, the part that the mythical Russians played during

the war. A glance at the map of Europe is sufficient to show that in any attempt to restrain the aggressive intentions of Germany, her powerful Eastern neighbour should play a very important part. An alliance of Britain, France and Russia seems the obvious method of encircling Germany when once we are persuaded that encirclement is necessary and that the concert of Europe cannot be achieved at present. But to prove the desirability of a thing is not to prove its existence. It is necessary from the point of view of effective encirclement that Russia should be there, but the fact is that she is not. A good deal of ink had been spilt on the objections on doctrinal grounds to an alliance with Soviet Russia. The repugnance of the Christian conscience to any such alliance is obvious enough. Few people in this country could contemplate with equanimity standing bare-headed while a military band plays the *Internationale*, or think without irony of attempting to salvage Christian civilization in alliance with the only power in the world which is officially atheist. We can understand and share this feeling and still hold that a doctrinal objection to an alliance with the Soviet Union is untenable. There is, however, no need to argue this question and to create differences among Catholics since the practical objections are overwhelming. The advocacy of a Soviet Pact springs from what may be described as a sort of national egocentricity. It is assumed that Moscow looks at Europe from the same angle as London and Paris, and interprets contemporary European history in terms of a Nazi attempt to dominate Europe and the necessity of resisting it. This, however, is a pure delusion. Anti-Fascism from the point of view of the Third International has never been more than a device for the creation of the Popular or United Front which is to be one of the preliminary phases foreshadowed by Lenin, on the way to the establishment of international Communism.

There is no need to assume any special degree of wickedness in the Soviet Union. All that was necessary in order to regard the Anglo-Russian negotiations from the beginning with a certain scepticism was to recognize

that the rulers of Russia are not philanthropists. They must be expected to act, like any other Government, from the standpoint of their own interests, not other people's. Now nobody has shown any reason why the U.S.S.R. should take sides in a "capitalist war". That such a war would be good business from the standpoint, both of Communist and of Russian National interests, is clear enough and has been stated over and over again. We might therefore expect Moscow to seize any opportunity of provoking a conflict while remaining herself outside it.

Only the psychological process of wish-fulfilment could have blinded any section of public opinion here to the continuity of Soviet aims and method. Always the endeavour has been to create difficulties. At the Disarmament Conference at Geneva Russia proposed complete and universal disarmament—which was obviously impracticable—and under cover of the failure to achieve it considered herself absolved from any disarmament at all. On the London Non-intervention Committee Mr. Maisky understood as much as it suited him to understand and became completely incomprehensible to the other members when he was playing for time.

At the time of writing, the negotiations for a Soviet pact are still in progress. Its conclusion is still said to be "imminent", as it has been for the last couple of months, but scepticism has now invaded the most optimistic circles. The outlook was bad enough from the beginning. Since last autumn the Russian people had received no enlightenment on European affairs. They were ignorant of the crisis. Mr. Maisky went back to Moscow and returned to London, but the public in the Soviet Union was unaware of it. All the Sovereign People knew in the Workers' Paradise was that there was little to choose between the capitalist powers, and that the mighty Red Army would be used only for the defence of the sacred soil of the Soviet Union. What were the chances, even if it were desired, of Stalin bringing Russia into a capitalist war?

The case is complete, even if we decide to discount the considerable body of evidence in support of the thesis that



the U.S.S.R. had already pledged herself to Germany to be neutral. Last September Russia did not raise a finger. Events since then have concerned her more nearly than us, but her policy has been one of masterly inactivity. She said Teschen must not fall, but it did, and Russia did nothing. Circumstantial evidence of a Russo-German agreement has been published in *Le Matin* and by General Krivitski in the *Saturday Evening Post*. It is supported by the fact that when a rumour was current that the U.S.S.R. would supply war material to Poland in the event of a conflict, it was officially denied from Moscow, with the additional and quite gratuitous assertion that Russia would not withhold raw materials from Germany.

What, then, have been the Soviet objectives in the negotiations with this country? We suggest that there are two. The first, probably regarded without excessive optimism, was to get an arrangement which would increase the probability of war by enabling the Soviet Union itself to provoke a conflict. Failing this—and Mr. Chamberlain and Lord Halifax are too wide awake to give it any great chances of success—there is the possibility of bringing down the Chamberlain and Daladier Governments. That is a perfectly rational aim of Soviet policy, since it is the indispensable method of retrieving the defeats sustained by the Third International in Europe. A glance at the newspapers of the last few months will show with how large a degree of success the game has been played.

The trump card of the U.S.S.R. has been the fear of Germany and the belief that Soviet co-operation is necessary to defeat her designs. Hence the pressure on the Government in London and Paris to "come to terms" and the weakening of Mr. Chamberlain's position by the "disquieting delay". Yet nobody can look at the history of the negotiations without seeing that the delays have been the work of Moscow. On a basis of good faith, nothing could have been more reasonable than the original British invitation to the Soviets. It asked them to do no more than we had already undertaken to do ourselves, in an area in which their interests were more

immediate than ours and their professions had been much more clamorous. The supposed "misunderstanding" could deceive nobody and even if it had been genuine there could have been no excuse for publishing it to the whole world outside Russia in the middle of confidential negotiations.

M. Blum's visit to London is certainly to be interpreted as part of this general manœuvre. The story that he came to convert Mr. Attlee to conscription need not be taken seriously. The French Socialist leader lunched with Mr. Eden and held conversations with Mr. Churchill and Mr. Duff Cooper. The whole programme, in fact, was precisely what we might expect it to be if the object of the mission was to persuade the Labour Party to abandon its present narrow attitude and join in an anti-Chamberlain front. M. Blum is the convinced apostle of the United Front method. The indications are that he has failed to convert Mr. Attlee to it, but if the attack on the Prime Minister is not co-ordinated as some people would like it to be, it is none the less formidable.

The effects of a persistent and many-sided propaganda devoted to the whitewashing of Soviet Russia are now apparent and there is a new factor about which a good deal less is being said in public than is being whispered privately in informed circles. The tradition by which the permanent Civil Service stands aside from political controversies is a valuable part of our constitution, but it has been flaunted in a very flagrant way for some time. There is scarcely a West End Club in which the opposition of certain public officials to the Prime Minister is not freely discussed. The *News Chronicle* has not hesitated to suggest in leading articles that the policy of Mr. Chamberlain is contrary to "the trained experts of the Foreign Office". At the time of Sir Neville Henderson's return to Berlin the same journal discussed his supposed pro-Nazi sympathies. Incidentally, at the same time, *L'Europe Nouvelle*, of Pertinax, was asserting that the ambassador, who had no illusions about Germany, had gone back against his own will and was hinting once more that Mr. Chamberlain was responsible. The degree of justice in all these rumours is not the principal point.

Even if an injustice is being done to certain public servants in the statements and activities attributed to them, the fact that these things are widely stated and believed indicates a campaign against the Prime Minister which is something quite different from the ordinary political controversies to which we used to be accustomed, and more disquieting. Whether Mr. Chamberlain will break this opposition or be broken by it remains to be seen. The peace of Europe may depend on the answer.

At the moment the international stage presents a manoeuvring for position. A diplomatic success, or what passes for it, in one quarter, is followed by a check. Where is it all tending? A considerable school in this country and a larger one in France has decided that war is inevitable and that we are now witnessing the preliminary phases. That is a possible answer and if the overthrow of the existing governments in London and Paris could be accomplished, it might be considered pretty certain to be the right one. Mr. Chamberlain and Lord Halifax are clearly unwilling to accept this view. They believe in the possibility at least of a condition of affairs in which the problems of Europe can be settled by negotiation. From this point of view the German action in March was a blunder of the first magnitude. It enormously strengthened the position of those who have always argued that Hitler's purpose is "world domination". Before the possibility of a peaceful settlement can be entertained, Europe must, in Mr. Chamberlain's phrase, "simmer down". There are plenty of forces operating to prevent this and not the least is the diplomacy of the United States. The Prime Minister had barely uttered his hope before President Roosevelt issued his questionnaire. The motives of it may have been excellent, but it was neither tactful nor helpful. The result is a state of affairs in which it is still hard to see how war is to come, and equally hard to see how it is to be ultimately avoided.

The end of the Spanish War should have been sufficient to show how consistently public opinion has been misled by press and radio in this country about the state of affairs. Unfortunately there are few signs that British and French diplomacy has learned much from experience.

Our request to General Franco not to commit atrocities in Barcelona was a *gaffe* to say the least of it and the French have continued to make the worst of both worlds. The future orientation of Spanish policy is still doubtful. It was characteristic of Mr. Lloyd George to say that Franco had joined the Axis and publicly proclaimed it. There is still, however, a large body of opinion here which cannot conceive of the anti-Comintern Pact being simply what it professes to be. British public opinion has yet to learn that if Communism is merely a bogey in London, it is something very different in the very considerable area of Europe which has been bathed in blood through its activities. General Franco himself will no doubt wish to remain neutral, but he can hardly be expected to have any great affection for the Western Democracies, and there has been a good deal lately to lend colour to Signor Mussolini's identification of democracy with plutocracy.

The Duce himself seems to be regarded with less animosity in some quarters here than he was a little while ago. The invasion of Albania—which is probably to be regarded as a diplomatic reply to the Anglo-Polish agreement—had the curious result of increasing anti-Hitler sentiment here, although the Führer had been quiescent since the attack on Prague. Here again, as with the Soviet Pact, we have wish-fulfilment at work. It is hoped that the Axis can be disrupted.

Never was political prediction more difficult. The *status quo* in Europe cannot be maintained and if the idea of an "anti-aggression front" hardens into an attempt to do so by force, war is inevitable. It is equally true, however, that no attempt at peaceful revision is practical politics at present. That is as far as we can get in an attempt to analyse contemporary Europe into its visible and manifest elements. The last word, as always, is with Divine Providence, and who will say that the Holy See, under its *Pastor Angelicus*, may not be the instrument for solving the apparently insoluble?

REGINALD J. DINGLE.

## THE UKRAINE, PAST AND PRESENT DESCRIBED BY A UKRAINIAN

THE growing importance of the Ukraine problem for the destinies of Eastern Europe has been raised time and again by the world Press, by politicians, by debating societies, political, historical and otherwise, and the rank-and-file European is taken aback by the sensational accounts of plots which have, so he is told, been hatched in countries whose existence he never suspected. It seems to me that if Napoleon was right when he said that to win a war one needed three things—money, money and money—in these troublous days, when to win peace is much more important, three things are necessary—knowledge, knowledge and knowledge, provided this knowledge is based on facts. Post-war Europe bristles with many problems which give rise to endless intrigues and every type of propaganda, and this is especially the case now that Europe seems to be divided into two groups, one of which, rightly or wrongly, believes itself to consist of the “have-nots” as opposed to the “haves”. Each group promises to find the very best solutions for “all nations” and for “all times”.

The historians and serious politicians of our day, however much their opinions may differ, must surely all agree that the fact that over forty million people in Europe have found themselves in the category of “national minorities” is a source of considerable disturbance. This is especially so since these national minorities often form a considerable majority in the actual territories which they inhabit, and since they are subject to a foreign domination by peoples who were themselves also the victims of foreign domination, having thus become embittered and eager to get their own back on the others. Very often (especially in the case of the Ukrainians) this treatment is a violation of solemn promises to grant full autonomous rights, promises given to them in writing, and signed by responsible heads of States. This bitterness is undoubtedly encouraged by other forces, political parties, and often whole countries,

in order to attain their own aims, which have nothing in common with the legitimate aspirations of these minorities. There is nothing new in this state of affairs. Did not Napoleon use Polish aspirations to fight his enemy, Russia? Did not England give the Poles all the material support she could against Czarist Russia, which actually led to Russia, as a counter-measure, erasing the very name of Poland from the map of Europe, and replacing it by "The Pre-Vistula areas"? At the same time Czarist Russia erased the word Ukraine from the map, and replaced it by "Little Russia", and also called the non-Russian nations of the Russian Empire (forty-eight nations went to make up that Empire, different in tradition, history, language and religion) by contemptuous nicknames. Did this all mean that these nations did not exist, or that their very existence was merely "foreign intrigue and invention"?

Anyone who wishes to study the matter should go to the British Museum and see for himself the maps of the Independent Hetman Ukraine of, say, the fifteenth and seventeenth centuries, and he will find that these maps give a definite description of a sovereign State of Ukraina. For the politician and statesman this is of more than academic interest, because he must bear in mind that the men of Versailles, who laid down the principle of self-determination of nations as a system for post-war Europe, are in a curious position if they deny the right of self-determination to the Ukraine, when it has been granted to nations which had never even had a national independence, such as Estonia and Latvia, while the Ukraine has behind it centuries of independent life. It must be borne in mind that national aspirations for self-determination cannot be held back indefinitely, whether by military measures or by artificially drawn frontiers. The Riga peace treaty between Poland and the U.S.S.R. in 1921 cannot be looked upon as the last word, placing on one side of the frontier the self-determined nations, and on the other a forced régime of unification coming from a world revolutionary centre, Moscow. This, however, seems to be the attitude of certain friends of Soviet Russia. They must, however, answer the question



why, if the Ukraine is the paradise which they depict, in one year only, 1933-34, over 3½ million Ukrainians starved, and this in a country which has rightly been called the granary of Europe. Why also did the Soviets export in that year the same amount of grain from the Ukraine as in times of good harvest? Why? One thing is clear: such pro-Soviet propaganda defeats its own aims; as the wise Frenchman remarked, "*Il n'y a que ridicule qui tue.*"

A study of the history of the Ukraine shows that it was a country formed on the principles of strong nationality, religion and private initiative; from this latter is derived their deep-seated belief in private property, coupled with a strong sense of the family. The Soviet régime stands for the opposite of this, being based on collectivism versus property, atheism versus belief in God, and international commune versus healthy nationalism. It is because of these essentially European characteristics that in the whole of her past history the Ukrainians always turned their eyes and hopes towards Western Europe, while the North Russians turned rather to the East, having a mixture of Mongol blood in their veins.

According to the opinion of scientists the Ukrainians are of a distinct type, different from the Slavs. They never intermarry either with friends or foes. The Russians, on the contrary, when the Tartars invaded and conquered their country, accepted the laws and habits of the invaders, and were not averse to marriage with them. The Ukrainians, being of a purer stock, are usually rather taller than their neighbours, with heads of a brachycephalic type, while most Russians tend to be more dolichocephalic.

The Ukraine nation is strongly Christian, and has been since the days of St. Vladimir in the tenth century; St. Vladimir built in 988 the Dessiatine Church in Kiew, the ruins of which have now been destroyed by the Soviet Authorities along with other venerated relics. The Kiew authorities made every effort to keep up contact with Western Europe; as far back as the eleventh century we find the daughters of Kiew princes marrying

members of the reigning Houses of Europe. In those days the Ukrainian princedoms stretched from the Carpathian mountains to the areas along the middle part of the Volga, being all agricultural countries. Long before that, the cultivation of corn and wheat was prevalent there, as may be seen from excavation of tombs of nobles of the pre-Christian era in the Ukraine, in which I found buried wheat, corn and other cereals. In the thirteenth century, however, that highly cultured Christian State was destroyed by the Tartars, who succeeded in invading Hungary, and by this invasion the Ukraine was cut adrift for over two centuries from Europe. Previous to that invasion the Ukrainian princedoms had extensive commercial, cultural and political relations with the East and West—with Arabia and Persia on the one hand, and on the other with Western Europe, and especially with the Scandinavian countries. These latter chose to build up a permanent track of commerce along the main Ukrainian river, the Dnieper. During numerous excavations, which I carried out on my property along the Dnieper, I very often found buried coins: Arab, Persian, Greek and some well preserved Scandinavian armour.

When in 1240 Kiew was invaded and pillaged by the Tartar hordes the cultural and political centres of the Ukrainian life were automatically transferred to the periphery—to the Ukrainian Galician princedoms. This Ukrainian kingdom became especially prosperous under Prince Danilo (1205–1264). The Tartar invasion, which swept everything on its way, overran the Ukrainian lands, and the Tartar Chan Batu in 1259 took the Ukrainian stronghold Pereyaslow and previously in 1240 took Kiew—the capital. The Tartars, nevertheless, did not dethrone the princes, but declared them to be their vassals; this fate was shared by Prince Danilo, too. Danilo sought to find help against the Tartars from Western Powers, but had no success. Seeing this, his son bowed to the inevitable, and, choosing the lesser evil, started conquering and annexing and adding to his kingdom other Ukrainian lands—lands which were under Polish, Lithuanian and Hungarian rule. The Tartar

yoke lasted two centuries, and when the Ukrainian princes felt themselves strong enough to overthrow the yoke they did it with the help of a *Levée en masse* of the Ukrainian population, doing this in the name of Christian principles, which were held by the whole Ukrainian people.

From that time onwards the Ukrainian people became a strong fighting community, especially as their neighbours often tried to lay hands on the rich Ukrainian soil. Constant wars were waged by the Ukrainians, either against the "infidel" Tartars coming from the East, or the Crimean Tartars from the South, against the increasingly aggressive Great-Russians to the North, and fighting the Polish expansion from the West. This gave birth to the formation of the Cosak stratas, a yeoman organization always ready to leave the plough for the sword to protect their "Fatherland and Faith". The prosperity of the farming classes made them desire to acquire education and culture, and it is worth mentioning here that the independent Ukrainian Hetman State of the seventeenth century had many more schools, academies and universities than the same territories in the twentieth century, when the Ukraine was part of the empire of the Czars. The scientific academy of Kiew was founded a hundred years before the first university was founded in Moscow. The system imposed by the Czars on the Ukraine continued until 1917, and it was followed by a short period of independence, during which there was a huge development in education, many schools and even universities being built, but with the subjugation of the Ukraine by the Soviets this cultural renaissance was stopped.

Under the Czars every national aspiration, even that of speaking one's own language, was looked upon as a crime against the State. The Russian Minister of Education in 1886, Valvieff, issued a decree that "the Ukrainian language does not, and must not, exist". It was only in 1905, after the first revolution, that the Government allowed the Bible to be published in Ukrainian. Many Russians, imbued with this mentality, declare that the Ukrainian language is but a dialect,

forgetting that even under the Czars the Russian Academy of Science declared that Ukrainian is separate from all Slav languages, with its own grammar, history and literature. I well remember how, during the Great War, I was able to speak to Austrian war prisoners in Russia who came from Galicia and Carpatho-Ukraine, and conversed freely with them, as we spoke the same Ukrainian language, whereas my Russian friends present did not understand, as they spoke only Russian.

The Bolsheviks, who tried to get the Ukrainians on their side in fighting Czarism, promised through Lenin's lips, at the Social-Democratic Congress in Krakow in 1913, to grant the right of self-determination, including complete secession from Russia, to the Ukrainians, but when the Bolsheviks came to power in 1919, having conquered the Ukraine, they immediately took the opportunity to destroy every vestige of Ukrainian national aspirations. In order to carry that out, the so-called "independent" Ukrainian Soviet Socialistic Republic has eighty per cent of its administration Jews and twenty per cent Great-Russians, without one single Ukrainian, and the country is occupied by seventeen Red Army divisions and over one hundred thousand special GPU troops, who control the Ukraine by mass terror and mass famine. The single thing they left was the Ukrainian language, which did not contradict their basic idea of turning the whole world into one commune "national in form, and communistic in essence". In spite of persecutions, suppression and terror, the Ukrainian language has a considerable literature, and a highly developed and popular national drama.

#### THE LITHUANIAN AND POLISH PERIODS

At the beginning of the fourteenth century the Lithuanian Prince Gedemin (1316-41) in his expansionist conquests to the East found the Ukrainians quite willing to unite against their Tartar oppressors; the Ukrainians were subjugated by the Lithuanians politically, but conquered them culturally, so that the Ukrainian culture became predominant, many prominent Lithuanian

families becoming entirely Ukrainianized. My own ancestor in the twelfth century gave up his Lithuanian title and settled amongst the Zaporog Cosaks by the Dnieper rapids; he became a prominent member of the Cosak community, and an important figure with the Hetmans; the case of my family was not an exception, but a typical example of those days. The Lithuanian prince, with a strong Ukrainian backing, overthrew the Tartars in 1363, and freed a great part of the Ukrainian lands. These lands immediately entered into alliances with Lithuania. As a result, three centres of Ukrainian culture of political importance came into being, in Kiew, Lvov and Halitsch. Some time later a new force appeared, and that was Poland; she started her expansion eastward, and by 1349 she had annexed the Galician Ukrainian lands. Dynastic reasons made the Lithuanian and Polish kings unite, and this resulted in Jagello, a Lithuanian prince, becoming King of Poland, as well as ruler of Lithuania. This led to the famous Krewsk Union of 1385, which was followed by an aggressive Polish policy; the Poles disguised this policy, as they have always done since, in robes of Catholic expansion, thus making their opponents very anti-Catholic. This led to a strong opposition on the part of the Ukrainians, and a split resulted by which the Lithuanian Prince Witost became independent from Poland.

Just before that some of the Slav tribes, under pressure of Tartars and for other reasons, moved northward and settled in a remote and richly forested part of the North and North-West Russian Plains. Having settled there, they intermarried with the local Finnish population. First Suzdal, and later Moscow, became their centre. This latter by and by united all the small principedoms and lands around them and became the centre from which derived the Great-Russian Empire of the Czars; the process culminated in Peter the Great building his own capital, St. Petersburg, on the Neva river, where there were officially no more Russians, Ukrainians, Tartars, etc., but all simply Russian subjects of the Russian Empire. This state of affairs went on till the downfall of the Romanov dynasty in 1917.

We must note that in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries the Ukrainians, being torn to bits by foreign invasions and annexations, came to realize that in order to be successful they must embark on a policy of alliances "against the common enemy", whoever it would be, especially as even such good fighters as the Cosaks were not enough to protect their country. The reason for seeking allies against the "infidels" was religious, as well as one of self-protection; from then onwards the Cosaks appear more and more in history as protectors of the Christian faith against the "infidels". In 1683 they rendered valuable services by freeing Vienna from the Turks, attacking these from the rear; only rarely, and then under great duress, did the Cosaks have short-lived alliances with the Turks.

#### RUSSIA AND THE UKRAINE, FROM PERSONAL UNION TO COMPLETE SUBJUGATION

The Ukrainian Hetmans finally chose Great-Russia as an ally because they both were of Greek Orthodox religion, though the character of that religion was different with each. In a very early report of a Moscow Bishop visiting Kiew he wrote that the Ukrainians were heretics, because their Church service was near as could be to Catholicism, and "they committed the great sin" of using organ music in church. The Hetman of the Ukraine Bogdan Hmelnitzky, called "The Great", signed a personal alliance with the Moscow Czar in 1654, but the Russians, with their usual tactics, tried to undermine the arrangements, encroaching on the rights of the other side, and taking advantage of the temporary weakness of the Ukrainian State, which was threatened on all sides. By the time Peter the Great came into power it was easy for him to break every resistance, and defeat the Ukrainians at Poltava in 1709. From then onwards the independent Hetman Ivan Skoropadsky's power became merely *de jure*, and after his death there were no more independent Hetmans, but mere nominees of the Russian Emperors, until in 1756 Catherine the Great abolished even the honorary title of Hetman. She



occupied the Ukraine with her armies and divided the country into administrative districts, placing at the head of each a Russian General-Governor. This made the Ukrainians hate everything Russian, while cherishing the hope that better times would come. The spirit of national freedom lived on under the surface; at first it was mild and only aspired after autonomy, but with further oppression it grew into a movement demanding complete separation from Russia. The Ukrainians took an active part in the Decabrist Revolt against the Czar in 1825; later the Ukrainian patriot Kapnist visited many European courts, seeking for help. His *pourparlers* were proceeding satisfactorily until Prussia intervened, having decided to side with the Russian Empire, which was growing in strength. In the middle of a terrible political reaction, initiated and carried out by the Czar Nicolas the First, the Ukrainian intelligentsia, gentry and Cosak families started the Cyril-Methodius brotherhood, to foster amongst Ukrainians knowledge and love of national ideals. This was soon discovered by the Czar and treated as a "revolutionary" body, and members of that brotherhood were sent to Siberia. The famous Ukrainian poet Tarras Shevchenko (called the Ukrainian Byron) was exiled, with a special order not to give him pen and ink, and for nine years he could not carry on his literary work. The Ukrainian theatre, however, carried on the national tradition in a veiled form. At last came the Revolution of 1917. The Ukrainian is not a revolutionary character, and if under the Czars he joined hands with the revolutionaries it was merely for tactical purposes; as soon as the revolution gave him freedom he immediately reverted to his inborn conservatism, that of a traditionally yeoman population.

#### THE TWENTIETH CENTURY—THE HETMAN

After the downfall of the Russian Empire the Ukraine passed through another ordeal. At first the Brest-Litovsk Treaty, a treaty signed by the Bolsheviks on behalf of Russia, and by extreme Socialists on behalf of the Ukraine, was enforced. The Socialists signed the

treaty, inviting German occupation, in order, under German protection, to carry out socialization—a thing hated by the Ukrainian farmers—in exchange giving to Germany and Austria, who were blockaded by the Allies, the necessary foodstuffs. This enforcing of Socialism by foreign troops did not last long; the Germans saw that they had been trapped into a dangerous adventure by the Socialists, and as a result of that had lost many soldiers in battles with the peasant population. They soon found that the bulk of the population did not want socialization. The Germans then declared themselves neutral in regard to internal strife, and the yeoman population, rallying round their leader Paul Skoropadsky, overthrew the Socialists overnight, and formed a traditional Hetman government based on nationalism, religion and private ownership, having crowned the Hetman Skoropadsky, according to ancient Ukrainian tradition, in the St. Sophia Cathedral at Kiew; they had previously elected him according to tradition by eight thousand delegates of peasants together with delegates from industry, the nobility, local self-governing bodies and the “free Cosak” organizations. Immediately strife died out throughout the country and a constructive work was started in accordance with historical tradition and the wishes of the population. The Hetman, a direct descendant of the last Hetman of the Ukraine, restored order by restoring private property, and recognized foreign debts (one fourth of the pre-war debts of the Russian Empire). He restored the churches and gave religion its leading role in national life, coupled with a full freedom for all religions; he ordered the building of hundreds of schools, restored the old universities and even built new ones, and founded the Ukrainian academy, a descendant of the famous one of the seventeenth century, which had been abolished by the Czarist Government. Laws were decreed to facilitate the purchase of land by the peasantry, giving them long-term credits without interest. The German occupants did not allow the Hetman to form his own army, for they feared him owing to his brilliant record during the Great War. The peasant, who hates conscription, was

pleased at not having to send his sons to the army, and thus lose them as labourers on his farm. The defeat of the central powers in the West, followed by revolution inside those countries, led to their leaving the Ukraine, and after a desperate fight by the peasants the Socialists, together with Bolsheviks, succeeded in overrunning the country. The Soviet Ambassador to the Hetman Government in Kiev, Rakowsky, had for a long time been plotting with the deposed Socialists. (This Rakowsky and the Socialist leader Vinitchenko openly confirmed in their memoirs published later.)

#### THE SOVIETS, THE RELIGIOUS FACTOR, THE PERSECUTION

After a short period of Socialist interregnum the Ukraine was delivered up to the anti-God and anti-man régime of the Soviets. The Bolsheviks had only used self-determination as a bait to get possession of the country; having achieved that, all they have done is to include paragraph 117 in the Soviet Constitution, saying that any Soviet republic can leave the Union at a moment's notice, but this was also only a bait to entice other nations. The Bolsheviks introduced a régime of terror and mass famine; little enough is reported in the Press, and thousands of petitions to the League of Nations by Ukrainians have been disposed of on formal grounds, but the struggle inside goes on. Hundreds of Ukrainian patriots are shot by the Soviet occupation armies of the GPU every month. Private ownership of land was replaced by collectivism and the farmers reduced to slave labourers, and the sweating system, known as the Stahanov régime, was installed among the workers. Religion has been declared to be a dangerous drug to poison the minds of the people, and as such hardly allowed to be practised. The historical tradition of the Ukrainian farmer to send one son to the army, the other to stay on the farm, and the third to become a servant of God has been abolished, family life being destroyed by a number of Soviet decrees (including the encouragement of children to report on their parents to the G.P.U.).

The religious factor in Russia should be considered.

Whilst in the Ukraine religion was the basic element of the national life, in Great-Russia with the growth of the empire religion was relegated more and more to the background, and the Church tended to become an instrument of the government. Before the formation of the Russian Czarist Empire the Church was a strong and an independent body, the link and mediator for peace between different princedoms, and the first Czar (the founder of the Romanow dynasty) was elected with the help of the Church. He was the son of the Patriarch. As soon as Peter the Great founded his Empire he abolished the Patriarchal See and placed at the head of the Church a lay official, with a body of Bishops assisting him, known as the Holy Synod. Seeing the enormous influence which the Ukrainian Church had over the country, the Russian Czars, having annexed the Ukraine, turned their attention to the Ukrainian priesthood. Many were banished, others were dismissed, and in their place docile Great-Russian priests were appointed by the government; educational centres were either closed or taken away from the clergy's control. The Church lost its independence, and became but a government department, hence religious people sought to find religious satisfaction outside of the official Church; this caused the appearance of numerous sects. As soon as the revolution overthrew the Czarist régime the Church revived, and the Hetman on coming to power raised it to its historical role. The Bolsheviks, on occupying the Ukraine, destroyed churches, expelled the clergy, and even murdered them with the same brutal methods that the emissaries of Moscow later employed in Spain; this was part of the Bolshevik programme as carried out by order of Lenin and Stalin, though the persecution has made religion grow more strongly in the souls of the people.

#### THE UKRAINIANS

In Siberia there are many Ukrainians, who went there under the Czars as colonists. They settled there and did quite well, owing to their sturdy yeoman character. In Poland the Ukrainians number about seven million, and

form a dense majority in Galicia, Volynia, Podolia and Helm. The Ukrainians are being ruthlessly destroyed under the Soviet régime, owing to the efforts of the Moscow rulers to enforce their formula "national in form, communistic in essence"; in Poland the oppression is on chauvinistic grounds, aiming at the denationalization of all the minorities. (There are thirteen millions of these in Poland, out of thirty-three millions total population). This goes against all promises solemnly given by Poland in 1918-1919, and countersigned by the "Allied and Associated" Powers. These promises were to grant the Ukrainians full autonomy, including a parliament of their own in Lvov (the capital of the Ukrainian lands in Poland). In Soviet Russia the Ukrainian stock is also to be found in the Caucasus, where the Kuban Cosaks, who settled there centuries ago, are all of the same race; they are animated by a strong Ukrainian national feeling, and desire independence, in the same way as the rest of the Ukrainians in the U.S.S.R. There are about 500,000 Ukrainians in the land known as Carpatho-Ukraine, a land now purposely declared by the Hungarians to be Russian and not Ukrainian. The Poles try to call the Ukrainians the Ruthenians, so as to give the impression that they are not Ukrainians, in the same way as the Great-Russians deny the existence of such a race at all. Outside of the purely Ukrainian lands there are many important Ukrainian groups worth while mentioning. There is in the U.S.A. more than a million and a half Ukrainians, whilst in Canada we Ukrainians are the third nationality after the English and French stock. In Manchukuo we are over a hundred thousand strong, and there are as many again outside Europe and America. In Rumania we number over a million and a quarter; in that country a satisfactory working agreement has been reached because the Rumanians, having foresight, understand that a future independent Ukraine will be a greater asset to her than the troublesome world centre of revolutions, Soviet Russia. The Ukrainian masses wherever they are tend more and more towards conservatism; this tendency grows every day and adds to the number of the adherents of the Hetman movement.

## A FEW FIGURES

The territories of the Ukraine inside Soviet Russia cover about 400,000 square kilometres, a country larger than France, 82 per cent of which is rural. During the Czarist régime, out of 44 million acres over 20 million belonged to the yeoman population, whilst the rest was in the possession of the State, the Church and the nobility. During the Hetman régime in 1918 the landed property of the peasant class grew considerably, as the Hetman initiated and introduced facilities for the passing of land into the hands of the peasants, and by so doing strengthened the yeoman class. Whilst in North Russia, under the Czar, the peasants' land was communal property called "Mir", in the Ukraine it was owned by the peasants; the institution of serfdom was not a historical tradition with the Ukrainians, as it has been in Great-Russia since times immemorial. The agricultural produce of the country consisted of wheat, barley, oats, corn, and potatoes, and amounted in pre-war days to about 25 million tons per annum. Tobacco was widely cultivated and exported. The Ukraine produced about 60 million gallons of alcohol, and large beetroot plantations provided the sugar factories with raw stuff; these factories, in addition to supplying the needs of the population, exported to Great-Russia about 700,000 tons of sugar yearly, and about one-fifth of that amount to foreign countries. Although chiefly agricultural, her supplies of minerals are also an important asset. It is estimated that she has sufficient coal reserves to last her at a rate equal to that of the coal consumption of the U.S.A. for 150 years, and that her anthracite supplies are equal to the combined supplies of the rest of Europe, Africa, America and Australia. Ukrainian peat is also well known to be equal in calorific value to wood. Her deposits of iron ore are considerable, and lie practically next door to the coal-fields. The Ukraine accounted for 78 per cent of the total production of iron ore in the Russian Empire and 98 per cent of the anthracite. Owing to the fact that in prehistoric days the country lay at the bottom of the sea, there are large salt-fields, the Brianzewsky salt area being 45 kilometres long, 35



kilometres wide and 40 metres deep ; she is also rich in manganese, but this is of a lower quality than is obtainable in the famous mines in the Caucasus, though production amounted to about 300 thousand tons per annum. She may thus be regarded as a self-contained unit with many potentialities for developing her own industries and trade. The majority of the anthracite, coal and iron-ore fields are situated near the sea, besides which of the 22,900 kilometres of rivers 27 per cent are navigable and 67 per cent good enough for floating rafts. All these rivers flow into the Black and Azow Seas, where there are well-equipped ports.

All these figures refer to the pre-Bolshevik period. The Soviets at first included the Ukraine in their five-year plans, and they built some factories, power stations and docks, but they soon realized that the Ukrainians are fundamentally hostile to the Soviets, and that therefore the country can only be retained under the Soviet régime as long as it is occupied by a sufficient number of troops. Even so, having realized how precarious is their grip, during the last few years all the money earmarked by Soviet authorities for Ukrainian industries does not amount to the sum they spend on one Soviet town, Moscow. The effort to turn the country into a docile "wheat factory", as they like to term it, has failed. The horses and cattle have been reduced by two-thirds, and the tractors have proved to be of no use, with no repair parts available, nor are there enough trained men to handle them on such a large scale. The system has therefore concentrated on obtaining as much as possible by terror and slave labour ; the Ukrainian labourer is worse off than a man on the dole in any "capitalistic" country. One can do many things by terror, but it remains to be seen how long such a state of things will go on ; there may before long be an outburst of which the consequences are difficult to foresee.

#### SELF-DETERMINATIONS. THE TIERS ETAT.

It seems to me that the self-determination process will crystallize inside Poland and Soviet Russia and produce a form of healthy nationalism amongst the so-called

"national minorities". A co-operation of free and independent States around the Black Sea is a question which is of great importance for the peace of Europe. It must be remembered that revolutions have always been stemmed by the coming to the fore of the middle classes, the *tiers état*. It gave France a healthy nationalism, and a strong instinct for private property protected by legislation. In North Russia there has never been a *tiers état*; there was instead a heterogeneous body called the "intelligentzia", a sort of "opposition to His Majesty", which when the Crown was swept away lost their bearings and their *raison d'être*; they had their chance in the provisional government but failed to do anything constructive. All efforts to build up such a *tiers état* (NEP) in Russia today are nipped in the bud by the revolutionaries of the Kremlin.

In the non-Russian territories of the Russian Empire the place of the *tiers état* was always held by the farming yeoman stock, especially among the Ukrainians and Cosaks, and partly among the Caucasian people. Similar stratas of society saved Poland and the border States from the onslaught of Bolshevism, which first tried to conquer them *manu militari* in 1918-1919, and then not having succeeded tried to achieve its ends by "peaceful" penetration, through subversive propaganda, a propaganda which is still going on, and which now is concentrated chiefly not so much on them, because the disruption of those States would leave the Soviet face to face with Hitler's Germany, but on Britain and France. Bolshevism now works in the West by the Trojan horse method, and in the disguise of an ally is brought into European affairs.

The future of Europe and her Peace depend on whether she will find a just and workable solution for the 40 million national minorities. Amongst these groups the chief position is occupied by the Ukrainians, a race which is better organized and more strongly united than any other by a fervent nationalism and a fervent religious belief. May Justice also find its way to the Ukrainian lands.

VLADIMIR DE KOROSTOVETZ.

## A CHRONIC PROBLEM OF CATHOLIC EDUCATION\*

IT is just seventy-five years ago since Mr. Ambrose Smith, obtaining an option of buying a valuable five-acre site in Oxford, wrote to offer it to Dr. Newman. That offer set in motion a long eighteen years' sequence of events which is faithfully recorded in the classic biography of the cardinal. The anniversary is an opportunity, not indeed to summarize Wilfrid Ward, but to recall how a most important problem was faced by an earlier generation of Catholics, to note how vastly the conditions of that problem have changed since those fast receding, mid-Victorian times, and to suggest, very cautiously, that the problem in its essentials still confronts us. And since any consideration of this chapter of bygone Catholic history thrusts upon our attention the mighty idea of the Catholic University, I should like to clear myself, at the outset, from the charge that seems to lie upon anyone who utters that name without some accompanying gesture of repudiation, of secretly plotting yet another weary campaign to establish the impossible.

The terms of the problem are simple. There are Catholics who can, and who therefore should, profit from university education. Education is a unity, and its centre, if education be a technique to form the mind, is the teaching of Revealed Religion. Whence, in last analysis, if Catholicism be all that it claims to be, that truth which it is so hard to express tactfully (and which, like many another such, we tend to leave unexpressed) that there is no real education unless it is a Catholic education. Ideally, a Catholic university is essential to the full intellectual formation of man. For Catholics, at all events, a university education must in some way be first of all a Catholic education. The problem, it would seem, is how is this best to be brought about. Is it by the establishment of a Catholic university? And if not, then what is the best way in which Catholics

\* This article is, substantially, a paper read in 1937 to the Catholic Headmasters' Conference—a circumstance which will explain, and, I hope, excuse, the frequent appearance in it of the first person singular.

can make use of the non-Catholic university? With this problem the Catholics of this country wrestled valourously for a good thirty years of the nineteenth century, disputing among themselves most vigorously as to whether the solution lay along the first or the second of these lines of action. During all that time it was the school that refused to use the existing universities which determined policy. But if that school ultimately failed, this was in part because its chiefs were utterly unequal to the task even of conceiving what a Catholic university should be. Whatever the chances, in any age, of bringing off so venturous a scheme, the chances were nil on this particular occasion, given the temperament and the ideals of those in whose hands the directing authority lay. Before we begin to consider how—despite the successful working in our own time of the scheme then rejected, that makes use of the non-Catholic university—the problem still confronts us, it is as well to see exactly what it was that failed to come to birth sixty years ago. The Catholic University may be an impossibility for generations yet to come. It can never be said to be an impossibility because it was once seriously attempted and failed ludicrously.

We have all read in Wilfrid Ward what came of that offer to Newman of the site of the old Oxford workhouse, of the scheme for an Oxford Oratory, the scheme for a Catholic college in the University, and how all came to nothing, so sadly, so tragically for the great Oratorian, and we have all been moved to marvel at the patience with which he bore this singularly heavy disappointment. It was not, of course, his first disappointment, not even his first in this very matter of providing for Catholics a setting in which they could best receive that full intellectual formation without which the Catholic body must ever lack members through whom the life of the day might be truly influenced. Newman, in 1864, could look back to a recent experience (1852–1858) as the first Rector of the Catholic University of Ireland. To this work he had given the best years of his maturity, and apparently he had given them in vain. But despite

the failure, he still managed to distinguish between what was not immediately practicable and what remained eternally desirable. Considering that intellectual enlargement which could come from a Catholic University, and from a Catholic University alone, Newman "did not change his own opinion as to its necessity. He believed that for thorough health and efficiency in the Catholic body, it was essential".\*

Conditions in Ireland had not been propitious. To what degree they were unpropitious, and, by the fact, how necessary the work which Newman planned, may best be gathered from that posthumously published volume *My Campaign in Ireland*.† Perhaps it may be allowed to quote a not unfair comment from the biographer.

In Cullen's eyes the scheme was predominantly ecclesiastical. And he desired the new institution to be entirely under his own control. The Professors, in his view, should be priests, owing him strict obedience. He wished to have zealous and pious priests; their intellectual equipment was a matter of secondary importance. The undergraduates were to be amenable to a quasi-seminarist discipline, and were thus to be preserved unspotted from modern thought—theological, literary, and political!‡

Six years later than this, in 1864, it was the turn of Catholics in England to be agitated over the practical question of how best to give Catholics a university education. In the April of that year the Hierarchy had the problem before them. They decided that Catholics should be forbidden to go to Oxford or Cambridge, but that to found a Catholic University was impossible. Manning, not yet a bishop, did not agree as to this impossibility, and he criticized the decision as dangerous, since "it will not do to prohibit and to provide nothing". And he thought the bishops would not be obeyed.§ But though in April the bishops took the view that the Catholic University was not feasible, the scheme was still in contemplation in the following

\* Ward in *Life of Newman*, I, 416.

† Published 1896. *For Private Circulation Only*.

‡ Ward, I, 366-7.

§ Manning-Talbot, 22 April, 1864, in Purcell, *Life of Manning*, II, 291.

September, as Ullathorne informed Newman.\* What had stirred the bishops? Apparently the new phenomenon that "Catholic youth are beginning to go to Oxford and are in Protestant Colleges".†

Newman would have built a church at Oxford and was prepared to lodge undergraduates in his house. He had learnt in Ireland that to "act on ideal principles with little or no attempt to forecast accurately what was practicable was to court failure".‡ But the Oxford scheme was never his ideal, never anything more than a concession to the necessities of the case.§

By the end of 1864 the whole educated Catholic body was, apparently, in hot discussion of the problem, actively canvassing the various schemes. And here we come to Manning's first practical contribution to the series. Against Oxford he was as resolutely set as he was critical of the bishops' decision that a Catholic University was out of the question. He now suggested that some priest should open, in Rome, an *Accademia* for youths of the aristocratic and wealthy families among the English Catholics, to serve "till we have a university". Ullathorne gruffly commented that it was "an absurd scheme . . . which if talked about in England, would, I think, raise people's shoulders, and round their eyes". But it was Pius IX who gave the scheme its *coup de grâce*. "There was only one objection," he said, with, no doubt, a characteristic application to his snuff-box, "no one would come to it."||

But whatever the merit of these various proposals, the difficulty in which they originated was too urgent to be neglected once it had seen the light of day, and for the next ten years Rome gave the English Hierarchy no peace in its demands that something be done to provide a Catholic setting for the higher education of the English Catholics. In 1867, Manning being now Archbishop of Westminster for over two years, there was a further scheme, best described in an amusing letter from Newman.

\* Purcell, II, 294.

† Newman to Wetherell, 1 Nov., 1864, in Ward II, 56.

‡ *Ibid.* II, 198.

§ *Ibid.* II, 50.

|| Butler, *Ullathorne*, II, 33.



Rednal.

October 10, 1867.

My dear Hope-Scott,

Father Weld called on me on Monday. He was making a round, apparently, of the Catholic Schools. He went from us to Oscott.

His plan is simply a Jesuit one, as you said. He proposes to transplant the philosophy and theology classes from Stonyhurst and St. Beuno's to some place on the banks of the Thames. This will give it sixty youths as a nucleus. Then he will invite lay youths generally to join them, having a good array of Professors from the two Colleges I have named.

He had not a *doubt*, but he made a *question*, whether it would do to put Jesuit Novices and lay youths together; *but* he said he thought it would succeed, *for* their novices were too well cared for to be hurt by the contact of lay youths—though students for the secular priesthood *might* in such a case suffer. I ventured to say that I thought the difficulty would lie on the other side, in the prospect of getting parents to send their sons to a sort of Jesuit Noviceship; and, if they did, of getting the youths themselves to acquiesce in it. I am not sure that he entered into my meaning, for he passed the difficulty over.

When I mentioned it to Fr. St. John, he reminded me that good Fr. Bresciani S. J., at Propaganda, twenty years ago, detailed to us with what great success they had pursued this plan in Piedmont—and how pious the young laymen were in consequence. I wonder whether Cavour, Minghetti, etc., etc., were in the number of these lay youths.

Then he said that he thought it would be a great thing to indoctrinate the lay youths in *Philosophy*, as an antidote to Mill and Bain. I tried myself to fancy some of our late scholars . . . sitting down steadily to Dmowski, Liberatore, etc. I said that, if I had the opportunity, I certainly would do my best in sending him youths, though I did not expect I should be able to do much. And I sincerely wish him all success—for it is fair he should have his innings.

It will amuse you to hear that I contemplate publishing in one volume my verses; and still more that I think of dedicating them to Badeley.

Yours affectionately,  
J.H.N.\*

Then, in January 1868, Propaganda intervened with a formal instruction. The bishops were to consult with

\* Ward, II, 197.

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the superiors of the religious orders who possessed colleges, and a Board of Examiners was to be set up "who should universally test and reward the best students in our existing colleges". So Manning,\* but he omits to say that another function of the board was that it should grant degrees, and also that, in the mind of Rome, this was to be but a preparatory step to the foundation of a future university. Manning, however, says "The scheme was to create a personal university, not a local", and saying "This was and always has been my belief as to the way of proceeding" he has been himself the cause of Abbot Butler's somewhat inaccurate comment. "Surely never was Manning's power of bending others to his will more conspicuously displayed than on this occasion, when he induced a dozen sensible men to spend three days discussing a scheme for a travelling board of examiners to the Catholic schools, as a substitute for university education."† I say "inaccurate" because it was not Manning's scheme but came to him from Rome, and also because it was not, by any means, intended "as a substitute for university education" but only as a preliminary step towards some future scheme.

It was not until three years later, the November of 1871, that an effective meeting between bishops, heads of colleges and the regular superiors took place, and the issue of this was not the appointment of a board of examiners but of a commission to discuss whether the ban on Oxford and Cambridge should be lifted. The commission was not unanimous in its report. Mr. Wilkinson "on behalf of Ushaw strongly opposed" the lifting of the ban;‡ Dr. Northcote, of Oscott, Fr. Purbrick S.J. and Dr. Sweeney O.S.B. were all in favour, and Mr. Hutton was neutral, but with a certain benevolence towards the views of the majority. The bishops, (*teste* Brown O.S.B., of Newport and Menevia), began with the all but unanimous feeling that the question was closed, but "after sleeping on it they seemed to have

\* Memorandum written twenty years later, 15 November, 1888, in *Purcell*, II, 303.

† Ullathorne, II, 34.

‡ Wilson, *Life of Bishop Hedley*, 230.

received a fresh illumination".\* They considered the commission's report and they rejected its advice, by the narrow vote of 7-5. The problem as now proposed had been whether a Catholic college should be founded at Oxford, i.e. a college for laymen, and not merely, what our own time has seen in such striking abundance, halls of residence for ecclesiastics.

But while this new question occupied the hierarchy and its advisers, Rome had not forgotten its scheme of 1868, and in 1873 Cardinal Barnabo wrote to Manning to ask what had become of it. "*Cum vero Amplitudo Tua nihil de exitu negotii huius hucusque significaverit, plane non dubito quin peculiares contra eius executionem difficultates exortae fuerint.*"† And he bade the Archbishop of Westminster stir up his brethren so to improve the secular instruction of the Catholic colleges that the laity would no longer be tempted by the superiority of the Protestant universities, and at the same time urge them to set up the Board of Examiners. More, the Roman Cardinal expressed his wish that the bishops should combine with the hierarchy of Ireland, for a common danger is better met by a joint defence.

*Salva reverentia* the Roman letter, on its practical side, suggests a certain lack of information on such important matters as the nature of those unique academies the universities of Oxford and Cambridge, to say nothing of the fact that more than the St. George's Channel separated, even then, the Catholics of England and Ireland. But the effects of the letter were speedily seen in the new scheme which came forth from the Fourth Provincial Council of Westminster held in the following July and August. This was the scheme that produced what its most distinguished alumnus‡ called the "ludicrous fiasco" of the Catholic University College at Kensington.

Why did it fail so speedily and so catastrophically? As in the case of the still greater Irish scheme of the 'fifties, the chief defect lay in the shortcomings of the highest of the local ecclesiastical authorities who directed

\* *Hedley, Ibid.*

† Wilfrid Ward, in *Life*, II, 198.

‡ Letter of 2 April, 1873.

it. Manning, in later reminiscences, could describe it as "our only united work; the highest work next to the formation of the priesthood".\* And he gallantly paid the enormous cost, £10,000 in all. But it was due to Manning that Newman was not so much as consulted, and that the Jesuits were ruthlessly barred from participation. And the disastrous choice of a wholly inexperienced rector was Manning's too. Wilfrid Ward has described the students to whom the small, if really distinguished, staff lectured in Wright's Lane for five years or so. "A few young men besides myself—hardly any of them with any intellectual tastes or aptitude—responded to the Cardinal's advertisement. Some did not know how to spell, others were backward boys of whom their schools had despaired."† And at the maximum the numbers were less than fifty.

At Ullathorne's suggestion a Senate had been constituted to represent the several dioceses, the Catholic colleges and the Laity. It met twice. Asked, at the first meeting, by the Archbishop, for its opinion, it replied that discussion would be easier if the bishops retired. "I saw at once that the effect would be to surrender the whole treatment and guidance of the question to laymen, priests and regulars," so Manning himself.‡ "I made up my mind that our scheme would not work, and that it was necessary to let it die . . . I incurred much odium for not calling the Senate more than once again. But how could I?"

Something, a great deal if not the whole, of the failure must be laid to the account of that spirit in the chief executive which Ward has described in describing his own father's enthusiasm for the scheme.§ "The manner of the enterprise was also after his own heart. . . . For it was attempted without any regard to the laws of worldly prudence—indeed in the teeth of such laws."

In 1882 the Kensington experiment silently disappeared in an amalgamation with Manning's college of St. Charles, and for thirteen years the Problem troubled

\* Memorandum written in 1887, in *Purcell* II, 503.

† Ward, *The Wilfrid Wards and the Transition*, 47.

‡ *Purcell*, II, 502.

§ Sheed, *op cit.*, 47.

the public no more. But, within the *arcana* it did not cease to be active, and the most beneficent part of the activity was due to the appearance of a new personality, the Benedictine John Cuthbert Hedley, a disciple of Newman and of that Benedictine Bishop of Newport, Thomas Brown, who had been a consistent advocate of the schemes for solving the Problem through the English Universities. Hedley had been Brown's auxiliary bishop and had succeeded him as ordinary in 1880. He it was whose influence was to prove decisive in the next thirty years. This new influence had its first opportunity in the sober, reasoned paper, sent in to Propaganda in 1883 at the request of the Roman authorities, in which\* he argued for the lifting of the ban on Oxford and Cambridge and for the provision of the requisite safeguards. But it was Manning's opinion that still had greatest weight, even though Newman, now a cardinal, was enlisted with Hedley, and though Ullathorne too was active in his support.

Manning died in January 1892, with the situation unchanged. But only a year or so before he died there had been yet another move, on the part of Rome, to get something done. "I find from Cardinal Simeoni," Herbert Vaughan† wrote to Manning,‡ "that the University Question was on the eve of a general discussion. Your old letters had been brought out, and everything looked favourable for a solution, when the Pope ordered the subject to be laid aside. The Duke,§ the Bishop of Southwark|| and I believe of Clifton,¶ had intervened". This is somewhat mysterious. The three personages named were scarcely likely to intervene except to block further encouragement of Manning's "intransigence". The Duke and Dr. Butt had, indeed, recently incurred the Cardinal's frowns, the first for asking and the second for granting a permission to go to Oxford for the duke's ward Mr. James Hope. And the Bishop of Clifton had

\* It is printed in Wilson, *Life of Bishop Hedley*, 232-235.

† Bishop of Salford, 1872-1892.

‡ 16 November, 1890, in Leslie, *Manning*, 477.

§ i.e. the fifteenth Duke of Norfolk (1847-1915).

|| John Butt, fourth bishop, 1885-1897.

¶ William Clifford, third bishop, 1857-1894.

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been a reluctant and unconvinced executant of Manning's policy for thirty years. Was Propaganda meditating a renewal of the old prohibitions? Or yet another scheme for a Catholic University? A month later the Bishop of Salford wrote again to Manning, "I tried the Pope on Oxford and Cambridge, but he would not. His policy is to do nothing that might displease the Powers, and he thinks a decision against the Protestant Universities might, especially as we have no Catholic University and he lets Catholics frequent the Italian University in Rome."\*

Eighteen months later Vaughan had succeeded to Manning, and in that immense burst of creative activity that marked his whole episcopate at Westminster, it was inevitable that he should turn to the problem of the university. His first move was to suggest to the leading Catholics another attempt to form a Catholic University: "They all said quite firmly that never again would they contribute towards any such scheme as the Kensington experiment."†

Once more there were consultations and discussions, and then, in April 1895, the Holy See assenting to the now very different petition of the Hierarchy, the present discipline came into being. Catholics are allowed to reside at the Protestant Universities, with the safeguard of the appointment of special chaplains to supply their spiritual needs and of special lectures on religious subjects, these last generally taking the form of sermons delivered by preachers of repute.

If we come to the question why, for so very long, there had been such strenuous opposition to Catholics going to Oxford and Cambridge, we are met, first, by the interesting fact that there was practical agreement, on all sides, as to the reality of the danger in which such residence would place a young man's faith. "I consider there is considerable danger to the souls of Catholic youth who go to Protestant Colleges in Oxford," said Newman in 1864,‡ and he also wrote§ of "the scepticism

\* *Ibid.*

† Butler, *Ullathorne*, II, 37.

‡ To Ullathorne, 23 Sept., 1864, in *Purcell*, II, 294.

§ To Canon Jenkins, 12 December, 1867, in *Ward* II, 199.



and infidelity which too notoriously prevail there just now". "The *genius loci* is so potent," Mgr. Patterson wrote in 1867, "that I seriously believe there is danger to the faith".\* "That such institutions are dangerous to Catholic faith or morals cannot be denied," Hedley confessed in his reply to Propaganda in 1883.† And these were men favourable to the inauguration of some such scheme as that we now see sanctioned and at work. The anti-Oxford party, if one may so style them, were stronger still, and more detailed in their description of the dangers the Protestant university presented. "There is abundant mischief short of losing the faith," said Manning, "such as losing humility, modesty, respect for authority, and, in a word, the *sentire cum ecclesia*."‡ From Ushaw came "the conviction that the general result, even of a Catholic college there, would be a coldness and indifference to the faith, a critical and even contemptuous tone of mind in relation to things Catholic and to ecclesiastical authority, and plenty of that spurious liberalism which stands aloof from every object with which Catholics naturally sympathize, and shows an interest in nothing but what Protestant respectability would approve".§

Bishop Hedley makes an approach to more constructive criticism when he quotes, "The Headmaster of a school from which several boys have passed to Oxford," as saying that, "one and all of them suffered from the deficient provision for carrying on their religious instruction."|| Newman too had been constructive, admitting the danger with the proviso "unless the inexperience of their age and the tendencies of the place are met by some corresponding safeguard of special religious aid and superintendence".¶ It was in this constructive approach that the so-called "liberals" differed from what we may call the "intransigents" in their attitude to the frequentation of the non-Catholic university. And they differed also in their view, expressed with real bluntness, that if these dangers existed at Oxford they existed elsewhere too.

\* To Newman, 29 January, 1867, *ibid.* 234.

† Wilson *Hedley*, 234.

‡ Leslie *Manning*, 186.

§ Hedley in *Ampleforth Journal*, July 1896, quoted in Wilson, *op. cit.*, 239.

|| Wilson, 239.

¶ Purcell, II, 296.

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"Oxford is a very dangerous place to faith and morals," Newman explained to Sir Justin Shiel. "This I grant, but then I say that *all places are dangerous*—the world is dangerous. I don't believe that Oxford is more dangerous than Woolwich, than the army, than London—and I think you cannot keep young men under glass cases."\* Ullathorne sixteen years later advised Propaganda to the same effect, that to go to the Universities or into the world direct from school was merely a choice between dangers equally formidable.†

The general problem of university education has changed very greatly since the far-off days of seventy-five years ago, the England to which Lord Palmerston, the perpetual Prime Minister, was an oracle. The hold of a landed aristocracy on the control of public affairs, shaken somewhat in 1832, was still secure. Only after the Reform Act of 1867 was the earlier act to produce all its nascent revolutionary fruit. It is only in the last thirty years of the century that the hurricane of change produces the multiplex institutions that break down the last old barriers, introduce new people into the high places of politics, learning and social importance, and gradually give rise to the world in which we live. And this revolution, like its kind in all ages, stole over the later Victorians scarcely observed by those it was to affect. In regard to the subject of this paper the great change comes with the creation of the modern non-residential universities.

In 1864, besides Oxford and Cambridge, there were only the two new universities of London (1836) and Durham (1837). In the next thirty years university colleges were founded at Manchester, Aberystwith, Leeds, Bristol, Sheffield, Birmingham, Liverpool, Newcastle, Nottingham, Cardiff, Bangor, and Reading. Thence have come the full fledged Universities of Manchester, Wales, Birmingham, Liverpool, Leeds, Sheffield, Bristol, and Reading. For Catholics, as for the whole nation, the appearance of these bodies has changed the whole position. It has increased the university population

\* 22 March, 1867 in Ward, II, 136.

† To Hedley, 5 September, 1883, in Wilson, 236.

enormously, and it has enlarged the social character of that population. The young people about whose education Newman and Manning were so concerned were men, and they were gentlemen, "sons of gentlemen" as the college advertisements used to say. And they were very few in number. "You cannot have a University till the gentlemen take it up," Newman said of the Irish scheme.\* Not wholly unrelated to this fact was the scheme's real failure for, "As a practical project, in the interests of education, hardly anyone took it seriously",† even the bishops who had called it into being "regarding any intellectual man as being on the road to perdition".‡ Studies, said Ullathorne, in 1884, speaking of the problem in England, were not the first thing the laity required from a University, "but social manners, and polish and status and political influence, which can be provided nowhere but in the Universities . . . hence I always knew and predicted that the Kensington scheme would be a failure".§ Manning expressed the same opinion, but more impatiently,|| "In truth nobody cared for Higher Studies. Certain Catholic parents wished to get their sons into English society, and to have latch-keys to Grosvenor Square."

Hedley is more measured and, as always, gives a reasoned analysis. His words, better than anything else, mark the gulf that lies between that age and our own. Advising Propaganda¶ in 1883, he says the product of the Catholic schools consists of three classes, those who are intended for the Church, those who aim at a career in commerce or the learned professions and "those who belong to the nobility and gentry of the country, or who are sufficiently rich to be able to look forward to a life of leisure". "It is of this last class only," he states, "that it is here necessary to speak . . . The question regards, almost exclusively, the rich, the noble, and the leisured class." It was also a very small class for "The number of such Catholic young men between 18 and 26 . . . 200, if not more".

\* To Capes 1 February, 1857, in Ward, I, 373.

† Newman in Ward, I, 355.

|| Memorandum of 1888, in Purcell, II, 303.

† Ward, I, 336.

§ Butler, II, 36.

¶ Wilson, 232.

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Let it be noted that the bishop is describing things as he sees them, not things as he thinks they ought to be, for if his real wish is a Catholic University in England, it is a Catholic University "in which not only this particular class but others of our Catholic youth should meet together and learn without danger".

It is interesting to set by the side of these Catholic views as to the class for whom the university then existed, Freeman's statement in 1854, made with reference to Oxford and Cambridge, that the great question is "Shall the University endeavour to influence the great middle-class of England?"\* And it is just midway between the abortive Oxford scheme of 1864 and the Kensington experiment of 1874† that Professor Adamson‡ sees the first signs of that middle class invading the two ancient universities.

So all the fuss seventy years ago was about the education of perhaps sixty to a hundred young men of the Catholic gentry—not so small a subject for fuss, however, if it be agreed that, given the mid-Victorian world they were the natural (and the sole) leaders of their co-religionists in national affairs. How disastrously the failure to complete their education affected them, the system by which men were set with no more than the education of boys to meet their fellows who had received the education of men, Bishop Hedley§ described for Rome in language that is plain enough: "It is notorious that at this moment (1883) young English Catholics of the higher classes are the most ignorant, the most frivolous, and the least serious of their class."||

\* Cf. also Freeman, as summarised by G. M. Young in *Victorian England* (p. 494). "In fact . . . prospective parsons and prospective lawyers, young men of rank and fortune, were provided for; if they had any intellectual ambitions, they were admirably provided for; if they had not, the Universities had little to give them, and outside the circle of the Church, the Bar, and the landed gentry, they had nothing to give at all"; also (*ibid* 495) ". . . dissenters were not, as a rule, of the class whom Oxford and Cambridge served. . . . that the northern colleges emerged late and slowly from their original obscurity, shows how alien to the middle classes was the idea of higher education not connected with practical ability or social distinction. . . ."

† And ten years or so before Bishop Hedley wrote the opinion just quoted.

‡ English Education (1930), p. 416.

§ Wilson, 234.

|| This seems the place to note how loyally the prohibitions of the Hierarchy were observed. There were only 8 Catholics at Oxford in 1872, and ten years later, of the 10 Catholics resident, 4 only were English. Cf. Leslie Manning, 186, and Wilson Hedley, 236.

Whatever the form in which today the problem of the religious education of Catholics in English Universities meets us, the problem does not any longer concern a mere handful of Catholic gentlemen's sons. There is question now of the religious education of hundreds and thousands of Catholics of every social rank, the future Catholic physicians and surgeons, lawyers, civil servants, engineers, scientific technicians of various sorts, our future schoolmasters, and schoolmistresses, and, among these last, those nuns to whom the Church must chiefly look for the Catholic formation of the armies of girls enrolled in the 400 convent schools of this country. And the problem of the religious education of Catholics in the English Universities today, what form does it take? A double form it seems. There is first, the inevitable problem of the effect on the mind and character of an educational system which, far from being built around the knowledge of truths divinely revealed, is conducted as though those truths had no existence. And, secondly, there is the problem of the effect on the mind and character of a system which, while it offers to a young man knowledge in secular matters commensurate with his maturity, leaves him, in matters of revealed truth, with the intellectual formation of a boy.

Both of these problems early attracted the attention of the greatest of all our educationists, John Henry Newman, and to them, as everyone knows, he devoted one of the greatest of his books, *The Idea of a University*. For Manning, and those who shared his opinion, the danger presented to Catholics by the non-Catholic university seems to have lain in the likelihood of the Protestants or Rationalists proving too much for the young student's Faith, as though this would go down before some steady assault of heresy or irreligion. But Newman's eyes saw more deeply. Long before its birth he condemned the university system we now must endure, and he did so because he detected in it a mischief more effective than any anti-religious aggression of fashionable individual teachers; he condemned it for a mischief that is indeed inherent to the system, that is a consequence of the system's very nature.

This system had for its patriarch—Newman's own description—Henry Brougham. Its concrete manifestation, eighty years ago, was London University. It was in *The Tamworth Reading Room*\* in 1841 that Newman made his first real attack on it, and fourteen years later in an amusing paper in the *Catholic University Gazette*,† he describes the progress the secular idea is making at London, and from this forecasts the coming triumph of Liberalism over its only rival in the English University world, Anglicanism. In the Dublin lectures of 1852, extolling the wisdom of the Holy See that sought to provide for the higher education of Christians a Christian system and centre, Newman lamented the fate of the young Anglican in that evolution of the English universities which he foresaw. That evolution is today perfected and where Newman was anxious about Anglicans our concern is with Catholics, for the system cannot but effect them too—if the analysis of the system made by Newman be a true analysis. With some quotations which will recall the main lines of Newman's thought I bring this lengthy paper to an end.

Newman's ideal is, briefly, "a union of dogmatic teaching and liberal education".‡ "I wish the intellect to range with the utmost freedom, and religion to enjoy an equal freedom, but what I am stipulating for is that they should be found in one and the same place, and exemplified in the same persons. I want to destroy that diversity of centres which puts everything into confusion by creating a contrariety of influences. I wish the same spots and the same individuals to be at once oracles and shrines. . . . I want the intellectual layman to be religious, and the devout ecclesiastic to be intellectual."§ Now "A University should teach universal knowledge . . . there is a real necessity for this universal teaching in the highest schools of the intellect. . . ."|| Hence the project of the Catholic University. "Is it

\* Articles written for *The Times* and then reprinted under this title in the volume *Discussions and Arguments*.

† *University and King's Colleges in London*, issue of 3 May, 1855, reprinted in *My Campaign in Ireland*, 325-334.

‡ Letter to Canon Estcourt, 2 June, 1860, in Ward, II, 57.

§ Irish University Sermon, 1856, in *Sermons on Various Occasions*, p. 13.

|| *Idea of a University*, 20.



wonderful that Catholics, even in the view of reason, putting aside faith or religious duty, should be dissatisfied with existing institutions, which profess to be Universities, and refuse to teach Theology . . . that they should in consequence desire to possess seats of learning which are not only more Christian, but more philosophical in their construction, and larger and deeper in their provisions ?”\* “How can any Catholic imagine that it is possible for him to cultivate Philosophy and Science with due attention to their ultimate end which is Truth, supposing that system of revealed facts and principles which constitutes the Catholic Faith, which goes so far beyond nature, which he knows to be most true, be omitted from among the subjects of his teaching ?”†

In a brilliant passage, in the very first of these lectures, *Theology a Branch of Knowledge*, Newman gives a particular instance to show how unreasonable it is to ignore religious knowledge, to construct a system of higher education in which this has not its due place.

I cannot so construct my definition of the subject-matter of University knowledge, and so draw my boundary lines around it, as to include therein the other sciences commonly studied at Universities, and to exclude the science of Religion. For instance, are we to limit our idea of University Knowledge by the evidence of our senses ? then we exclude ethics ; by intuition ? we exclude history ; by testimony ? we exclude metaphysics ; by abstract reasoning ? we exclude physics. Is not the being of a God reported to us by testimony, handed down by history, inferred by an inductive process, brought home to us by metaphysical necessity, urged on us by the suggestions of our conscience ? It is a truth in the natural order, as well as in the supernatural. So much for its origin ; and, when obtained, what is it worth ? Is it a great truth or a small one ? Is it a comprehensive truth ? Say that no religious idea whatever were given but it, and you have enough to fill the mind ; you have at once a whole dogmatic system. The word “God” is a Theology in itself, indivisibly one, inexhaustibly various, from the vastness and the simplicity of its meaning. Admit a God, and you introduce among the subjects of your knowledge, a fact encompassing, closing in upon, absorbing, every other fact conceivable. How can we investigate any part of any order of Knowledge,

\* Ibid. p. 21.

† Ibid. p. 69.

and stop short of that which enters into every order ? All true principles run over with it, all phenomena converge to it ; it is truly the First and the Last. . . .

I have been speaking simply of Natural Theology ; my argument of course is stronger, when I go on to Revelation. Let the doctrine of the Incarnation be true : is it not at once of the nature of an historical fact ? and of a metaphysical ? Let it be true there are Angels : how is not this a point of knowledge in the same sense as the naturalist's asseveration, that myriads of living things might co-exist on the point of a needle ? That the Earth is to be burned by fire, is, if it is true, as large a fact as that huge monsters once played amid its depths ; that Anti-christ is to come, is as categorical a heading to a chapter of history, as that Nero or Julian was Emperor of Rome ; that a divine influence moves the will, is a subject of thought not more mysterious than the result of volition on our muscles, which we admit as a fact in metaphysics."\*

Therefore "To withdraw Theology from the public schools is to impair the completeness and to invalidate the trustfulness of all that is actually taught in them."† "Religious Truth is not only a portion but a condition of general knowledge. To blot it out is nothing short, if I may so speak, of unravelling the web of University Teaching. It is, according to the Greek proverb, to take the Spring from out of the year."‡ And supposing that Theology is thus blotted out, what then ? "If you drop any science out of the circle of knowledge you cannot keep its place vacant for it ; that science is forgotten ; the other sciences close up, or, in other words, they exceed their proper bounds, and intrude where they have no right."§ "[Such] sciences would be plainly exceeding their rights and their capacities in seizing upon [that vacant place]. They would be sure to teach wrongly where they had no mission to teach at all."||

It is partly in this last matter that, I suggest, one of our principal difficulties lies. If in the programme of a Catholic's university studies Catholic Doctrine finds no place, some other doctrine, political, social, psychological, will tend to usurp its role. While the man still retains the

\* Ibid. p. 25-26, 26-27.

† Ibid. p. 70

|| Ibid. p. 74.

‡ Ibid. p. 69.

§ Ibid. p. 73.

boy's knowledge of his religion and the boy's use of it, there is the danger that the real directive of his maturity will be something extra-religious. For if there is no place for religious teaching in the years of university studies, the Catholic's Catholic mind is never developed beyond the mind of a boy of eighteen or so. In all matters he is a man, and for every phase of his intellectual formation provision is made that meets the maturity of his needs, save in this, the greatest need of all. Is it not the case that the highest education open to a Catholic in this country is precisely that system which is the object of Newman's ruthless analysis, the system he sums up in a single phrase as "The project of teaching secular knowledge in the University Lecture Room, and remanding religious knowledge to the parish priest, the catechism and the parlour." ?\*

And apart from the effects of any mere lack of knowledge where there should be knowledge, who is to estimate that more subtle matter, the loss to the Catholic when religious knowledge is thus deprived of the primacy of prestige which it should enjoy in the Catholic mind, prestige, that is to say, as knowledge, as the highest of all intellectual disciplines ? The young man is no longer taught religious truths in a degree commensurate with that in which secular knowledge is imparted. But his mind has arrived at that stage of development where nothing else will serve in the matter of religious truth but what the mind receives in regard to all other truth. It needs now a man's knowledge of religion as of all else, something ordered, scientific, related to principle, to philosophy then and to sound metaphysics, religious knowledge comprehended in its relation to the whole field of human needs and human experience.

And so it is that Newman can speak of the effect of the exclusion of Religious Knowledge from University Education as tempting a young man to think in his heart that the facts of religion cannot be true in the sense that the facts known by the physical sciences are true. "He does not think that anything is known, or can be known for certain, about the origin of the world or the end of man." A

\* Ibid. 44.

Catholic is, perhaps, not in the parlous state of the Protestant whom the Cardinal has in mind, but I do not think it is too much to say that the practical importance of religious truth, the claims it has to a priority in the direction of a Catholic's *public* life, and the great fact that the mission of Catholicism is to spiritualize the life of every day and thereby make it more liveable and truly peaceful, though never in after life denied are often tacitly ignored—and this from a kind of unawareness of them, since they have never been so much as proposed to his mature intelligence, and also from the actual way in which his other occupations of an intellectual order have been allowed to crowd them out.

Once it was evident that the time for the Catholic University had not yet arrived and Newman, in his own realistic way, turned to make the best of the non-Catholic system, he proposed to make of the Oxford Oratory a hall for the handful of Catholic undergraduates. He pleaded for a strong body of well-trained clergy in the university towns,\* and Hedley, a generation later, writing to *Propaganda*, stressed this same point. We today can see—at Oxford and Cambridge at all events—the fruits of their anxious exhortation. There are resident chaplains, there are the several houses of study of the secular clergy and the religious orders. But even in these two, best situated universities, can it be said we have yet begun to provide that systematic education of the mind in religious knowledge commensurate in kind with the secular instruction given in these places? And what about the indefinitely more difficult problem of the other non-resident universities where the vast bulk of the Catholic undergraduates are trained? The problem that vexed the great leaders of mid-Victorian Catholicism, does it not, still, call for solution?

PHILIP HUGHES.

\* Letter to Gaisford, 30 November, 1864, in Ward, II, 54.

## WISEMAN, THE DONATISTS, AND NEWMAN: A "DUBLIN" CENTENARY

CENTENARIES are somewhat overdone these days. But there is one centenary which it would be a pity to overlook, and which may fittingly be recalled in the pages of the DUBLIN REVIEW, for one hundred years ago there appeared in these pages an article by Cardinal Wiseman which was fraught with great consequences for the Catholic Church in England. It was the last of three articles devoted to the consideration of the Oxford *Tracts for the Times*, from a Catholic point of view. As readers of Wilfrid Ward's biography are aware, the Cardinal had from the first taken a great interest in the Oxford Movement and its literary productions—an interest which was thoroughly sympathetic, though of necessity controversial. He manifested this interest especially in articles published at the time in this Review. As early as May 1836 he wrote one on the Hampden Controversy, in which he reminded the Oxford writers that the High Church school, whose opinions had tended to approximate to Catholic views, had never been more than a party in the Anglican Church; that the majority of Anglicans had always considered themselves free to differ from them in the name of the sacred right of private judgement; and that it was illogical to claim a dogmatic authority for the Anglican Church as such, if no clear answer could be given as to where this authority lies, and how it is exercised.

In April 1838 the Cardinal wrote the first of the three articles on the *Tracts for the Times*, just then published in three volumes. In this first article he dealt with the doctrinal claims of the Oxford men and considered their plea that what was needed was a return to the standards of Antiquity, as adopted by the Anglican Reformers themselves in the sixteenth century. The Tract writers had urged, and not without reason, that later Anglican writers had departed from the standard of the Truth of the Primitive Church, and therefore they advocated a return to what they regarded as the true Anglicanism of

the Reformers. The Cardinal had little difficulty in showing that the remedy proposed was quite inadequate, and doomed to failure from the start. "If a surgeon in cutting away a gangrene, cut off a sound limb, he would be said rather to destroy than to heal." And in point of fact, there is abundant evidence in the writings of the Anglican Reformers to whom the Oxford men appeal, that "the great safeguards of revealed truth" were pulled down, the "stable foundation of divinely appointed government in the Church" plucked up; "rites and ceremonies coeval with Christianity abolished; practices which have come down from the first ages discontinued and discountenanced; and ordinances, believed to be apostolical, abrogated and condemned". Thus, episcopal authority had been greatly weakened, the liturgical offices of the Church mutilated almost beyond recognition, daily services discontinued, and in particular, the daily Mass abolished, prayers for the dead abandoned, works of mortification discountenanced, and so on. "Enough has been said to abate the pretended claims of the Reformation to our esteem or admiration as a repristination of pure Christianity, a return to the practices and doctrines of antiquity." That is as far as the Cardinal went in his first article. He was obviously urging the Oxford Anglicans to realize that they could not, in fact, be faithful to the principles of the Anglican Reformation, and at the same time advocate a return to Christian Antiquity. If the Reformers had aimed at such a return, one can only say that they signally failed in their purpose.

In October 1838 the Cardinal returned to the *Tracts*, and this time devoted himself to a consideration of the Anglican claim of Apostolical Succession for the Church of England—a claim which, of course, is fundamental to any theory of Anglican Church authority. At the outset the Cardinal decided to waive the question of the validity of Anglican Orders. He did so because he wanted to bring home to Anglicans the important truth which they have always tended to overlook, both then and since, i.e. that the possession of valid orders is by no means sufficient to constitute an "apostolical succession". Order is one thing, jurisdiction another. And he rightly urged that the



Oxford divines, with their knowledge of the primitive Church, could hardly be unaware that this distinction between orders and jurisdiction was clearly expressed in ancient ecclesiastical regulations. Further, an examination of the customs and laws of the primitive Church reveals the fact that "any appointment to a bishopric, even by valid consecration, which is at variance with the canons actually in force in the Church, is unlawful, and leaves the bishop so appointed void of all jurisdiction and power, so that he is a usurper if he take possession of a see". And in particular, patriarchal rights were regarded as so important that any infringement of them involved the forfeiting of any episcopal jurisdiction in the persons concerned.

The Cardinal then proceeded to point the moral in the case of the English and Irish Protestant hierarchy. For this purpose he considered the rights of the Holy See in the appointment of bishops to be merely those of a patriarch, and moreover, was prepared to consider the hypothesis that the rights of Rome were originally a usurpation, like those of Constantinople. Even so, according to the principles and legislation of the Primitive Church, rights so established and subsequently recognized in practice had to be respected.

The nomination of bishops without the sanction of their respective patriarchs were null as to jurisdiction. Now, it is undisputed that the English Church was a Papal foundation, and therefore subject to the rule of the Roman Patriarchate. The Pope had throughout consecrated Anglican metropolitans, either himself or by commission. And although from time to time English clergy complained of various Papal acts, such as provisions, there is no case in history of any denial of the Pope's authority to confirm archbishops. Accordingly, if the Anglican episcopate were considered by any ecclesiastical synod proceeding according to the principles and laws of the Primitive Church, it would have to be declared as devoid of all jurisdiction and outside the order of apostolical succession.

This powerful argument has lost none of its force, even today, and it might well be commended to the consideration of those Eastern Orthodox patriarchs and metro-

politans who have in recent years declared their acceptance of Anglican Orders. It is surely strange that Eastern ecclesiastics have even declared their belief that the consecration of Matthew Parker was "canonical". One wonders what meaning they attach to the word "canonical" in this context. It is somewhat consoling to realize that so staunch an Anglican apologist as Canon Lacey had no qualms in admitting that "Parker was consecrated in a way neither canonical nor legal".\*

He adds that "the canonical defect was remedied only by long and undisputed possession"(!), but does not discuss what happened to ecclesiastical jurisdiction in the meantime.

It is rather surprising that this second article of Wiseman's seems to have had little or no effect upon those against whom it was directed. At any rate there is no reference to it in Newman's writings or letters so far as I am aware. Nor does there seem to have been any attempt to state a case for Anglican jurisdiction—an impossible task at the best, in view of the fact that, as Mr. Allies came to realize a few years later, all the evidence goes to show that jurisdiction in the Anglican Church comes solely from the Crown.†

But Wiseman's third article was of much more effect. It appeared in August 1839, under the title "The Catholic and Anglican Churches", and dealt especially with the state of schism which necessarily follows from the absence of true jurisdiction, and therefore of the apostolical succession, from the Anglican episcopate. Wiseman of course, had throughout the Oxford divines in view. They had appealed to Antiquity: to Antiquity let them go.

According to the principles of the ancient Church, a state of schism is a state of sin, of outlawry, and deprivation; and even where ecclesiastical functions might be *validly* exercised, they cannot be so, either lawfully or salutarily. The bishops of a schismatical church could not be admitted to vote or deliberate at a general council . . . and upon returning to the unity of the

\* *The Reformation and the People*, p. 72.

† Allies, *The Royal Supremacy viewed in reference to the Two Spiritual Powers of Order and Jurisdiction*, 1850. The Royal Supremacy is a potent fact even in present-day Anglicanism, for it is the Crown which divides dioceses, appoints suffragan bishops, and creates Cathedral chapters.

Church, they would require to be formally reinstated into their sees or would be removed to others, or remain suspended.

For the purpose of the argument, Wiseman was prepared to waive the question of the unorthodoxy of Anglican doctrinal standards. And to bring the point home to his readers, he proceeded to consider a case which might be regarded as "parallel, even to an extraordinary degree, with that of the English establishment", and to see how the "fathers of the ancient Church" dealt with it. He had in mind the famous Donatist Schism in the African Church. As in the case of the Church of England, the Donatist schism arose out of ambition and covetousness, especially on the part of a woman, Lucille of Carthage, in whom Wiseman saw a type of Anne Boleyn. Once begun, the schism assumed tremendous proportions.

"The number of bishops who maintained it was very considerable, and spread over the whole of Christian Africa, to such an extent that many dioceses were entirely in their hands, and the Catholics, in some districts, were exceedingly few in number." They took forcible possession of the churches, and the civil power had to intervene to repress their excesses. Those who were thus punished by the State were at once acclaimed as confessors and martyrs. The questions at issue between the Catholics and the Donatists soon became obscured. Matters were complicated by the fact that, like our High Church friends of today, the Donatists claimed to be "Catholics". Most of them maintained that the Catholic Church existed only amongst themselves, thus resembling the Reformers, who maintained that only the Protestant Communion ought to be regarded as the True Church. Later on, under the stress of St. Augustine's vigorous polemics, some of the Donatists took refuge in a "Branch Theory" similar to that of the Oxford divines. Another interesting point of resemblance between the Donatists and the Anglicans is that just as Anglicans insist on calling us "Romanists" or "Papists" instead of "Catholics", so the Donatists tried to call the Catholics "Mensurists" or "Caecilianists".

Having thus set out the parallel in detail, Wiseman proceeds to show how the Catholic Fathers dealt with the Donatist Communion. In the first place, they point out, as a fundamental principle, that the true Church of Christ was to be dispersed over the entire world, and consequently no national Church could claim to be this only true Church. In the face of this, the Donatists were forced to attempt to justify their state of separation from the rest of Christendom, and this they proceeded to do by urging, as Protestants have done since the Reformation, that the corruptions of the Universal Church rendered necessary the breaking off of communion. To this the Fathers at once replied by quoting the promises of Scripture, that the universality of the Church should never fail. And they proceeded to put to the Donatists the same dilemma as Catholics do to Protestants: "Either the Church was so corrupted before your Reformers came that it had ceased to be the Church of God, or not. If it was, then had Christ's promises failed . . . if not, whence did those who separated from it derive their authority?"

Wiseman remarks that it is useless to urge that circumstances alter cases, for the principle urged by Fathers, such as St. Augustine, is a perfectly general one. And here he quotes the now famous saying of St. Augustine: "*Quapropter securus judicat orbis terrarum, bonos non esse qui se dividunt ab orbe terrarum, in quacumque parte orbis terrarum,*" and comments: "Here is a general rule, applicable not merely to the Donatist case, but to all future possible divisions in the Church." "Any one church, in one portion of the world, could not possibly be allowed to be right, while protesting against the union of other churches over the rest of the world. The very fact of its being in such a position at once condemns it, and proves it to be in schism." The Donatists, indeed, tried to urge that Catholics were the real separatists, and could not be the Catholic Church, seeing that they were only a part. To this St. Augustine replied, "How can we be separatists whose common communion is diffused over the entire world?" He also points out that separatist churches are always local ones. Wiseman also quotes St. Jerome: "*In illa esse Ecclesia permanendum, quae*

*ab apostolis fundata usque ad diem hanc durat.*" Other churches were instituted later, and therefore are not the "*Ecclesiam Christi, sed Antichristi synogogam.*" The Cardinal comments: "The new Oxford school will not easily persuade men that their Anglican Church forms no part of the great Protestant defection."

The Donatists also urged that the true Church is not, in any case, really "Catholic" or universal, because of the existence of unconverted pagans and heretics. To this St. Augustine replied that pagans are always being converted, and thus the Catholicity of the Church increasingly realized. Heretical sects, on the other hand, are unprolific. But the Donatists had one more subterfuge. They said that the parts of the Church need not be in active communion with each other. "*Non communicat Oriens Africae, nec Africa Orienti.*" St. Augustine replied that "with the heretical chaff the East does not communicate, but it is in communion with the Catholic wheat," and he adduces the "*litterae formatae*", or letters of communion.

Wiseman thus concludes this part of his essay :

If the case, therefore, of the Anglican Church had to be decided by the principles and the voice of antiquity, we do not see how any verdict but that of schism could be pronounced against it. It is in a state of separation from the aggregate of churches dispersed over the world. It cannot make an excuse; it cannot raise a point either of fact or of right, in bar of judgement, which has not been already met by the judicious sagacity of the great supporter of the unity of the Church, when combating the cavils of the Donatists.

The Cardinal then proceeds to a "second criterion of the true Church" :

According to the doctrine of the ancient Fathers, it is easy at once to ascertain who are the Church Catholic, and who are in a state of schism, by simply discovering who are in communion with the See of Rome, and who are not . . . inasmuch, as the Chair of Peter being the centre of Catholic unity, all that communicated with it, knew at once that they were in communion with the rest of the Church dispersed over the world.

The exchange of *litterae formatae* ordinarily centred in the Apostolic See, and thus St. Augustine can say that

Pope Siricius "is in fellowship with us, with whom the entire world is joined, in the society of one communion, through the intercourse of *formatæ*".

But, as Wiseman goes on to point out, the See of Rome was the centre, not merely for convenience sake, but for the necessity of ecclesiastical unity, and he easily establishes this by appealing to St. Optatus, St. Ambrose, St. Fulgentius, St. Jerome, and the Formula of Pope Hormidas. And, as the Cardinal says, "by a formal act, the English Church in 1534 disavowed all dependence upon" the Holy See, and "from that moment ceased to communicate with it".

The article contains some apposite quotations from the Fathers on the sinful character and evil consequence of schism, and in particular, on the loss of the apostolic succession which schism involves. "The voice of antiquity is clear and loud upon the claims to apostolical succession of any church involved in schism, that is, which is not in communion with other churches, and especially with that of Rome."

Such is, in brief, Wiseman's treatment of the subject. He marshals his facts and citations with great care and consummate skill. Even Dean Church allows that the Cardinal is "able", but he accuses him of being "not over scrupulous", though no evidence is adduced in support of this accusation. In any case, the article had a momentous result. Newman's attention was called to it. He tells us in the *Apologia* that he read it, and did not see much in it. He considered that the Donatist schism was not a true parallel to the Anglican Church. The former was a case of Altar against Altar, of two occupants of the same see, as that between the Non-jurors in England and the Established Church, not the case of one Church against another. But a friend called Newman's attention to the striking words of St. Augustine, "*Securus judicat orbis terrarum*".

Newman tells us that "these kept ringing in his ears", and that "they gave a cogency to the Article which had escaped him at first. They decided ecclesiastical questions on a simpler rule than that of Antiquity". And thus "a mere sentence, the words of St. Augustine", struck him with a power which he never had felt from any words



before. "By those great words of the ancient Father, interpreting and summing up the long and varied course of ecclesiastical history, the theory of the *Via Media* was absolutely pulverized." In a letter, Newman remarked that Wiseman's essay was "a most uncomfortable article", "the first real hit from Romanism which has happened to me", and that it gave him "a stomach-ache". But as he says in the *Apologia*, after a while he got calm, and at length the vivid impression upon his imagination faded away. Even so, he had seen the shadow of a hand upon the wall. "He who has seen a ghost, cannot be as if he had never seen it. The heavens had opened and closed again. The thought for the moment had been, 'The Church of Rome will be found right after all'; and then it had vanished. My old convictions remained as before."

Even so, it is clear that Newman felt the need of making some kind of answer to Wiseman's essay, and he did so in an article in the *British Critic* entitled "The Catholicity of the English Church".\* He wrote to Keble saying that in this essay he had "shot his last arrow against Rome", and afterwards remarked that if the arguments he had then used did not retain him in the Anglican Church, he did not see what could have kept him in it. And yet how weak those arguments are! Against the appeal to the "*orbis terrarum*" he urges that the few may be right, and the many wrong. The Unity of the Church is, of course, the crux, but here he thinks that unity of descent may suffice. The various bishops of the Church are in communion with one another through Christ, whom they all represent. Schism is the separation from the one bishop of the diocese, not of church from church. He grants that St. Augustine evidently did not hold this theory of Church unity. But St. Augustine "could not foresee or enter into the miserable condition in which we find ourselves". Again, intercommunion was at that time a mark of the true Church, but it need not necessarily be a mark now. The Fathers "treated what was mainly an antecedent probability as a principle, and because it was to be expected that the great body of the Church would always be in the right, they laid it down as a general truth

\* Reprinted in *Essays, Critical and Historical*, as Essay X.

that it would and must always be so." But surely this is an evasion of the whole appeal to Antiquity which constituted the Oxford case? It also involves, as Newman himself came to see, a complete denial of the Visible Unity of the Church, and therefore of its Visibility. Later in his essay Newman displayed a woeful ignorance of English Catholic history in the post-Reformation period, for he actually argued that "either the Church of England is the Catholic Church or there is no Catholic Church in England", and that for the singular reason that "no other bishops claim our sees". Newman was on stronger ground when he appealed to cases of suspended communion in the early Church which did not amount to complete schisms. And he appealed also to the revival of spiritual life in the Anglican Church. When passing judgement later on his own essay, Newman remarks that he had "made a good case on paper", but that ultimately his plea could be summed up in the paradoxical statement that "The One Church is not the Catholic, and the Catholic Church is not the One."

The course of events, and Newman's ultimate conversion, showed that he realized in his heart that the note of Catholicity was one which could be claimed only by the Roman Church. He was loth to admit this, and took refuge in the plea that Roman corruptions were an insuperable obstacle to Roman claims. The theory of development, however, overcame this difficulty, and then there was nothing to do except to submit to Rome. And thus Wiseman's article of August 1839 produced its "delayed action" effect six years later, in October 1845, when Newman was received into the Catholic Church by Father Dominic.

E. C. MESSENGER.

## LABOUR'S SELF-RECOVERY

THE ease with which children take the colour of their surroundings, adopting without question the ideas presented to them, is a commonplace. It is not so well realized, however, that social organisms under certain conditions are similarly impressionable. One of the most remarkable examples of a nation assuming a character alien to its native traditions is that of the Japanese, an Asiatic people who in a few years became almost entirely Occidental in its outlook and habits. The way in which Latin races made their own régimes inspired by the ideals of the French Revolution is another case in point. In the Italian *Risorgimento* one saw a parliamentary system foreign to Italy accepted enthusiastically by a newly formed State which in the first stages of its career completely ignored the traditions of the country and allowed itself to be dominated by an ideology which had no connexion with that country's history. An example more relevant to our purpose is that of Russia, the vast majority of whose inhabitants were peasants but which in the course of two decades is in process of being industrialized after the manner of western nations and has embraced a philosophy violently opposed to its previous religious tradition. It has been pointed out that there were certain features of the Russian mentality which might predispose this people to adopt Communism, but no one would pretend that the régime introduced by the Revolution was a native product of the Russian soul. The system which Lenin succeeded in imposing was in the nature of a disease caught by a patient whose low vitality makes him specially liable to entertain noxious germs.

There is a parallel to the Russian phenomenon in what has happened to the British proletariat. It will be the object of the present article to show that this section of our population is subject to an ideology alleged to interpret the aspirations of Labour which, as a matter of fact, emanated from bourgeois intellectuals and is foreign to the native traditions and spirit of those who are now its passionate advocates. It will be shown, further, that

not only do the workers of this country find themselves in a false position, but that their tragic failure to understand themselves leads them to oppose as their chief enemy representatives of an ideology which might truthfully be described as providing Labour's long-sought charter of emancipation. Were it not for the examples given and other instances of the same impressionability which might be adduced, it would be difficult to credit the idea that a whole class could fall under the sway of doctrinaires as ignorant of the ideals proper to Labour as are those who now lead the proletariat. But before we proceed to this task it may be well to indicate briefly certain conditions which help to explain what has happened.

It should be remembered, then, that the industrial proletariat of this country as a class-conscious body is scarcely a hundred years old. During the early years of the nineteenth century it was uprooted from its rural surroundings and cast helpless on the slag-heaps of industrial cities. The process was rapid, the destruction of previous traditions complete. The workers were like exiles transplanted to a soil so different from their own that associations with the past are completely broken and the newcomers are like children whose sensitive minds offer no resistance to their immediate surroundings. Having been, under these circumstances, imprisoned in mines and factories which robbed labour of the qualities which should belong to it, the exiles accepted the idea embodied in the mechanized world about them that the only purpose of work was profit for the capitalist-owner and wages for his employees. Their minds were closed to any conception of work as self-fulfilment and productive of satisfying joy. Instead of thinking of themselves as exercising certain serviceable functions in a co-operative community, as had been the case under the guild system, they could only regard themselves as occupying the lowest social status. To organize themselves with the object of fighting their masters and securing higher wages and decreased hours of labour seemed their one hope. Instead of upholding the dignity of the worker as a worker, they found themselves

committed to a series of embittered conflicts and mean squabbles which excluded all prospect of associating moral dignity with their calling.

It was on a constitution thus enfeebled that the alien ideology mentioned fastened. The spiritually devitalized workers were powerless to resist the suggestions of a materialistic cult which, instead of glorifying the worker as a worker, merely exploited his grievances as a social class and held out hopes that this class would one day liquidate its employers and itself own the means of production. The doctrinaires who seized the opportunity offered by the workers' lack of self-knowledge had no more right to speak for the industrial wage-slaves than the international financiers who exploited Japan had to speak for that country.

The tragedy which prevented the class in question from discovering how it was being victimized and robbed of an inspiration which would have fertilized the native soil of its being was made still more tragic by the fact that the remedy was close at hand, but was not applied or was applied in a mistaken manner. In the social Encyclicals of Leo XIII and Pius XI there was outlined a type of society based on the Christian view as to the dignity of labour which promised what it is no exaggeration to describe as a revolution. The social order suggested in these pronouncements was that which is now known as the Corporative Society. Referring to the class-war, Pius XI wrote in *Quadragesimo Anno*: "But there cannot be question of any perfect cure, except this opposition be done away with, and well-ordered members of the social body come into being anew, vocational groups namely, binding men together not according to the position they occupy in the labour market, but according to the diverse functions which they exercise in society." We have thus a social organism, functional in character, and hierarchical in structure in which the citizen figures chiefly as a worker. A corporate sense inspiring co-operative effort towards the welfare of the community as a whole is developed. Patriotism, which for so long has had other associations, becomes identified with industrialism. The hero of the Corporative State is

the worker as such. This transforms the whole idea of labour, which is no longer a disagreeable necessity imposed by the need of earning a livelihood, but is itself the life of the worker, that in which he discovers the object of his earthly existence. A new spirit enters industry—one of pride in one's calling and of joy in fulfilling its requirements. Plainly in such a State work and the worker are accorded first place. It would be correct to describe a civilization based on these lines as a workers' world.

The teaching of the Encyclicals was not allowed to remain a dead letter. It was not long before Europe was presented with the spectacle of their principles in active and successful operation. It is claimed that the new Portuguese Constitution was directly inspired by *Quadragesimo Anno*. Certain it is that it bears every evidence of having derived its main ideas from that source. "It is, as we have said," remarks Michael Derrick in *The Portugal of Salazar*, "misleading to press the analogy with the mediaeval guilds system too far, but there is this in common: that society is regarded as being divided, as it were, vertically, according to trade or profession or occupation, instead of horizontally according to actual status or (what is worse) according to income. It is an elementary principle that all idea of the class-war is to be repudiated. "The hierarchy of functions and social interests is an essential condition of the national economy," says the Statute of National Labour, and it should be seen at once that that is not inconsistent with the vertical division of society. So far as the Portuguese State is concerned, there are not upper, middle, and lower classes, but there are men concerned in the cork industry, men concerned in the wine industry, and so on. In each industry "the hierarchy of functions" must remain; there will be authority and obedience, but not absolute authority and wage-slavery. Strikes and lock-outs and all such methods of class defence are specifically declared illegal both by the Constitution and by the Statute of Labour. There are associations alike of employers and employed, but the first purpose of these is not to defend the interests of a



class, but to collaborate in the interests of the community. In view of the fact that the Socialist and Communist orator reserves his fiercest denunciation for what he calls the "social parasite", it is interesting to find that Clause 2 in Article XXXI of the Constitution defines one of the objects of the State thus: "To protect the national economy against agricultural, industrial, and commercial ventures of a parasitic nature, or of a character incompatible with the higher interests of human life." Obviously the speculator is going to have a thin time in Salazar's Portugal.

It seems probable that the new Spain will develop on similar lines. Roy Campbell noted during the conflict that the roles popularly assigned the protagonists were in actual fact reversed.

For though with lies your hearing they belabour  
Theirs is the Capital as ours the Labour,

he wrote in *Flowering Rifle*. An examination of General Franco's Labour Charter confirms this description. In that document will be found a clear indication of the ideal which it is sought to realize.

"Work," runs the first section, "is man's participation in production by means of the willingly given exercise of his mental and manual abilities, according to his personal vocation, that he may live a more seemly and comfortable life while assisting in the development of the national economy. Work being essentially personal and human cannot be lowered to the merely material idea of a merchandise, nor be made the subject of any transaction incompatible with the self-respect of him who lends it. The right to work is a consequence of the duty to do so that God demands of men for the fulfilment of his individual ends and prosperity and greatness of his country. The State exalts and values work—the fertile expression of man's creative spirit; and as such will protect it with all the force of the law, showing it the greatest consideration and making it compatible with other family, individual and social ends. Work, being a social duty, will be universally demanded in some form or other of all Spaniards who are not sick and crippled, as it is deemed a tribute all must pay to the wealth of the country. Work is one of the noblest attributes of rank and honour and is sufficient justification for demanding the assistance and

guardianship of the State. *Service is that work which is given with heroism, disinterestedness and abnegation with the object of helping towards the supreme good which Spain represents."*

The system set up in accordance with these principles is known as National-Syndicalism, which, like Italian corporatism, unites employers and employees in occupational groups resembling the guilds. It is General Franco's hope to canalize the spirit of patriotic self-sacrifice engendered by the war in industrial channels. The new Spain is to depend on its own resources rather than on capital invested by international financiers.

"Our victory," he has said, "would come to naught if we relaxed from the tense spirit of the days of heroism and left the eternal dissidence and rancorous self-seekers free to act and gave the defenders of economic liberalism power to exploit the weak. . . . Too much blood has been spilt and the crusade has cost Spanish mothers too heavy a price for us to allow our victory to be frustrated by foreign agents who have filtered into our great companies, or by the base muttering of mean tongues."

Though there are features in the Italian system which Catholics may find disquieting, there can be no doubt that it places a like emphasis on constructive labour. Its opposition to the Liberalism which it displaced brings out clearly the dignity attached to the worker.

"In Italy," wrote Harold E. Goad, a close student of modern Italy, in *The Making of the Corporate State*, "it was above all the pride of the old bourgeoisie that had to be broken down. The employers, or bosses, used to consist largely of Free-masons, officials of the old State, idle factory owners, absentee landlords, speculators, brokers and similar parasites. Syndicalism under the inspiration of Rossoni and Alfredo Rocco, in particular, claims to be building up a new proletarian aristocracy; in fact, to be far more democratic than any Liberal democracy run on behalf of middle-class interests. This new syndicalism preaches the doctrine of joy in work and exalts the producer as the hero of the age."

The significance in the present connexion of this statement is increased when one remembers what

the Corporative System in Italy owes to the blacksmith of Forli, himself essentially a man of the people, and that the system which he created is not so much a reaction from his former Communist allegiance as a synthesis in which even his Communism is a factor.

It might have been expected that a movement which seeks to create a civilization in which the worker holds a primary place and to abolish economic parasitism would be hailed with joy by the representatives of Labour. "Here," we might have anticipated them saying, "is an expression of our True Self so long overlaid by Capitalism and Communism. Thanks to it the Secret People who 'have not spoken yet' can now find their voice." The welcome actually accorded, as we know, has been very different. The artillery of the Left has been massed on what is regarded as the new position taken up by the workers' traditional enemy. Instead of its creative and synthetic character being appreciated, Corporatism is treated as though it was sheer reaction. Its leader has become the *bête noir* of a cleverly manipulated propaganda which manages to unite in "popular fronts" all the diverse elements professing to represent "progress" and even so to prejudice certain Catholics that they fail to discriminate between a justifiable objection to Totalitarianism and those features, so congenial to Catholic sociology, which we have indicated. Blinded by the process of indoctrination which had taken advantage of its impressionability, Labour has pursued what can be described only as a suicidal course. Had it been able to maintain the tradition bequeathed by the mediaeval guild system that had been killed by Capitalism and buried by Industrialism the result would have been very different. Unfortunately it has been as definitely severed from the past as is the present generation of the faithful from its Catholic heritage in the Middle Ages.

Matters have been made worse in this country by the provocative manner in which, too often, the Right has accepted the challenge thus thrown down. It has subjected itself to the suspicion of desiring to impose on the workers an ideology foreign both in the national

and social sense. It is as though the early Christians had closed the door in the face of potential converts from Judaism by representing Christianity as an anti-Jewish movement, instead of stressing as did St. Paul its continuity with the religion of Israel. The attitude adopted has hardened the Left in its opposition till the breach has become almost unbridgeable. Prejudices already deeply rooted have been made more so by the atmosphere generated by the Spanish War. Right and Left are now definitely in two camps—the military term is deliberately chosen. It is easy to be wise after the event, but it is possible now to see how much better it would have been in the earlier stages of the business to have approached the phenomenon presented by Corporatism, as it was legitimate to do, from the Labour standpoint. The assertion that this system was the enemy of Communism might have been supplemented by an explanation showing that it was so because it interpreted more truly the real spirit of Labour. It would have been no mere politic device, but the bare truth, if the Right had assumed a character entitling it to be regarded as the real Labour movement and as fulfilling the prophecies pointing to the triumph of the workers and the creation of a civilization embodying their ideology. Instead of that, the conflict between Right and Left has assumed the appearance of a class-war, an aspect which it is, of course, in the interests of Communism to accentuate. It is hopeless to wean Labour from its present alliance with materialistic forces except by invoking its own class-consciousness. That the industrial principles and programme identified with the Right renders such an invocation not only expedient but as absolutely true to the facts has been shown. This is no question of a politic move to win over a powerful section of the community. After long centuries during which the warrior and the plutocrat have been able to dominate the world, there are signs that the worker as such is coming into his own and that his distinctive ideals will determine the form taken by society in the future. The only question that remains is as to whether this will happen with the co-operation of organized

Labour or in spite of it. The tragedy suggested by the latter alternative is obvious. Should the spirit of Labour achieve its triumph in the face of the workers' opposition it would be one of the great paradoxes of history, one of those events which indicate that nations and classes as well as individuals may be possessed by demonic forces driving them to self-destruction.

To perceive the nature of the threatened tragedy it is necessary to realize that the corporative system, whose triumph seems now assured, may take other forms than those of which Catholic teaching would approve. The nemesis consequent upon the workers' failure to seize their opportunity may take the form of totalitarian governments caricaturing the ideal. The State which regards itself as the ultimate object of loyalty is capable of rendering a corporative system as tyrannous as industrial capitalism. Work and the worker derive their dignity from the authority under which they function and which is their inspiration. A deified State, whatever initial enthusiasm it may generate, can, in the end, only degrade labour and reduce society to the level of the ant-nest or beehive. To argue that a proletariat which has allowed class prejudice to antagonize it against Corporatism deserved such a fate is to forget the dictates of Christian mercy. The proletariat must be saved from itself and be taught the real nature of the mission to which it is called—the mission to create a society resembling that of the guilds, but adapted to modern conditions and provided with those religious sanctions which check human tyranny. The defeat of Communism is only half the battle. To prevent a defeated proletariat being handed over, body and soul, to the totalitarian State is the other half.

The difficulties in bringing about a *volte-face* on the part of even a section in the Labour world may well seem insuperable. Yet, from one point of view, the hour is propitious for the attempt. As regards both Russia and Spain, disillusionment concerning the Red cause has followed enthusiasm. With the lifting of the embargo on truth, the actual facts regarding the Spanish conflict are becoming known. The intellectual bank-

ruptcy and parliamentary ineptitude of Labour's representatives are having their effect on the more thoughtful members of the Party. The sense of disillusionment which is invading the ranks of Labour is well described in Dr. Cronin's *The Stars Look Down*. Even more relevant to the thesis of this article are certain passages in *The Road to Wigan Pier* by George Orwell, who describes himself as a Socialist. The work is published by the Left Book Club. "The Coles, Webbs, Stracheys, etc., are not *exactly* proletarian writers," we find Mr. Orwell saying. "It is doubtful whether anything describable as proletarian literature now exists—even the *Daily Worker* is written in standard South English—but a good music-hall comedian comes nearer to producing it than any Socialist writer I can think of. As for the technical jargon of the Communists, it is as far removed from the common speech as the language of a mathematical text-book." Even more significant is his remark: "You have got to make it clear that there is room in the Socialist movement for human beings, or the game is up." No less indicative of the trend thus suggested is a book bearing the title, *Who is for Liberty?* by Mr. Hugh Ross Williamson, prospective Labour candidate for East Dorset. Mr. Ross Williamson declares that "Fascism" "has become a political swear-word", and that "it is so charged with emotional associations that it can hardly be used in argument any longer". He even quotes with approval "a prominent Socialist" as saying: "I'm getting so tired of this rubbish about Fascism being capitalism's Last Ditch, aren't you?" And he adds his own conviction that "Fascism is essentially what it claims to be, a form of anti-capitalist Socialism". However one may question this description, the statement, as coming from a prospective Labour candidate, indicates a reaction against the Party's official view.

It would seem, therefore, that the time is ripe to show how the workers have been misinterpreted by the movement which carries their name and professes to represent them. Emphasis must be shifted from the workers as a special class occupying an inferior social position to workers of all kinds as exercising certain



functions contributory to the corporate welfare of society. The irrelevance to a true Labour ideology of the class-war must be made clear. To flash the vision of an hierarchical civilization in which work holds the first place as the test of citizenship on the imagination of those concerned is our primary business.

Bearing in mind what was said as to the totalitarian alternative proving the nemesis of workers unfaithful to their true mission, here we may see defined the task of the Catholic sociologist. Hitherto he has been perhaps too exclusively negative. His fears of both Communism and Fascism have led him to forget the positive and constructive ideal which it was in his power to proclaim. But—and this is the point it is most necessary to urge—it is hopeless to expound the Catholic solution save as the true interpretation of Labour's real self. The fact that the Church's message to the workers is such an interpretation is the most hopeful feature in the situation. A convert Jew is reported to have said: "I am a Christian because I am a Jew." The type of man for which the hour calls is that which will assert: "I am a Catholic because I am a worker. In Catholicism I find the fulfilment of the prophecies made regarding the future dominance of my class—prophecies which Communism made, but which it is unable to realize. It is the Church of Jesus the Worker which has most satisfyingly interpreted the ideals and the claims of the class to which He belonged and of which, on that account, I am proud to be a member." So long as Catholic sociology is regarded as something *imposed* on Labour the prospect of winning back those masses whose loss Pius XI described as "the greatest scandal of the nineteenth century" is remote. The only hope lies in such a presentation of Catholicism as will carry the conviction that only through it can the workers corporately find themselves. Salvation in this connexion means self-recovery through and in the Church.

STANLEY B. JAMES.

# A JESUIT PLOT AGAINST MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS ?

## II.—THE PLOT THICKENS

**A**N attempt was made in a previous article to present some brief account of the Scottish religious problem as it confronted Queen Mary during the first few years of her active reign. Her ideal, no doubt, like that of any Catholic sovereign deserving such a title, was a country wholly Catholic. Her practical plan (which in the event proved quite impracticable) was gradually to influence the distempered minds of her nobles towards an acceptance of Catholic toleration, Calvinism still remaining in the position in which on her arrival she had found it.

One serious miscalculation, as she soon discovered, was in regard of the influence exerted by the Kirk ministers. In season and out of season they railed against her and her religion in whatever ways they could devise ; and their authority grew with the passage of the years. Among the nobles and counsellors of the Court it was her half-brother, the Earl of Moray, who proved to be most antagonistic to the realization of her plans. Though he possessed and at times displayed a certain fellow-feeling for his sister which does him credit, yet his ambition to rule, to be the sole arbiter of government, led him, by those devious ways which seemed native to his complex mind, towards a course inconsistent either with sincere religion or with political honour. Confronted with a rival in the person of Lord Darnley as the Queen's husband, he led an open revolt and was outlawed for his pains. In the following year, a few days before the forfeiture of his estates, to be passed in the Parliament of March 1566, he returned unbidden to Edinburgh, in company with his fellow exiles, to share in the success that should have attended the murder of Riccio and the proposed imprisonment or death of the Queen.

In both these cases political ambition attempted to hide under the cloak of religion. Certainly the hopes of

loyal Catholics had soared high when it was learnt that the Queen had chosen a Catholic as her husband. Some manifestations of their revived hopes are recorded by unsympathetic observers of the trend of events. And the Easter of 1566—a month or so after the Riccio affair—saw no diminution of their enthusiasm.

"We are told for certain," wrote Fr. Edmund Hay the following month, "by those who were eye-witnesses, that over 9000 people publicly went to Communion this Easter in the Queen's chapel (though she was not there herself), and many more did so in other parts of the Kingdom."<sup>1</sup>

Next year the Easter communicants at the Royal Chapel appear to have been counted carefully by the Queen's chaplain, the Dominican Père Roche Mamerot,<sup>2</sup> who reported the total to be 12,606. Clearly, therefore, the complaints of those opposed to toleration were not unfounded, at whatever value we may assess the figures just quoted. The position of Catholics in 1566 was certainly not worse, and was seemingly better in various ways than it had been in 1561 when Queen Mary first arrived in Scotland.

Abroad, however, in spite of such items of hopefulness, there were many who found cause for misgivings. Amateur politicians, for instance, in Paris and elsewhere, elated by news of minor successes, demanded the immediate restoration of Catholic worship to its pre-Reformation footing. Their exorbitant hopes were sadly blighted when they heard that, in spite of Mary's triumph over the leaders and abettors of the Riccio plot, the "old gang"—Moray, Argyll and the rest—were presently restored to favour and to power. Yet it is not easy to see what other course she could reasonably have taken. The government of the country had to be carried on—and carried on, it would seem, with a very depleted treasury. Darnley, that feckless, spoilt child, was worse than useless, a source of constant worry and anxiety, a centre of intrigue. Riccio was dead. Bothwell (as has been noted) was, neither as a man nor as a politician, a suitable substitute for her murdered secretary. A glance at the "Classification of the Scottish Nobility in 1566"<sup>3</sup> should

convince most people of the dearth of political talent on the side of Queen Mary.

Yet it is undoubted that Scottish Catholic circles abroad were being misled by the varying reports that were reaching them. Pope Pius IV, shortly before his death, had heard of a forthcoming Parliament which was to establish a "compromise" in matters of religion. He begged the Cardinal of Lorraine to "deter the King and Queen" from a course so "disadvantageous and harmful".<sup>4</sup> Three months later the new Pontiff, Pius V, had heard, on the contrary, that the Queen and "his Highness your husband" had restored "the due worship of God throughout your whole realm"<sup>5</sup>—a report equally wide of the mark. A wave of sympathy accompanied the news of the peril to the Queen's life in connexion with the murder of Riccio in March. The story gradually unravelled itself at Rome in the course of April, and on the crest of the wave there arrived, as it chanced, the Bishop of Dunblane with a commission (dated from before the murder) from the Queen to offer her congratulations and obedience to his Holiness, and at the same time to request temporal assistance towards the "protection and preservation" of the Catholic faith within her realm. To this petition Pope Pius V, unlike his predecessor, most generously assented; he decided too that an Apostolic Nuncio should proceed to Scotland, "who will in our stead stand by you in your labours, and do for you and yours all that he can".<sup>6</sup>

The Nuncio chosen was Vincenzo Laureo, recently created Bishop of Mondovi. He left Rome in mid-June, treated en route with the Duke of Savoy for the reconquest of Geneva, that citadel of Calvinism, and reached Paris on 10 August (1566). Scotland he never saw, but was finally recalled and left Paris in the April of 1567, some two months after Darnley's death. His official correspondence with Rome, first published by Fr. Pollen in 1901, extends over a year. From it one may draw the impression of a zealous official, rather pompous and self-confident and wordy, with a keen anxiety, in this first year of the new pontificate, to prove himself a competent, practical man of action. Especially was he

watchful of the 20,000 crowns entrusted to his discretion. No doubt he had received instructions to this effect, and in any case his duty was clear, but one senses an over-anxiety on this point, though possibly the impression is unjustified.

His initial knowledge of Scotland, of Scottish temperament, and of Scottish politics must have been meagre. The Jesuit Provincial of France, Fr. Oliver Manare, a Belgian of cute, independent, outspoken judgement, expressed the opinion that, if Nuncios were needed at all, there was need of "grave, prudent, God-fearing men . . . men native to the country rather than foreigners—especially foreigners sent by that See which they hate more than Satan".<sup>7</sup> Fr. Hay, Rector of the Jesuit College in Paris, was more reserved, but seems to have shared a similar view. He feared, moreover, lest "this great and opportune subsidy" should get into hands for which it was not meant.<sup>8</sup>

Laureo, as a matter of fact, was soon persuaded to dispense a first instalment of 4000 crowns, which reached the Queen by special messenger on 22 September. But his suspicions were aroused by the fact that Queen Mary seemed to him more eager to receive the subsidy than keen to welcome him himself on Scottish soil. His suspicion deepened when later he was told, "on secret information received from a good source" (perhaps the disgruntled Darnley, as Mahon suggests),<sup>9</sup> that it was not for his sake but for the sake of the remaining 16,000 crowns that Mary, on the advice of her Council, had changed her mind and determined to invite him at once to Scotland. The information, whether plain truth or coloured, served to strengthen Laureo's purpose of imposing his own test of Mary's sincerity before disbursing further instalments of the precious money.

That test had been formulated and communicated to the Secretary of State, Cardinal Bonelli, on 21 August, less than a fortnight after Laureo's arrival in Paris. Or perhaps it would be truer to say that Laureo's solution of the complex religious problem in Scotland, thus quickly formulated, and persistently adhered to throughout his nunciature, was later employed by him as a test of

Mary's sincere intention of restoring Catholicism as the State religion—nothing less than that would have satisfied this zealous (if over-hasty) ambassador of Pius V. He proposed that six of the most influential Scottish counsellors should be executed by the Queen—or if such a manifest “act of justice” should be thought to need a man's hand, then her husband, Darnley, could easily be persuaded to see the matter through. The “black list” included Moray (the Queen's own half-brother) and Argyll, both of them already forgiven for their previous plotting, but still “making domestic mischief in the Queen's household”. The other four—Morton, Lethington, Sir John Bellenden the Justice-Clerk, and Mr. James MacGill, Clerk Register (truly “a contriver of all evil”)—were, according to Laureo's incorrect information, “of the household and in the confidence of the King”, though they had not yet been pardoned.<sup>10</sup>

Fr. Pollen is at pains to maintain the view that this “*empresa*” of Laureo was based on entirely false assumptions, that the reasons given by Laureo to justify his proposals are “demonstrably false”. Certainly Laureo was wrong in thinking that any real friendship existed between Darnley and these “heretical rebels” who, on the contrary, were thirsting to avenge his betrayal of them after Riccio's murder. But surely he was right in stating that some at least were in the pay of England, and were still rebels at heart?<sup>11</sup> Would “my derest cosyn” Elizabeth, placed in Mary's position, have rejected the reasons of Laureo, had she thought them useful to her purpose? However, it is beyond our purpose to discuss the objective morality or the wisdom of Laureo's “test”—a task rendered no easier by its sixteenth century setting. But a protest is surely called for against the unworthy and utterly groundless insinuation that what Laureo had in his mind was “the *assassination* of half a dozen heretics and conspirators”.<sup>12</sup> The envoy's letters are plain to read, and plainly they contain no evidence that he meant anything more than the judicial execution of men whom he considered, rightly or wrongly, to deserve such “punishment”.

Mary's ambassador in Paris, Archbishop Beaton,



considered that Laureo's reception in Scotland would be impracticable until the King of Spain should make his long-delayed journey to the Netherlands. The Pope, on this information, sent orders to his Envoy that, unless he had strong reason to the contrary, he should retire to his diocese of Mondovi and there await further instructions. Clearly his Holiness had doubts as to whether the mission of Laureo was quite opportune.

Laureo, on the other hand, does not seem to have relished so inglorious an end to his nunciature. He at once interviewed the Cardinal of Lorraine who, anxious that the Pope's subsidy should still be available, begged the Envoy to delay his departure. He proposed that the Bishop of Dunblane be sent at once to Scotland to the Queen, "to discover the whole of her mind". Laureo, who, like the Jesuit Provincial, had, it seems, not the highest opinion of Dunblane, stipulated that Fr. Hay, "as an additional safeguard", must accompany the Bishop. "By means of him I firmly hope to discover more particularly and in detail the condition of that Kingdom, and what is to be hoped from her Majesty for the service of religion".<sup>13</sup> These two scouts of Laureo (if one may so term them) were to set out within a week. But various causes in addition to the Queen's nearly fatal illness at Jedburgh delayed their departure. It was not till 3 December that the Bishop and Fr. Hay finally set sail from the harbour of Dieppe. They reached Edinburgh, so Laureo reported, on the 13th of that month.

Meanwhile, be it noted, the Cardinal, at Laureo's urgent request, had despatched, about the middle of October, a special messenger to Queen Mary, "to advise and persuade her to decide on restoring the holy religion in her kingdom": reluctantly the Cardinal agreed that to this end there was but one practical means, "the punishment of a few wicked rebels"<sup>14</sup>—in other words, plainly, the 'test' of Laureo's devising. This proposal, which already had received the approval of Pius V, if not precisely as a test, at least as a salutary measure, was perhaps in Laureo's mind contingent upon the coming of Philip II in force to the Netherlands. That Philip would then be willing and ready to give armed support to Mary

in her need was, in the Envoy's opinion, beyond doubt ; "though in the opinion of the ambassador of Scotland and the Bishop of Dunblane, the help of the Pope was sufficient".

Mary's answer to this startling proposition might well have been foreseen ; perhaps it was foreseen. She was not prepared to play the tune for which the piper was calling. She was confronted with the same alternatives as in 1561 had been presented to her before ever she set sail for Scotland. Her objective, now as then, was the same : the question was one of means and method. Five years ago she had chosen, wisely or unwisely, the method of "peaceful penetration". Now her old tutor, the Cardinal, seemed to be advising her to the opposite course ; the Pope's Apostolic Nuncio was urging her. No doubt she was told that her ambassador approved ; and that the Bishop of Dunblane and Father Hay were coming over in person to persuade her to the same effect.<sup>15</sup> But how did Scotland differ from the other "reformed" nations on the Continent ? Was the Duke of Savoy less a Catholic because Geneva was in heretical hands ? Were there not various "new religions" tolerated in Flanders by his Catholic Majesty, Philip II ?<sup>16</sup> In any case, Mary had now five years of personal experience on which to base her judgement. We know not what advice she asked for or received from those around her, Protestant or Catholic. She may have considered—not unreasonably—that the policy she had followed these last five years had shown at least some small measure of success. She had made mistakes, had on occasion weakly yielded perhaps to circumstances when a bolder course might have won her point. She was capable of learning by her mistakes, of taking a stronger line of action. But she was not going to reverse her whole policy. And had her Paris advisers reckoned the hazard ? For the prospect of some 16,000 crowns and the vague hope of other aid, she was asked to set Scotland in an uproar, and—her recurrent nightmare—to rouse England's armed interference (as in 1560) and lose all hope of succession to the English throne. She would not do it.

Her reply is noted by Laureo in his letter of 3 Decem-

ber : "her Majesty has not consented, but she greatly desired to speak with me". The Queen apparently still hoped that a personal visit to Scotland might disabuse him of his "easy" solution of her problems. Laureo, however, decided to await the return of Fr. Hay before making up his mind. It is characteristic of him that he expected it would take Fr. Hay but a few days to inform himself "of the mind of her Majesty and of the affairs of the Kingdom".<sup>17</sup> But for one reason or another there were delays. The Bishop of Dunblane indeed was able to deliver a letter to the Queen within a few days of his arrival : and he was one of the bishops who, on 17 December, assisted at the baptism of the Prince, which was accompanied by the traditional Catholic ceremonies proper to such an occasion. But his audience seems not to have taken place until the Queen's return to Edinburgh, about the middle of January. As to Fr. Hay, it is not known whether he ever saw the Queen during his two months in Scotland : it may have been his desire to fulfil his mission by discovering for himself the Queen's real mind, that delayed his return to Paris. A letter of his, written sometime in January to his Provincial, Fr. Manare, contained, so Laureo reported, "a metaphorical passage, easy enough to understand. I send your Eminence a copy of the passage, so that . . . you may see that things over there are not yet in a condition in which one can hope for, much less do, any good".<sup>18</sup>

Finally, on or about the 10th of February (the morrow of Darnley's murder), Fr. Hay wrote to his Provincial announcing his intention of returning with the Signor di Moretta, ambassador of the Duke of Savoy. That gentleman—an object of deepest suspicion to Major-General Mahon—had, but a few hours previous to the murder, partaken of a farewell banquet, graced by the presence of the Queen : he would have departed on the morrow, had not her Majesty, in her great crisis, begged him to delay his departure. He left a day or two later, with Fr. Hay presumably in his train ; reached London on the twenty-fourth, and after staying there for over a week, finally arrived with Fr. Hay in Paris on

15 March. Though Queen Mary, they reported, was still as anxious as ever that Laureo should cross over to Scotland, they were both of opinion that it would be unsafe for him to do so. "I should be able to do nothing for God's service, and would bring little credit to the Apostolic See".<sup>19</sup> Within a few weeks the Apostolic Nuncio, with an expressive shrug of the shoulders at Queen Mary's obstinacy, quitted France en route for his own diocese.

A fairly plain, unvarnished tale, as gathered from the correspondence of Laureo and from other relevant documents: but it is far too plain for General Mahon. Of the facts, as indeed he admits, there is no doubt whatever. But the interpretation? There remains a tale untold. Of the secret intrigues of the plotters, as of their movements, there is "a remarkable silence". So we must read between the lines and interpret this conspiracy of silence. It is Gen. Mahon's thesis that the Jesuit, Fr. Hay, entered Scotland in December 1566, knowing full well that his task was hopeless, if persuasion was to be his only task. But from the first he would "appear to have recognized that something more than mere encouragement of the Queen would be expected" of him. To Pope Pius V "success alone counted as merit": and Fr. Hay "had once before had a similar task and failed; this time there should be no failure".<sup>20</sup> If, however, success was the only thing that mattered, his task became clearer: for who can ever suppose that for a Jesuit the means, however criminal, would not be justified by the end in view? His task became clearer still when he discovered that Darnley and his friends—the "Lennox Party"—were no less bent on "removing obstacles": and Darnley and his friends were Catholic. Success seemed assured. The unorthodox, obstinate, selfish Queen being once out of the way, together with her abetting Counsellors, Darnley would then rule as King, according to his heart's desire; his previous overtures to Spain would bear fruit, Philip II would lend aid, and Catholicism would once again be established throughout the length and breadth of Scotland.

Let it be admitted in the first place that there is no more tangled problem in history than this matter of the

blowing up of Kirk o' Field; that certainty as to its origin and purpose is by now unattainable; and that consequently it would be unreasonable to demand rigid proof of any attempted "solution" of the problem. General Mahon, for instance, brings many arguments to prove that it was not Darnley who was aimed at by the Kirk o' Field explosion. He does not, and with the available evidence he could not prove his case. One may nevertheless admit (at least the present writer would do so) the strong probability that Darnley was at all events not the *only* person aimed at. There were so many easier and quieter methods of getting rid of a sick man than the method actually employed. If so much be granted, then there is little reason to doubt that the Queen was included as one of the intended victims. That, of course, is no new theory: the Queen was herself convinced that the plot "*wes dressit alsweill for us as for the King*".

The Queen was mistaken, thinks Mahon. The explosion was meant, not for Darnley, but on the contrary *by* Darnley for Mary, who barred his ambitions, and for the Protestant nobles in her train, some of them his personal enemies, and dangerous ones at that. Mixing together facts and conjectures of his own, he reconstructs the tragedy. Mary left her husband at Kirk o' Field at about 11 p.m. on that Sunday of Shrovetide (9 February), with the intention of returning later. She was present awhile at a dance at Holyrood, given in honour of her valet de chambre, Bastien Pagez, married that morning. She had then retired to her private apartments, where for the best part of an hour she was in earnest consultation with Lord Bothwell and her Captain of the Guard, Stewart of Traquair. Bothwell had information of a design upon her life, and was persuading her to remain at Holyrood. Eventually Bothwell himself returned with servants and torches to the vicinity of Kirk o' Field, hoping that in the dark they would be mistaken for the Queen and her retinue. The device succeeded: the train of gunpowder was fired. Darnley, according to plan, "escaped" in his night-shirt from the doomed house (the night-shirt would help to prove his

innocent alarm : but his thoughtful servant Taylor accompanied him with an overcoat and other apparel, in case of cold ! ) : but he was caught in the nets of another plot, "coincident in time and place", and was strangled in a garden beyond the Town Wall. A few moments later and Kirk o' Field went up into the air : but the Queen was still safe at Holyrood, awaiting the return of her trusty courtier.

Amidst much that is uncertain, this at least is sure, that Darnley fled from Kirk o' Field, was neatly intercepted, and as neatly strangled. Who was responsible for this deed ? It is an interesting question ; but, alas, the problem seems insoluble. If, as Mahon would have it, there were two coincident plots, then it would seem eminently reasonable to suppose that the *same* designing brain was responsible for both. Was Darnley, therefore, a tool, a dupe in the designs of such a man as Moray, as previously he had been at the Riccio affair ? Was he meant to play his part in the murder of Queen Mary and her nobles ; and then, when his usefulness was at an end, to be himself dispatched by the arch-conspirator in the final scene of the tragedy ? The conjectural sequence of that night's events, as detailed above, does not preclude the possibility. General Mahon, however, would sweep such an hypothesis aside, in favour of an original Catholic plot, the designs of which, he thinks, dovetail so nicely into the political intrigues of Darnley and his still more foolish father.

And the evidence ? General Mahon is an eclectic historian. He seizes upon a sentence here, a phrase there ; he re-edits bits of Buchanan (whom he acknowledges to have been one of the greatest liars<sup>21</sup> on God's earth) and "is inclined to believe" that Buchanan so re-edited contains a certain modicum of truth—the modicum, that is to say, which suits his thesis. He reaches many of his conclusions in military fashion, by means of a cavalry charge. It would not be possible in the course of an article, nor would it be of any particular profit, to follow the General throughout the course of his campaign. A little may prove to be enough.

We naturally ask, who were the actual conspirators in



General Mahon's plot, and what evidence have we of their conspiring? They seem to have been those who were acting (or who the General conjectures were acting) on behalf either of the Apostolic Nuncio or of the Spanish King; others too have incurred his suspicion. When enunciating his theory in brief, he particularizes two: the conspirators, he tells us, were "led by Sir James Balfour, instigated as to the object, but not necessarily as to details, by Father Edmund Hay".<sup>22</sup> This is certainly putting Fr. Hay into bad company; for Sir James Balfour, as Mr. Gore-Browne puts it, shared with the notorious Archibald Douglas "the hardly-won distinction of being the worst man in Scotland". Sir James, in fact, was any man's friend, as it suited his varied interests: and was of any or no religion, according to occasion. The point to be noted is that Sir James' complicity in this affair of Kirk o' Field (if such be the fact) is no indication of the politics or the religious complexion of those behind him. Mahon insists on the close political association about this time between Sir James and Lord Darnley: it may be so. But if we are to admit that the plot was a specifically Catholic plot from abroad, we must look for the essential evidence that will connect Fr. Hay either with Sir James or with Darnley. Is there such evidence? General Mahon produces none; nor is there any to produce.

The General's treatment of Fr. Hay is typical of his method. For him, Fr. Hay is less a human person than a type; he is the Jesuit of the novelists, a man "dead to the world", of intense "spiritual exaltation", dedicated to the Cause, one to whom any danger or sacrifice would count as nothing, could he thereby advance "the Holy Cause".<sup>23</sup> Actually, Fr. Hay was quite human, and a distinguished member of the Society. As a young secular priest he had acted as guide and interpreter in 1562 to the Papal Envoy, Fr. de Gouda, and some months later had entered the Jesuit noviciate in Rome. In less than two years he was appointed (1564) Rector of the new College of Clermont in Paris, and to the end of his life seems to have occupied positions of authority. He became successively Provincial of the Jesuits in

Northern France, Rector of the newly constituted University of Pont-a-Mousson, Superior (1585-89) of the Jesuits in Scotland, and finally one of the Assistants in Rome of the Jesuit General. From his letters, published and unpublished, one learns to know him as an extremely humble man, full of consideration and kindness for others; a man of broad views, of sound judgement, and, no less, an ardent Scot and an enthusiastic, though not a blind admirer of his Queen. His hopes had risen high after his audience with Queen Mary in 1562.

"Once freed from the tyranny of this man [the Earl of Moray] and given the chance of putting into effect her holy resolutions, in her the Church would discover that it had produced another Helena—or rather should I say another Pulcheria—so much at heart has she the cause of religion and of orthodoxy."<sup>24</sup>

His hopes continued to remain high—his hopes that his Queen would eventually be able to rid herself of the overbearing counsel of her half-brother. When towards the close of 1566 she refused to accept the "test" of Lauro, Fr. Hay, rightly or wrongly, thought she had missed a golden opportunity. I know of no evidence, however, which would suggest that he considered her refusal to proceed from a false heart, and not rather from a false judgement of the test's expediency. Even Lauro himself was willing to admit that as a possible explanation of her refusal. Fr. Hay's subsequent judgement upon her marriage with Bothwell and all which that implied was that she had sinned; yet still he nursed his hopes: "it may be that some day everything will turn out well for that sinner, and that hereafter she will become the doer of great deeds—she who once refused to consent to sound advice."<sup>25</sup>

This then is the Jesuit whom General Mahon would make the instigator of an attempt to murder Mary and her Counsellors. Of his doings in Scotland at this time, as has been noted already, we have practically no information. He was there for two months, from about mid-December to the 12th or 13th of the following February. We know not if he ever had audience of Queen Mary: if he did, the date was probably some day between the

14th and 20th of January, whilst the Queen was in Edinburgh.

General Mahon, however, has further information, in spite of—or is it in consequence of?—the fact that “of the part taken by Fr. Edmund Hay there is a remarkable silence”. Contemporary history, as he assures us truly, does not mention him, John Knox makes no reference to him, not even the omniscient Cecil seems to have known of his presence in Scotland until after he had left it. It is all very remarkable! However, “it is enough that, from the date of Moretta’s arrival in Edinburgh on or about 25 January, 1566–67, Fr. Hay attached himself to him, and, whatever the part taken by the Savoyard may have been, we must admit community of thought between the two . . .”<sup>26</sup> The reader may smile, yet this can but be an inference from the only known fact connecting Fr. Hay and Moretta, namely, that nearly three weeks later, Fr. Hay declared his intention of leaving Scotland with Moretta, and actually arrived in Paris in his company.

But the General has no qualms of conscience; indeed, he seems to have no historical conscience at all. A few pages further on he returns to the point. “The evidence of his [Fr. Hay’s] role is admittedly negative, but this much is patent; at or about the time when Moretta appeared on the scene . . . Hay seems to have found him a more competent leader, and to have ceased to regard the Papal Nuncio with confidence.” The latter’s lack of capacity to adapt himself to altered circumstances left Fr. Hay “no choice but independent action in conjunction with Moretta . . .”<sup>27</sup> And then the General really lets himself go in a passage which for its imaginative power and its wondrous series of *suggestiones falsi* is well worth quoting:

When Moretta and Hay met in consultation on or about 25 January, 1567, with perhaps the bishop of Dunblane as third party—though nobody seems to have trusted the last—what were the materials at hand? The Queen was pursuing a course opposed to Religion; Darnley was exerting himself in Spanish interests, and posing as the champion of the Catholic Church, with the Earl of Lennox behind him; Sir James Balfour, long a

secret agent of the Catholics, was ready on payment for any desperate deed ; the Protestant lords were primed for the murder of Darnley. Hay himself was commissioned for the murder, or "justification", of the Protestant lords ; Philip was "coming" to the Netherlands ; the Pope was ready to find money for something "signal" ; the whole devilish stew was on the boil.<sup>28</sup>

This, no doubt, is very fine and purple, but as regards Fr. Hay (to confine ourselves to him alone) it bears no relation whatsoever to historical facts. The picture of the Ambassador, the Bishop and the Jesuit Rector sitting in consultation—"on or about" 25 January, to give it verisimilitude—around a devilish stew that is on the boil, is a work of art, a flight of fancy. There's no shadow of evidence that Fr. Hay was even in Edinburgh at the time ! That he was commissioned for the murder of the Protestant lords is a libel brought forward, not only without evidence, but contrary to all the evidence available.

And this, strange to say, concludes the case for the prosecution. Mahon does not even attempt to prove any communication between Fr. Hay and Lord Darnley, or between Fr. Hay and Sir James Balfour. As a matter of fact, the one thing we do know about Sir James at this period is that there is no mention of him in Edinburgh at the time of the murder, but that he arrived there quietly on 26 February, a fortnight and more after Darnley's death. But what does that matter ? "One can only hazard the opinion that Balfour, having seen his plans put in operation, quitted the town on the night of Sunday (9 February)."<sup>29</sup> How is one to cope with such hazards ?

But no, the case is not quite complete ; on one other count is Fr. Hay suspected. Besides the "remarkable silence" concerning the Jesuit's activities in Scotland, there is also a "curious reticence" in reporting the result. Fr. Hay was expected by Laureo to return to Paris in a few days ; he remained two months. After duly announcing to Laureo his arrival in Edinburgh in a letter of 23 December, he wrote two other letters, but to his own Provincial, not to Laureo, a proceeding full of

suspicion. (Laureo certainly was shown at least part of Fr. Hay's second letter, of which he forwarded a copy to Bonelli.) The last letter was, it seems, sent by the hands of a Frenchman, Clerneau, who left Edinburgh on the 10th or 11th of February. The letter therefore, asserts Mahon, "must have been dated the day of the murder, 10 February". "Complete secrecy was maintained as to what was said," except that Fr. Hay intended to return in the train of Signor de Moretta. This "indicates contents which Manare thought better suppressed".<sup>30</sup> Other possible, probably simpler, solutions would be either that the letter was written before the murder, or (if written on the 10th) that it contained nothing to suppress—that it was a mere note, written hurriedly to "catch the post", and postponing further news until he should himself arrive in Paris.

It is surely unnecessary, and it would certainly be tedious, to follow the General further. His method of proof, whether he is dealing with Moretta or with Sir James Balfour or other possible conspirators is ever the same as is his method with Fr. Hay: *ab uno disce omnes*. Nobody, of course, would deny that one or more of General Mahon's numerous suspects may have been involved in the conspiracy. There certainly *was* a conspiracy; and the conspiracy may well have included the Queen as a victim—that was antecedently probable in any case. It is no less probable, antecedently, that the Earl of Moray had a hand in it, though that is unproved, perhaps unprovable. But the thesis of General Mahon is not only not provable, it was wildly improbable from the start. His handling of the "evidence" which should at least incriminate the prime instigator, Fr. Hay, tends to show that his theory is also untenable.

What, however, surprises one even more, perhaps, than General Mahon's logic, is the gullibility of Mr. Gore-Browne in swallowing whole the General's main thesis. "The details of this plot," he notes, "were first worked out by the late Major-General Mahon in his most valuable book"<sup>31</sup>; and he proceeds to incorporate the general conclusions. He too, like General

Mahon, has somehow discovered that for the purposes of the "Paris Plot" Fr. Hay "joined" Moretta who, he adds with similar inconsequence, was "Laureo's confidant".<sup>32</sup> His reconstruction of the plot has this merit at least, that the main points of Mahon's rather complicated book are here condensed in a few lucid pages. In some lesser details he differs from the General; the diversities are usually an improvement on the original. But the brevity of the exposition brings out even more prominently the lack of evidence upon which this "Paris Plot" is based.

Mr. Gore-Browne asserts, reasonably enough, that "the only sensible use in murder for gunpowder must be to destroy a large number of people, and" (one might prefer the word "or"), "spreading panic, to engineer a revolution".<sup>33</sup> Having then proved to his satisfaction, by "logical inference", that Darnley had himself ordered or allowed the gunpowder to be placed in the vaults of Kirk o' Field,<sup>34</sup> he concludes that Queen Mary and the six Protestant Counsellors on Laureo's list were those for whom the explosion was intended.

But a considerable difficulty here arises, to which neither he nor Mahon seems to have paid any attention. How many of those six Counsellors were in Queen Mary's company on that fateful Sunday evening? Argyll seems to have been there; Lethington probably not. Of two others, Bellenden and MacGill, we know nothing. The Earl of Morton was certainly absent; and, as Mr. Gore-Browne tells us, Moray, most important of them all, "cleared out" that Sunday morning, "leaving his sister to her fate".<sup>35</sup> Was the crafty Jesuit going to murder his Queen, only to leave the way clear for the ultra-Protestant Moray—the one man whom Fr. Hay singled out in his letters as the most dangerous enemy of the Counter-Reformation in Scotland? The powder (so Mr. Gore-Browne informs us) was placed in position only at "the last moment",<sup>36</sup> some time on Sunday; Moray "cleared out" on Sunday morning. Why then did not Fr. Hay take steps to prevent so tragic a blunder? Yet General Mahon blandly tells us: "at the least it can be said that the favour shown to Hay on his return to



Paris indicates that he was held to have faithfully played the part assigned to him to his utmost power".<sup>37</sup> One can but conclude that—to use the words of this latter writer—"the evidence is admittedly negative". Indeed, that is an overstatement of the case, for there is no evidence at all. In truth the whole case rests in the first instance on the assumption that Queen Mary came to be judged, not only unorthodox in religion, but also such a prime hindrance to the counter-reforming activities of Pius V that her "removal" became an essential means to the advancement of the "Holy Cause". In a previous article it was argued that such an assumption is historically false. That the Apostolic Nuncio was bitterly disappointed at the reception accorded by Mary to his hasty and ill-considered solution of her religious problem is beyond doubt. But that thereupon, either personally or indirectly through his representatives, he attempted to substitute violence for persuasion, or connived in any manner at the murder of Queen Mary, is a wild theory utterly destitute of any historical evidence at all. The fantastic "evidence" brought forward to incriminate Fr. Hay is the very ripe (if not rotten) fruit of that un-historical frame of mind which seeks to accommodate facts to theory rather than theory to facts.

General Mahon, and Mr. Gore-Browne in his wake, are, like the Athenians of old, on the itch for something fresh and new. They are neither professedly anti-Catholic nor even anti-Jesuit—though incidentally they ruthlessly calumniate the fair fame of Catholic and Jesuit. Their mistake is that they worship at the shrine of Novelty, labouring under the not uncommon delusion or hope that Novelty is a modern reincarnation of the ancient goddess Truth.

H. CHADWICK, S.J.

<sup>1</sup> Hay to Borgia, May, 1566 (Pollen: *Papal Negotiations with Q. Mary*, 496).

<sup>2</sup> Guzman de Silva to Philip II, 26 July, 1567 (Pollen. l. c. p. 521.).

<sup>3</sup> Pollen, l. c. pp. 254-55. cf p. cvi.

<sup>4</sup> 15 Oct. 1565 (quoted by Pollen, l. c. 228).

<sup>5</sup> 10 Jan. 1566. (ibid. 232.).

<sup>6</sup> Stevenson-Nau, 208; Labanoff, vii, 9; Pollen, l. c. 237. It is uncertain from whom the suggestion of a Nuncio originated: certainly not from Queen Mary. Laureo later blamed the Cardinal of Lorraine (Pollen. 277): but the idea may well have been the Pope's. In connection with

a subsidy for Malta, Pius V had proposed to send also a commissary, "to make sure that the money was spent for that purpose". (Pollen. 236.) Laureo had a similar commission, it seems.

<sup>7</sup> Manare to Borgia, 26 June, 1566 (Pollen, l. c. 498).

<sup>8</sup> Hay to Borgia, 2 July, 1566 (ibid. 499). He feared "ne desperatio nescio qua et imbecillitas eorum qui deberent in hoc negotio pr<sup>mi</sup> esse" should thwart the Pope's purpose. Gen. Mahon, usually only too eager to read between the lines, offers no suggestion in explanation of this allusion. I "suspect strongly" that Fr. Hay refers to Darnley.

<sup>9</sup> Laureo to Bonelli, 12 Nov., 1566 (Pollen. 311): Mahon, *Tragedy of Kirk o' Field*, p. 253.

<sup>10</sup> Pollen. 272-73.

<sup>11</sup> Ibid. 270.

<sup>12</sup> R. Gore-Browne. *Lord Bothwell*, p. 280.

<sup>13</sup> Laureo to Bonelli, 21 Oct. 1566 (Pollen. 298).

<sup>14</sup> Laureo to Bonelli, 12 Nov. 1566 (Pollen. 312).

<sup>15</sup> Laureo states (in his own justification) that Archbishop Beaton, Dunblane, and Fr. Hay were all in favour of his test. Later he came to doubt the wholeheartedness of the Cardinal's approval (Pollen. 321). The quality and measure of the approval of the others must remain a matter of opinion. Laureo is so emphatic that Fr. Hay was "a pious, sincere and intelligent man" that I cannot doubt that he felt he had the Jesuit's full support.

<sup>16</sup> Cf. Laureo's letter of 21 Oct. (Pollen. 301).

<sup>17</sup> 15 Dec. 1566 (Pollen. 331).

<sup>18</sup> 22 Feb. 1567 (Pollen. 350). The enclosure has not been preserved.

<sup>19</sup> 16 March, 1567 (Pollen. 371).

<sup>20</sup> Mahon. l. c. 260, 259, 264.

<sup>21</sup> In one passage, so Miss Mackenzie tells us, Buchanan has managed to get ten categorical lies into 125 words—roughly a lie a line. (*The Scotland of Mary Stewart*, etc., p. 161.)

<sup>22</sup> Mahon. p. xiii.

<sup>23</sup> Ibid. 263, 264.

<sup>24</sup> Hay to Laynez, 2 Jan. 1563 (Stonyhurst MSS). This testimony to the orthodoxy of the Queen is of interest. Mahon, to whom presumably this passage was unknown, tells us that Fr. Hay "had already a low opinion of the Queen's orthodoxy" (op. cit. 263). But in any case this writer curiously confuses Mary's lack of faith in the expediency of Laureo's "test" with lack of faith in the full doctrine of the Catholic Church.

<sup>25</sup> Hay to Borgia, 21 January, 1569 (Pollen, 507). There survive two letters of Queen Mary to Fr. Hay, obviously part of a correspondence of some considerable duration, which a few years later developed between them. Both letters are entirely non-political—are indeed the "spiritual letters" of a very brave soul. One dated 9 June, 1574, was first printed by Wiesener in *Revue des Questions Historiques* 1867 (2), pp. 616-17: for the other, of 21 November, 1578, see Labanoff, 5. 71-72.

<sup>26</sup> Mahon. 261, 262.

<sup>27</sup> Ibid. 267. The "evidence" for Fr. Hay's presumed lack of confidence in the Nuncio is merely that when in January Dunblane was writing to Laureo an enthusiastic account of his audience with the Queen, Fr. Hay at the same time chose to address his letter to his own Provincial, expressing a less optimistic view. The letter unfortunately is not preserved.

<sup>28</sup> Ibid. 267.

<sup>29</sup> Ibid. 81.

<sup>30</sup> Ibid. 265.

<sup>31</sup> R. Gore-Browne: *Lord Bothwell*, p. 276 note.

<sup>32</sup> Ibid. 317. To establish conspiracy between Darnley and Moretta which otherwise is far from apparent, Mr. G-B. (p. 296) has to read a world of hidden meaning and Spanish intrigue into Moretta's request for an

interview ("about a horse") with Darnley—who, after all, was the King! Strange to say, the Spanish ambassador, De Silva, surely no fool, in the letter quoted by Mr. G-B. (Span. Cal: Eliz, I. 622) shows no sort of incredulity as to the reason given for the interview. What is more, this letter suggests that Moretta was by no means a man with whom Spain had any secret dealings.

Incidentally, why use quotation marks for the captious phrase "about a horse", which does not occur in the letter at all?

<sup>31</sup> Ibid. 311.

<sup>32</sup> Ibid. 316. The inference is not so logical as Mr. Gore-Brown is inclined to think. A contemporary drawing at the Record Office, the work perhaps of one of Cecil's agents, shows the corpse of Darnley lying in the garden, with no shoes to his feet, clad merely in his night-shirt. Further off lies his valet, Taylor, in similar shift, but wearing one shoe and some sort of headgear. Near at hand on the grass are a dagger, a chair, a quilt (it might be almost anything), a dressing-gown. Mr. G-B. (whose version is that Bothwell, informed on his arrival at Kirk o' Field of Darnley's treachery, angrily went in and set fire to the fuse himself, anticipating thus the zero hour) infers from the drawing that Darnley, in sudden, blind fear at the smell of fire, rushed out wildly into the cold February night. But to the valet the smell suggested merely the possibility of a house on fire. "As the picture shows, he collected shoes, dressing-gown, even a chair for the invalid to sit on." "Only one explanation covers the different conduct of the two men": the King knew there was gunpowder in the house, the valet did not. And the King could have known only if he had himself allowed it to be put there (pp. 315-16). One flaw in the argument is clear enough, even if we accept the accuracy of the drawing. The different conduct of the two men is inferred from the drawing which "shows" that the valet, less conscious of urgent danger, had stopped to collect gown and quilt, etc., "to keep his eccentric young master warm". Of course, the drawing shows nothing of the kind. For all the drawing shows us, King and valet may both have paused to pick up what lay nearest to the hands of each: it is not the time to stand on any ceremony.

No: Darnley's complicity results, not from the evidence of the drawing, but from what Mr. G-B. has chosen to read into the drawing.

<sup>33</sup> Ibid. 318. Moray is famous, of course, for his alibis in times of crisis. On this occasion he found it necessary to visit his wife in Fife: or did he rather go to complete his preparations for war? He seems to have been expecting at this time a consignment of weapons which at his request was sent to him by Cecil. (See G. Chalmers: *Life of Mary, Queen of Scots* (1822), III, p. 238 and the references there given.)

<sup>34</sup> Ibid. 317.

<sup>35</sup> Mahon 265.

## THE INDIVIDUALISM OF ST. BERNARD OF CLAIRVAUX

IT may seem banal to remark that what might perhaps be called the political theology of St. Bernard is distinguished by characteristics to be explained, partly by his own personality and partly by the age in which he lived. Yet this is not altogether the case. Both the man himself and his age were exceptional. He belonged to a period of history which was itself epochal, quite apart from the fact that he contributed to make it such. In the larger world of Europe nationality was beginning to treasure itself with some emphasis, not merely racially and dynastically, but locally. To the discerning observer the first signs were beginning to appear of an impending, slow but sure imperial dissolution, of the passing away of that supreme secular authority which for so long, as it might seem by prescriptive and exclusive right, had wielded the material sword. It is in a measure thus that we may explain the failure of the Second Crusade which—occurring, it is true, towards the end of St. Bernard's life—was an acid test of European solidarity and coherence. Politically, Christendom was preparing to reconstruct itself. Especially was this noticeable in the Mediterranean basin, where Roger of Sicily was intent upon founding a Norman hegemony, contemplated perhaps as stretching from the Pillars of Hercules to the Island of Rhodes. In addition, yet quite conversely, the quickening of the communal spirit was spreading from the cities of Northern Italy to France and to Germany; and in Rome men were dreaming of the glories of the ancient Republic; both these movements owing much to such forcible and magnetic personalities as Arnald of Brescia. It was an age of reactions, mutually antagonistic reactions which may seem to us to have been feeble in comparison with the reactions of later days, probably because their material resources were not of a nature to enable them to be swift. Mobilization was more cumbrous than in our highly contriving age.

How, it may be asked, have such considerations as these

any bearing upon what we have called the political theology of St. Bernard? The question may be answered by another. Is there any reflection of the state of Europe in the early decades of the fifth century to be recognized in the doctrine of the *De Civitate Dei* of St. Augustine? Rome was taken and sacked by Alaric the Goth in 410. The contention that this disaster was due to the Christian religion was rebutted in this great classic, the last XII Books of which state constructively the principles of that polity which is the Catholic Church. Nothing so catastrophic happened in St. Bernard's day; but these same principles had been at stake towards the end of the previous century in the controversy between the Church and the Empire with which we associate the name of Gregory VII, and they were still by no means generally approved in practice. There is an undercurrent of all this in much of the correspondence of St. Bernard and pre-eminently so in the treatise *De Consideratione* addressed to Eugenius III. Granted these principles, the right determination of their application as a policy in any given case was in fact rooted in what we should now term moral theology.

When Christianity became recognized as a *religio licita* the secular power had not granted it such *status* without having had opportunities of learning what the Church's claims really were; it had not entered into the contract with its eyes blindfold. But in the twelfth century Christianity was much more than a *religio licita* for individuals who professed it; it had—certainly in the sphere of morals—acquired an *imperium*, theoretically, though often not practically accepted, over that corporation which we call the State. If this point had been crucial to such a problem as that of investitures, no less was it crucial to the doctrine of The Two Swords. Although it might have been that secular princes had often drawn the material sword by no means “at the command of Peter”,\* or “at the will of the priest”,† there had been no surrender by the Church of the principle that, in the words of John of Salisbury, “the

\* St. Bernard. *Ep.* 256.

† St. Bernard. *De Consider.* IV, iii, 7.

(material) sword the prince receives from the hand of the Church, for the Church does not stain a sword with blood. Yet even this is the Church's sword".\* Thus the Church was so far the Keeper of the King's Conscience as that it advised him as to when and when not war was justifiable. Probably this was the political theology of St. Bernard's day, and in him as in the rest it took much of its tone from the events of that day and of the immediate past which still lived on in that day. But, in conjunction with his prophetic instinct, his personal bravery and his kindness of heart, it had the effect of making him an Elijah. The episodes of his handling of the Schism in the Papacy, of his preaching of the Second Crusade were, in each case, as a series in the life of that prophet, only more interesting because the Ahabs concerned were so many and so various; Lothair of Süpplingenburg, Louis VI, Conrad of Hohenstaufen, Louis VII, Roger of Sicily, William of Poitiers and the like. True to the principle that "the Church does not stain a sword with blood" he would take no part in actual warfare; he emphatically disclaimed for himself the training and the experience of a professional soldier; but he did claim for the Church, speaking by the mouth of the Pope, authority "to direct princes . . . and to dispose of kingdoms and empires".† This does not mean that he claimed for the Apostolic See the *status* of a temporal power; the authority which, in his view, it rightly possessed was essentially moral, although none the less tremendous. When St. Bernard answers the question as to what the Pope is officially, he tells us that he is *inter alia* "in authority Moses".‡ It would, of course, be idle to pretend that such authority was regarded by him as incompetent to order the use of *force majeure*. It might, perhaps, not unreasonably be held that, so long as human nature is exposed to the assaults of evil, so long as in the Divine Providence Satan remains still unchained, so long must moral authority in the last resort not merely be free to invoke at its discretion the arm of flesh, but be able to justify its very existence by such invocation. However

\* Joann. Sares. *Policrat.* IV, iii.

† St. Bernard. *Ep.* 237.

‡ St. Bernard. *De Consider.* II, viii, 15.



this may be, St. Bernard's *dicta* that "faith comes by persuasion ; it is not imposed by force",\* that "the Jews ought not to be persecuted or slain or even expelled",† do represent a policy psychologically in advance of that which had hitherto been in a measure accepted and was still current in some quarters ; so far his own personality, in its fulness of sentiment and conviction, told upon his theology at a time when what men believed and how they expressed their belief were admittedly political as well as religious problems. Perhaps it were as well that the interaction of politics and religion, both theoretically and practically, should be recognized amongst us today, when Europe is as a ship riding not too securely at anchor between the Scylla of Communism and the Charybdis of Fascism.

The mysticism of St. Bernard, with its insistence upon that unity of will ("unitas votiva") with God the Word,‡ founded upon a similarity of nature shared with Him, which should be the aim of every Christian soul ; that state in which the rational creature is able on all points familiarly to question its Creator and to take His counsel, being as able to understand Him as bold in its desire so to do §—here, surely, is a protection, profoundly Scriptural in its source, against a tyrannical, but most drab, collectivism which by swamping the individual in the mass tends to destroy all sense of responsibility, of shame and of merit. This doctrine is in the structure of the great treatise addressed to Eugenius III, a handbook, as it were, for him who is "in authority Moses".

There were in support of this individualism, political because ultimately religious, which is the foundation of all sound democracy, two influences which in St. Bernard's day were gaining strength. To one of these, namely, the communal spirit in Northern Italy, we have already referred ; by the other we intend the feudal spirit in France. Not that such influences were unrecognizable elsewhere, but that it was in these particular regions that, with the possible exception of the communal

\* St. Bernard. *In Cant. Cant.* LXVI, 12.

† St. Bernard. *Ep.* 363. ‡ St. Bernard. *De Consider.* V, viii. 18.

§ St. Bernard. *In Cant. Cant.* LXXXIII, 3.

controversy which arose at Rheims on the death of Archbishop Raynald in 1138,\* they came specially to the notice of St. Bernard. Monarchist though he was, he was not the absolutist that was his friend Suger; in the background of his mind was embedded the ruling conviction of the value of the individual, who, whether it be the penitent woman or the Prince of the Apostles, occupies in the presence of the Bridegroom the place proper to itself, the place of its own peculiar tranquillity where "the tranquil God makes all things tranquil" and the turmoil of the earthly pilgrimage is, if the soul will, so far allayed.† It is interesting to recognize in one who possessed in a very high degree that magnetism which sways men in the mass and has been, alas, notorious throughout history for making capital dishonourably out of the herd-instinct of crowds, a scrupulous respect for the individual, which led him to thrust upon him as an individual, sometimes unpleasantly enough, the duty of individual decision, as when in 1134 at Parthenay William of Poitiers made his submission to Innocent II.‡ It was always so. Yet St. Bernard did not grasp the individual nettle, because he did not believe that men *are* nettles. When a prince like Roger of Sicily played the part of a bully, his appeal was to a reasonable being. When in France it was to the Crown that he appealed, it was not to an irresponsible dictator, but to a fellow-Christian responsible to God.§ For him prince and subject stood side by side at the Divine bar. Thus he never contemplated the judgement of the Crown as exempt from revision by the Apostolic See; not because such revision was infallible—the Apostolic Rescript supposed to have dispensed Robert of Châtillon from his Cistercian allegiance met with his supreme contempt ||—but because it was founded upon a plain word of Scripture: *Dic Ecclesiæ*. A critical occasion arose early in 1151 when, after two years of futile controversy which—to the distress of Suger, then a dying man—almost led to war between Louis le Jeune and the seigneury on the one

\* St. Bernard. *Ep.* 318.

† St. Bernard. *In Cant. Cant.* XXIII, 9 and 16.

‡ St. Bernard. *Epp.* 127 *et seq.*; *Vita Prima*, II, vi, 37 *et seq.*

§ St. Bernard. *Ep.* 170.

|| St. Bernard. *Ep.* I, 9.

hand and Robert of Dreux and his brother, Henry Bishop of Beauvais, on the other, the point at issue, namely, the right of the seigneurs to levy payment of *beneficia denariorum*, in effect a form of blackmail, upon the See of Beauvais, was by St. Bernard's advice finally settled by reference to the Pope.\* In this case—where the dispute became ultimately a quarrel between the King and his brothers—as in others, we find St. Bernard steering a middle course between that which might have been taken by a man like Roger of Sicily and that, let us say, which we should have looked for from Arnald of Brescia, in the former of which would have been germinating Fascism, in the latter Communism. But the sound individualism for which St. Bernard stood, based *in foro interno* upon the true relation of man as man to his Creator, must have fallen to the ground had it not been based *in foro externo* upon the Rock, the moral authority of the Apostolic See. In every instance the decision, for each and all concerned, rested in St. Bernard's view with conscience, its *synteresis* approved or disapproved by what conscience accepted as the voice of God. This was his doctrine of The Two Swords practically applied to the everyday life of the Christian, whether ecclesiastic or lay, of high or of low degree. It was ultimately formulated by the circumstances of the age and by his own personality; and, however indefinite the formularization may have been, the events which it modified became part of the history of the Church and bore fruit in the future.

We are apt to use the word "authority" somewhat loosely. It might be well that we should revise our notion of what it means. If by authority we understand *imperium*, then, surely, directly that it ceases to appeal to the will and becomes coercive, it ceases to be itself. External authority can only be real authority for the individual in so far as it is accepted by the reason and identifies itself with the reason. When, if ever, the necessity for coercion arises, authority *stricte dicta* steps aside; the course to be taken rests with the *movens*, whose subject is the brute beast to the level of which man may at times degrade himself. This, we may think, is the

\* St. Bernard. *Ep.* 305.

doctrine of St. Thomas, to be inferred from his remarks *De Actibus Imperatis a Voluntate*,\* and we find the principle of it in St. Bernard. It explains why the Church, essentially an *imperans* and not a *movens*, while controlling the use of the material sword places it in the hands of the secular power; yet always controlling its use as *imperans*, never as *movens*, for the Church disclaims the possession of the force necessary to fulfil the function of the latter; its proper weapons are not material, for it wrestles not against flesh and blood but against spiritual wickedness. The particular use made of the material sword in the Second Crusade—and by the Templars generally—was justified by the duty which lay upon Christian princes to protect the Church of Jerusalem in its charge of the sacred places and so to enable devout souls to visit them for prayer. As St. Bernard wrote to Suger: "The Church in the East cries so piteously in its distress, that a man whose heart is not touched to its very core cannot claim to be a son of the Church at all."† And this was in the year 1149, when it might well have seemed that the secular power had proved itself unfit to be entrusted with the material sword. But it was not the Supreme War Council of the Church which had failed, for it had none. It had never been the will of God that a monk should be in command of the Crusading forces.‡

Thus, so St. Bernard held, the Pope is not essentially, but only accidentally—indeed, perhaps unfortunately—a secular prince. He is the successor, not of Constantine, but of Peter. No military escort is proper to his office; it were better and more honourable lacking such display. As a shepherd he has a flock to lead and to tend; as a fisherman he has a net to cast, the earnings of his craft not gold or silver, the sinews of earthly warfare, but the souls of men.§ And equally explicit is the doctrine that the Church, as represented by the Pope, is, in a special sense, a trustee rather than an owner of property. It administers an estate, the real owner of which is Christ. The Apostolic *haereditas* into which the Pope has entered

\* *Summ. Theol.* Ia, IIa, Qu. xvii.

† St. Bernard. *Ep.* 380.

§ St. Bernard. *De Consider.* IV, iii, 6.

‡ St. Bernard. *Ep.* 256.

is *quodam tenus* ; it is no more than *dispensatio* ; true, it is a *dispensatio* of no narrower limits than are those of the whole world ; but this is because the whole world belongs to Christ ; not merely does Christ possess it, but He really rules it ; ultimately it is His *dominium* over which the Pope is set to be His faithful and wise servant in the moral sphere.\* All are subjects of the Pope in this sphere, no less than they are subjects of Christ, faithful or unfaithful as the case may be ; his is the *imperium* over all, and with him it rests to control the use of the material sword, whether for their punishment or for their protection.

And here it may be said that the question of inerrancy does not arise in connection with the Papal *imperium*. St. Bernard was, as we have seen, sufficiently aware of shortcomings in the past and of the risk of their recurrence in the future. *Actio* is the word which he uses to describe typically the everyday life of the Pope, *actio* all too manifold for unaided human effort and all too bewildering for unaided human judgement. The true dignity of the faithful and wise servant is maintained by the consistent recognition of his own limitations, not merely as human but as prescribed. There are cases in which he may well ask, as did his Lord : "Who made me a judge over you ?" He would have the Pope beware of putting his sickle to another man's harvest, of trespassing upon another man's land. Should he be tempted to err in this direction, he must remember that it is his vocation not so much to deal with, say, some specific disputed *terrena possessiuncula*, as to define the *majora*, the *potiora*, the moral principles which ultimately determine all questions of right and wrong.† Here again we recognize St. Bernard's respect for the individual's direct responsibility to God ; the true function of the Apostolic See—and its grave responsibility being to emphasize these same principles, to elucidate their bearing and to stimulate the conscience of the individual to apply them. In such sense, and in such sense only, would he have the Pope to be Keeper of the Conscience, whether of the King or of the humblest subject of his realm.

\* St. Bernard. *De Consider.* III, i, 1 et seq.

† St. Bernard. *De Consider.* I, vi, 7.

Surely it were opportune to say of St. Bernard what the poet Wordsworth once said of Milton: "Thou shouldst be living at this hour"; for much of the surface of the civilized globe today is "a fen of stagnant waters", the miasma of which is poisoning in man something which God made in him when He created him in His Own image, something for the lack of which *comparatus est jumentis insipientibus*.

WATKIN WILLIAMS.

#### OUR LADY OF THE NORTH

Our Lady of the North, of things reasonable and sane,  
Our Lady of the frozen fields and of the winter plain,  
Our Lady of the quiet pools, the crying at the bar,  
Our Lady of the midnight sky and of the Christmas star;

Our Lady of the fireside, the good hour when one sings  
The little son the ancient song of strange, fantastic things,  
Of animals and fairies and the good saints who cried  
The Holy Name from patient hearts and turned to God and  
died.

Our Lady of the North—when I wake and listen late  
And hear the youthful breathing so close within my gate,  
Give me your starry mantle to cover with its hem  
The happiness of careless dreams, the innocence of them;

And open wide a humble heart that it may entertain  
The joyful yoke of thy command, things reasonable and sane;  
Our Lady of the frozen fields, be thou the evening friend  
Who sits beside the fire, and blesses at the end.

Boulogne-sur-Mer.

VIOLA GARVIN.



## THE COSTANZO LETTERS

ON 20 May, 1571, there was signed in Rome a document concluding a League between the Church, the noble Signory of Venice and the Kingdom of Spain against the powerful and infidel Turk. This document was published in Sacred Consistory on 25 May and in Venice somewhat later. The high contracting Powers made thereby an alliance both defensive and offensive in perpetuity; agreements as to their respective shares in providing galleys, soldiers and money for the prospective campaign were carefully laid down and Don John of Austria, son of the Emperor Charles V and brother—after a left-handed fashion—of the King of Spain, was named General of the League. Pope Pius V, profoundly anxious for the safety of Europe, Christendom and civilization, desired as speedy an action as possible, since the power of the Turk was increasing in the Greek Seas and Farmagosta, heavily besieged by Turkish forces, seemed likely to fall. Don John, however, embarking from Catalonia, came only slowly by way of Genoa and Naples to Messina where the Great Fleet of the League was to assemble. He delayed indeed over certain “feasts and noble entertainments” offered him, thinking maybe that a touch of diplomatic dealing by the way would by no means be wasted in the long run. But his conduct gravely exasperated his allies, as well as the “many lords and gentlemen who followed him without pay in so great an undertaking, for Christ and for the King exposing their lives”.

The galleys of the Grand Turk had already wasted and ruined Zante and Cefalonia and came now opposite Corfù, preparing themselves to attack the Christian fleet—the Papal and Venetian forces being already assembled at Messina—before the gallant Don John should arrive with the galleys of Spain. Meanwhile, they pounced upon two Venetian galleys at Zara and then fell in with a Venetian ship, the *Mozaniga*, bound for Corfù. A very young man, Giovan Tomaso Costanzo, was in command of the troops on board her, for he had been appointed by the Serene Signory of Venice Colonel of

certain bands of soldiers sent to relieve the fortress at Corfù, he being at that time seventeen or eighteen years of age. It was the twenty-first of July when Giovan Tomaso saw the Turkish galleys, and in particular that of the Corsair called by the Venetians Occhiali, advancing to the attack upon his solitary vessel. The good seafaring and sea-fighting blood of Venice rose and sang in his ears the primaeval song of battle and, facing odds that indeed were fearful, he disposed his men for the fight. That fight, most incredibly, lasted for a good eleven hours, but the end was certain. The *Mozaniga* was riddled with shot, her torn sides gaped, she began to sink and settle into the evening sea. The Turks boarded her, taking prisoners such of the crew and the soldiers as were left alive and with them the young Colonel, "his sword dripping with Turkish blood" and his whole armour splashed from head to foot with scarlet. He was conveyed to Occhiali's galley, and the Turks, who had a natural regard for valiant men, sent him to the Sultan in Constantinople.

The fate of this young man became a matter of pressing interest and anxiety, even amid the rejoicing that followed the mighty Christian victory at Lepanto on 7 October. His father, a distinguished Condottiere of Venetian troops, appealed as it were to Europe on his son's behalf; he wrote agonized letters to the Pope, the Emperor, the King of France, the Doge of Venice; he enlisted the interest of notable persons everywhere; his very soul was wrung by the delays and difficulties that wait upon human effort. The story of this young man, of his heroic fight, his capture, his hard captivity, the efforts made to force him to abjure the Christian faith can be gathered from a series of letters which I have called "The Costanzo Letters". They are to be found in a somewhat rare book, *Lettere de Principi*, published in Venice by Giordan Ziletti at the Sign of the Star towards the end of the sixteenth century. Their point and vividness make them the most human of documents and they require from the translator but little elucidation. For the after-history of a very gallant young gentleman who proved himself an equally gallant confessor of the Faith, we must go to Messer Bartolomeo da Fano, whose

notes to Roseo's *History of the World* were published in 1581. The "Letters", as far as I am aware, remain in their sixteenth-century Italian and have not been either reprinted or translated.

The first of them is from Leonora d'Este to some prelate unnamed.

From Ferrara, the 12th of October, 1571.

Reverend Monsignore, most Illustrious and Honoured,

I am desirous of helping in any way I can the Lady Camilla Costanzo, wife of the Lord Ruberto Malatesta of Arimini. She is a person of many excellent qualities and she wishes now to have my help in enlisting the interest of your Illustrious Lordship in the matter of setting free the Lord Giovan Tomaso, her brother. I am very willing to write, at her request, and to beg you for my own sake, as well as out of regard for her and the merits of Giovan Tomaso himself, to come to our aid. This young man, about 17 years of age, was appointed by the Serene Signory of Venice Colonel in their army and they ordered him to Corfù with his men in the ship Moceniga. He was attacked on his way there, about 20 miles from the island, by Occhiali, Viceroy of Algiers, and by the whole Turkish Fleet but he fought most valorously with his single ship for almost an entire day and in the end was captured and carried—it is thought—to Algiers when Occhiali went thither with his galleys. This was on July 21st last.

May it please you to do a favour to my friends and to me and to procure us from his most Christian Majesty a letter, and a very warm one too, either to the Grand Turk himself or else to his Christian Majesty's Ambassador in Constantinople—whichever may seem best to him—asking for the liberation of this Giovan Tomaso, only son of the Lord Scipio Costanzo. The said Lord, his father, is Condottiere of the troops of the Serene Signory of Venice and has distinguished himself also in the service of the most Christian Crown, so that to help him would be an act well-befitting His Majesty. He will also win to himself the services of the noble house of Costanzo in perpetuity and I shall hold it besides as a most signal grace and favour done to myself.

When you receive the letter from His Christian Majesty, will you be pleased to send it on to me as soon as possible so that I may give it to the lady who is longing for it and awaiting it with infinite gratitude.

There being now no more to say, I kiss the hands of your Illustrious Lordship and greatly commend myself to you.

Your Illustrious and Reverend Lordship's most humble sister  
and servant,  
Leonora da Este.

The next letter is from Cardinal Amulio to Scipio Costanzo, father of the boy, and he has important information to give.

From Rome, the 20th of November, 1571.

Illustrious Lord whom I hold as a brother,

There has come to Rome a man of Pistoia who was a slave for two years in the flagship of Occhiali, he was freed when the Turkish Fleet was routed. I was anxious to speak to him and question him and when I found that he had some information about Lord Giovan Tomaso, I had what he said written down and I send it on now to your Lordship with this letter. I rejoice with you that, amid all your sorrow, you can still think proudly of the prowess of your son and I think that he too is fortunate in having had occasion to show himself so valiant in arms against the enemies of the sacred faith of Christ. This surely will make his name immortal and you yourself may be certain that every possible effort will be made to get, by way of Barbary and Goletta, further news of him. I myself have written to many places. I pray God to relieve your anxiety.

Your Illustrious Lordship's sincere and affectionate brother,  
Amulio, Cardinal.

(*Enclosed.*) THE EVIDENCE OF LORENZO OF PISTOIA.  
He says :

That he was taken prisoner in the country near Orbetello and then served two years at the oar in the Flagship of Occhiali but was removed from this galley when certain towns in Albania were captured, because then Occhiali manned his oars with Dalmatians. He was put to the oar however in another galley which, at the rout of the Turkish Fleet, was attacked and captured by the Flagship of Naples so that he was set free then and came to Rome. On the 20th of November 1571, he has deposed as follows :

"I was in the galley of Occhiali when the ship Moceniga was attacked and taken, and I can tell you in detail what happened as truly as you have heard it from others. The fight lasted long and the Turks suffered most, a very large number of them being killed and wounded. The colonel of the troops on board the Moceniga was a young man, as yet beardless, who seemed about 17 or 18 years of age but was very tall and of beautiful build." When this Lorenzo was asked : "How did you know that this young man was their Colonel ?" he replied : "Because he was called so by certain

soldiers from his galley who were taken and made slaves by us. They gave him great praise for the way he had borne himself in the battle, fighting and making others fight for the entire day. And they said that when he taken he was in white armour, with his shield on his arm and his naked sword all bright with blood.

"When, then, the ship Moceniga was captured the young man was conveyed on to the galley of Occhiali where he was disarmed and stripped and left with only a shirt to his back and nothing on his head. He was then clothed in the garment of a galley-slave and on his head they put a little red cap. He was kept in our galley for five or six days after his capture but, one day before the Fleet entered the Gulf of Venice, I saw him put into a boat and sent ashore near Previsa. Certain renegades who were in the service of Occhiali said that their Pasha had sent him as a gift to the Lord Turk, nor did I see him more."

The next letter we have is from the son of the Venetian Ambassador in Constantinople. It is dated in the *Lettere* 4 September, probably a misprint for 4 December, since the letter speaks of 12 October, up to which date Giovan Tomaso was certainly in Constantinople; the anxious father must have been thankful for such definite news of his son. It was written, very probably, from Venice.

The 4th of December, 1571.

Most Illustrious and Honoured Lord,

This letter is to inform your Lordship that the Lord Giovan Tomaso is alive and was in Constantinople until October 12th last. Up to that time he had shown clearly—thanks to God's Grace—greatness of soul in all that happened to him, indeed he had no other thing to rely on and was truly in evil plight as you can see from the following account written me from Constantinople by my brother Messer Francesco. Our Father as you know is Ambassador there. He writes:

The son of the illustrious Lord Scipio Constanzo, the Condottiere, was captured by the Turkish Fleet while on his way with some of his men to the garrison at Corfù. It happened only after a long-drawn-out fight which he kept up with his single ship. His name is Giovan Tomaso and it is with real sorrow that I write of his misfortunes. It seems that, as soon as they took him prisoner, they sent him as a gift to the Grand Turk who, when he had seen the young man, sent him off to the Pasha to be made a Turk of, so that he might take him into his own seraglio. But Giovan Tomaso

refused and continued to refuse, making nothing either of the great offers made him of honour and rewards or of threats held over him in order to shake his faith in Christ. They then began to afflict and torment him, torturing and beating him so as to induce him to become renegade but he bore himself with admirable intrepidity and stayed perfectly unmoved in his Christian faith. The Pasha and all his household were full of admiration but, in order to try every means possible, he said at last that he would cut off the young man's head. Giovan Tomaso took the sentence quite cheerfully but the Pasha, not really wishing to do it, changed the sentence of death to that of circumcision. This must be done to all who become Turks and the Pasha hoped that, if it were done to him, the young man would think that he had thereby become a Turk. Accordingly, it was inflicted on him and afterwards they clothed him in gold with a white turban on his head. But he at once tore the garment and flung off the turban on to the ground, repeating over and over again that he was a true and good Christian and would never leave the faith in which, by God's Providence, he had been born.

"The Turks, seeing his constancy and that it was impossible to gain him to their side, left off tempting him directly but instead made his life intolerable, full of privations and labours and often they flogged him. They kept him many days thus in the Pasha's house, where I saw him several times on my visits to the Pasha but I was not able to speak with him. Some of our men however who stayed behind in the courtyard were able to say a few words to him and thus learnt who he was. Now that the Pasha has gone away, they have sent him to serve in the Bagno of the Grand Turk and if he is there and has not been taken to the Tower on the Black Sea (though this is uncertain) I shall certainly do all I can for him, not only on account of his birth but because of the courage that, young as he is, he has shown and continues to show. Will you be so kind as to tell all this, in whatever way you please, to the noble father of the youth and tell him from me to take comfort. It is certain, I think, that they will not now press him to become a Turk and I will write to him personally and send on to you any news there is but it seems as if God had left him without His protection."

No more. Your illustrious Lordship's servant,

Almoro Barbaro.

A letter follows from Sforza Pallavicino to Marc-Antonio Colonna, who was Admiral of the Papal Gallies at Lepanto.



From Venice, the 15th of November, 1571.

The Lord Scipio Costanzo, a distinguished Knight, Condottiere of the troops of this Serene Dominion besides being a man of great worth and my dear friend and brother, has a son, the Lord Giovan Tomaso, whom I know Your Excellency must remember well because he was with the Fleet last year as a volunteer. The Serene Signoria nominated him Colonel of some of their troops and he was on his way with them to the garrison at Corfù, when he was attacked in calm fine weather by the whole strength of the Turkish Fleet. He defended himself against them for many hours, to his exceeding honour, but at last, his ship being one against many, was overcome and he was taken prisoner by Occhiali Viceroy of Algiers who, as we have learned, sent him at the Grand Turk as being a person of importance.

In the reports that come from that country, of which I send copies to your Excellency, there is shown what force and firmness he has exhibited amid all the cruelty and tortures continually inflicted on him by the Turks in order to make him deny our Christian faith. But, like a true Knight, he showed such valour against their every effort that everyone here is striving to have him freed.

It is on this account that I write Your Excellency this letter, to entreat you with all the fervour I can to help, for the sake of your goodness and Christian charity, this boy who so thoroughly deserves it, to his deliverance from the Turk. I believe that now it would be easy for Your Excellency to do this, possibly by some exchange of prisoners, or in whatever way seems best to you.

It is a holy work to help so brave a champion of Christ's name and I am confident that you will try to obtain from His Holiness what you desire. You will assuredly earn the enduring gratitude of the young man's father who has no other son but this one and, for my part, I shall be as much indebted to you as if you helped my own son.

Begging Your Excellency to do me this signal favour and so console an unhappy father, I kiss your hands and commend myself to you.

Your Excellency's servant,

Sforza Pallavicino.

There follows a passionate letter from Scipio Costanzo to Pope Pius V, written from Venice on 21 March, 1572, saying that Giovan Tomaso, the one hope of his house, has now been sent to the Tower on the Black Sea and that he has no hope of reaching him except through the

intervention of His Holiness, who might easily—he believes—effect his ransom, since he has in his power many Turkish captives in Rome. He says his son has remained firm in spite of gifts, threats, tortures, continual floggings, and even the threat of death itself, and has kept himself “in the beauty of Christ’s name”. It does not seem, however, that Pius was able to effect anything. Three months later Alphonso d’Este writes to Scipio in most affectionate terms. The letter is dated Ferrara, 22 June, 1572. He tells the desperate father that he has entreated the King his master, with as much urgency as if it were the case of his own son, to help Giovan Tomaso and he has ordered Captain Giacomo Poiani to present to the King a letter, of which he now encloses a copy for Scipio to see. In this letter to the King, Alphonso, in order not to weary His Majesty, confines himself to a warm entreaty that H.M. will be good enough to listen to what Captain Poiani has to tell about the pitiful case of Giovan Tomaso, but we possess, as well, the letter from Alphonso to Poiani suggesting that he might induce the King to write both to the Grand Turk himself and to Mohamed Pasha asking most urgently for the liberation of the young man. He says he can well rely on the affection of “my Captain Giacomo” and that he must seize the most fitting occasion with the King and bring every sort of entreaty and reasoning to bear. The letters once obtained, they are to be sent straight to H.M.’s Ambassador in Constantinople, not forwarded to Ferrara.

About the same time we find Scipio writing from Venice to Don John of Austria :

From Venice, the 23d of June, 1572.

To the Serene Don John of Austria.

Most Serene Lord,

I appeal to the mercy and goodness of your Highness, with reverence and with every confidence, begging you for the sake Our Redeemer Christ to make an exchange of some Turkish slave, your prisoner, for my son Giovan Tomaso the only heir of my house. He was taken prisoner last year by Occhiali Governor of Algiers after fighting valiantly, with his single ship, for a whole day against all the Turkish Fleet and Occhiali then sent him as a gift

to the Grand Turk in Constantinople. There they practised on him every sort of cruelty so as to get him to abjure our Christian faith but with the help of our Lord he came out a victor, glorying in the beauty of Christ's name. He was a boy of only 17.

He was Colonel of certain troops of this Serene Republic, in whose army I command a band of 70 men-at-arms, so that he and I are also fellow-officers and for this reason also I kneel before your Highness, for you are a true Prince and destroyer of the forces of our foes and so I ask you to do this favour, for the honour and service of Christ Himself, to one so recently His martyr. Exchange some slave for him, as I have said.

Indeed I look for this gift from your royal soul and conquering hand. I kiss that hand and I commend myself to Your Highness with all obedience.

Your Highness' humble servant,

Scipio Costanzo.

The long and delightful letter which follows is from the boy himself, in his prison on the Black Sea. Allowing for a different phraseology, it might easily have been written by a young soldier of today.

From the Tower of the Black Sea, 12 miles from Constantinople.

The 22d of September, 1572.

My illustrious Father and honoured Lord,

I have had a letter from your Lordship of the 9th of June, what a long letter you have written me! I note that you ask about the money I have had. It came from our Ambassador, from Ali Moro of Africa, from Siffola, from Samminiato, from the Prodanelli and from the Lord Ambassador of France, in all a sum of 445 zecchins. I was brought to Constantinople, wounded and in very evil case and was consigned to the Grand Pasha, by name Mehemet and then taken before the Grand Turk himself—a thing never done with slaves. He was seated, so that I could see him from the waist upward and he spoke to us by means of a dragoman, making him ask me how I had found heart to endure 11 hours' attack, with only my one ship against all his Fleet. I answered him that I had done it so as not to fail in duty to my Prince. He made no reply but at once dismissed us. He spoke however privately to the Dragoman and we returned to the Grand Pasha, I and my two companions who were the Lord Ludovico Birago, grandson of old Birago and Captain Manoli Marmorì, who was Govenor of Soppoto.

When we came to the Pasha, he dismissed my two companions and kept me only in his Court where I stayed for 57 days, at first kindly treated then cruelly for they flogged and tortured me so as

to make me a renegade. They may have thought that they could succeed but, by the special grace of his Divine Majesty, I have kept myself a true and Catholic Christian.

I was then taken to the Bagno\* to be doctored on account of the circumcision which they had, with extreme violence, inflicted on me, as Your Lordship shall hear in greater detail. I had no shoes and went barefoot, I had no shirt to my back nor cap to my head and my hair hung all in my eyes. Indeed I believe I had hardly more than a rag on me, except for a rough slave's garment in shape like a Greek bernous which lay straight upon my flesh all raw and wounded and not yet dressed. Arrived at the Bagno, I found Siffola who is scrivener there and when I came among the other Christian slaves, although they were but slaves themselves, they arranged with each other and even competed to give me one a shirt, one a pair of stockings, another something else and so on. It was all done with such kindness that I cannot possibly express it and Siffola especially was kind and I shall be in his debt as long as I live.

After having rested a night, I wrote a letter to our Ambassador and reminded him of my plight, because he himself had seen me arrive in Constantinople at the Pasha's house for just at that moment he was in the Court below. He knew me then and I saw him weep at my misery and the others with him, about twenty of them, did likewise. Now he answered my letter with his own hand and condoled with me, a good soldier come to such a pass, and he told me to be sure that he would never fail me. He gave in fact orders to Siffola to supply me with money, which was done, and he promised to write to Venice for help and I hear that he has done that. I should like your Lordship to go yourself to the home of our Ambassador in Venice to thank his sons for what they have done for me, we shall be always indebted to them.

Then I was taken to the Bagno of the Grand Turk, that is to the slaves' quarters, where I found Messer Giovan, a Genoese. He is scrivener there and has shown me great civility, it was he who wrote the letters to your Lordship in which you were informed of the fate of my men, which of them had been killed and which were still alive.

After some few days more, I was brought to this Tower of the Black Sea, where I am still at the moment of writing. By the time I came here I was cured of my wounds and really well, except for one cut on my hand under the first finger. I got it from a scimitar

\* Bagno, literally Bath, was a term used for the slaves' quarters or prison. There can be seen at Valetta in the suburb of Vittoriosa, a large "Bagus" where the Knights of St John kept their galley slaves who were mainly Moslem prisoners taken in war or in raids. There is another prison in Valetta itself. It lies under some houses in Strada Cristofaro and is very spacious.

when I was defending the deck from the Janissaries who were just beginning to take it, however he who gave it me will never hit anyone again ! This wound has been five months in healing and I have had very great pain in the hand, they say the scimitar was poisoned. But I am now free from pain, thanks to God, for I did not think I ever should be. I assure your Lordship that I have had to give 140 zecchins and almost my coat as well so as to obtain some sort of comfort and I should not have got it else.

I am glad that, as things are, the most Christian King has taken me under his protection but I trust that this also pleases our Signory, for it is in *their* service that I hope hereafter to show my devotion. In loyalty to them I am the equal of my elders though, in other things, I am not worth much.

Your Lordship asks about the conduct of my men. I can truly say that they all bore themselves bravely, from Gombarello of Treviso downwards ; in fact he and all the men he brought with him did well and certainly did not fail me or incur reproof during any of the fighting. I must tell you, to begin with, that Captain Bonagionta was ill and could do nothing so that he was useless to me, indeed some days before the battle he got so much worse that he could not lift his head from his pillow. In spite of this, he had himself carried into the fight—I suspect because he wanted to be killed—and in fact he was wounded by a scimitar and died of it some days after he was captured. Captain Antonio put a white shirt over his armour and had the arm-pieces taken off, took a sword a palm and a half in breadth and did all a man could do. I told him he must take off that shirt so as to be less conspicuous but he said he wanted to be known from the rest.

Poor Stephano of Genoa got shot by an arquebus in the chest and died on the spot. Captain Francesco dell'Aquila got an arquebus-shot and a dart which killed him, Giacomino had a shot in his forehead but it was not fatal. Pulchri was shot in the lip, Carnesecchi in the shoulder, Guerrier of Città di Castello and Francesco Marmorai of Florence were both wounded in many places by scimitars but are still alive. Mastellari got a cut on the arm, Castagnola is unhurt, Alessandro is dead, Lord Hieronimo my cousin slightly wounded, the Fleming badly hurt. When we attacked, I sent Orgarino off to Saorna. One of my German gentlemen, whom we called Picciolo, was killed by cannon shot ; the tall one was wounded. The Swiss Colonel was wounded by arquebus-shot in the arm but he stood by me all the time and certainly deserved the pay I was giving him. The German corporal of Halberdiers and all those fine men who so pleased Your Lordship gave an excellent account of themselves. Captain Paolo Vanni of Lucca, to whom I gave the command of a company,

was wounded but never left his post, a very good example to his men; his sergeant was killed close to him. My Sergeant-Major was burnt in the face by artificial fire. To conclude, I lost about 250 men and there were many wounded. They were fine soldiers.

But if Italy grieves over this, Africa, I wager, is not laughing for their losses in dead and wounded were by far more than ours. Even according to their own account, they lost 800 men and we did besides great destruction to their galleys. The enemy assaulted us four times and three times we beat them off very well, having good soldiers. But the fourth time, we had already lost our mast and much else and had 4 foot of water in us, due to the breaches made by cannon-shot on the water-line. The enemy now made a general attack from four sides, Occhiali and Assan Pasha on one side constantly reinforced by a fleet of auxiliary vessels, Sirocco and the Royal Flagship on the other side and the rest beset us prow and stern so that we seemed to stand in the midst of a thick wood and had to defend ourselves as best we could, but we were beaten by this united onslaught.

It was about the 23d hour when they began to board us and just then I got an arrow through the leg; they made headway everywhere, my men fell on every side so that they took the whole deck. They asked for an honourable surrender but, as they are not to be trusted, I thought it better to die fighting and fell back on the poop with only 70 men left me. They fired a heavy volley which killed some of us and then, with outlandish cries, they rushed on right through the smoke and the medley of men living and dead. Thereupon I gave orders to Marchese Curtius Malaspina, my adjutant. He had charge of our ensigns which I had handed over to him in this hour of peril and I now told him to throw all four into the sea, so that the enemy should never take them.

I was taken captive by Occhiali who promised me that, once we had come to Algiers, he would set me free and he carried me off to his own galley. But afterwards Pertan Pasha took me from him, knowing that I was chief among the prisoners. And then, because certain Janissaries, in order to gain credit for themselves, said of me more than I deserved, they sent me off on the seventh day as a present to the Grand Turk in Constantinople, as I have already said.

This, my lord, is all I can tell you about it and I must now recommend myself very earnestly to you, to my lady-mother and my sisters, as well as to my brother-in-law, my relatives and my benefactors.

Your illustrious Lordship's obedient son,  
Giovan Thomaso Costanzo.



Weeks and months passed until in the June of 1573, all but two years after the capture of Giovan Tomaso, the Doge of Venice, Luigi Mocenigo, wrote to the Agents of the Republic at Constantinople, impressing upon them the need of using all their energies to have him freed. He speaks of his condition as one of "miserable slavery".

Scipio, in the spring of the following year, writes another letter to Pope Gregory XIII full of entreaty and despair.

From Venice, the 8th of April, 1574.

Most holy and blessed Father,

The groans of my son, a slave with the Turk, go up to Heaven to the tribunal of Christ Jesus Our Saviour; of your grace, do you hear them also and have pity. You know well that the Turks, having promised his freedom to the Lords Ambassadors and Agents of Venice, have entirely failed in their word and they say now that they will not give him up, except in exchange for a prisoner of equal value.

Your Holiness, have pity on him. Think of my son's age, of the tempting offers he has scorned, of the tortures he has suffered, even to shedding of blood, in order to be utterly faithful to the sacred faith of Christ. All this marks him out from the rest of the prisoners and gives him an especial claim to your clemency. It is in your power as father, as universal father, to bring him back to us. Do not suffer him to remain all alone, a prey to the temptations of those infidel dogs who harry him continually, so as to break his resolution which has up till now been so firm and unbent.

Your Holiness is principal owner of many Turkish slaves, now captive in Rome and they are not only of no benefit to you, but instead cost you much. Our serene Signory, always ready for works of mercy, is also part-owner of them and, since they and others do not even hesitate about using their shares, do you, Holy Father, for the sake of Christ and His faithful, act freely and make this merciful exchange.

Mercy indeed befits your high estate, my son deserves it from you, the world looks for it from your holy hands. Let all see how you follow, as also these others do, high examples of goodness and charity.

I and my son, prostrate at your feet in the love of Christ, entreat you with tears to hear us and most suppliantly commend ourselves to you.

I kiss your feet and am the most humble of your servants,  
Scipio Costanzo.

Alphonso d'Este wrote to Henry III, thanking him in the name of Scipio Costanzo for having written to the Bishop of Acqs, his Ambassador in Constantinople, about Giovan Tomaso. He tells him that Scipio had served with a thousand men-at-arms during the war in Picardy, under King Francis and King Henry, father and grandfather of His Majesty, and had been highly esteemed by them. The Costanzo family in Naples also had been faithful to the House of Anjou and had been exiled from their estates of Nicastro and Somma in consequence. He suggests that Scipio hopes to have these estates restored to him by the conquering Henry and to be able to retire to them in security, there to end his days.

Henry indeed had written very cordially :

From Venice, the 25th day of July, 1574.

To Monsignor, the Bishop of Acqs, Councillor of my Privy Council and my Ambassador at the Porte of the Grand Turk or, if he be absent, to Monsignor de Lille, his brother also my Ambassador.

I received such honour from the Signory of Venice when I passed through the town, that I am freshly inclined to favour them and to do all I can to their advantage. And to begin with, I want to press for the liberation of Lord Giovan Tomaso Costanzo, who has been for some time the prisoner of His Highness the Sultan. You can do nothing to please me more than by making urgent representations on my behalf to His Highness and to Mehemet Pasha, assuring them that by granting this favour they will give me extreme satisfaction.

But remember that, if you ask even several times and they do not grant the favour, you must still go on asking because to give up the attempt would be to leave the young man in worse state than he now is. You may be sure that no proof of your affection and of your devotion to my service could be so acceptable to me as obtaining for Giovan Tomaso his freedom. I am very confident that we shall get it. I desire it greatly, so as to help the Lord Scipio his father and I have great faith in your skill in diplomacy.

In all this, Monsignor Acqs, I pray God to have you in His holy and excellent protection.

Henry.

Leonora d'Este wrote from Mantua, on 8 October, 1573 (?) to the Emperor, "the Sacred Majesty of Caesar", in favour of Giovan Costanzo and of Hercole Malatesta

of Arimini, both slaves of the Turk and prisoners in the Tower of the Black Sea. She will have the emperor instruct his Ambassador in Rome to entreat His Holiness to work in accord with the Lords of the Holy League and arrange an exchange of prisoners. She signs herself "His Majesty's obedient servant and sister" and adds a line in German and in her own hand: "I pray your Majesty to do this favour to these two personages and not to refuse, for the grace to myself would be very great." The last letter from Scipio on the subject that had burdened his life and tortured his heart for years is written to the Doge of Venice.

To the most Serene Prince,

The difficulties, so many of them, that have arisen over the liberation of my only son Giovan Tomaso have brought me much sorrow and this sorrow is the greater because it seems the rumour spreads that I myself am the cause of these delays. They say that, through over anxiety to free him, I have gone about to procure his deliverance from the Emperor and the King of France and that in this I have done him harm rather than good because I have only made him seem of more value in the enemy's eyes. This is all so untrue, altogether untrue, that I must clear myself of the imputation.

They have never, except on one occasion, asked freedom for my son alone, but have always asked, at the same time, for Lord Hercole Malatesta and Lord Ludovico Birago. All three we desired to be set free together and by asking for this we did not, surely, cause one more than another to seem important. Nevertheless, the Turks have always set, and still set my son far above his companions so that they have asked in exchange for him Mehemet Bey, Sangiacco of Negroponte, one of the foremost among the Turkish slaves in Rome and they have not proposed either Malatesta or Birago as an equal exchange for Mehemet. It is clear from this that, although the King and the Emperor made no distinction between the three prisoners, the Turks do make one and have an even extravagant opinion of my poor son. To me, this is only an added misfortune. Their esteem of him came from the fact, which I am now forced to tell, that they saw him themselves facing their Fleet and understood well the high courage and judgment which enabled him to fight them for a whole day with his one ship. It was on this account that they sent him to Constantinople as a gift to the Grand Turk and, when he arrived there, took him straight to the Sultan himself who, with

his own mouth, commanded him to become a Turk. This action of the Sultan was the origin of the esteem they had for him and when the son of Mehemet Pasha promised to hold him dear as his own brother if he would but deny his faith, and when they offered him honour and riches on the same condition and he scorned them all, then they thought incomparably more of him. He was firm in his refusal and, even when they threatened him with death and led him to the block with his hands bound behind him, he did but repeat and repeat that he accepted death willingly for the sake of Christ Jesus.

All this in a young man of 17 was not only the admiration of all Christendom, but was recognized and honoured by the Turks themselves. They had not so tested any other prisoner, so that my son alone is important in their barbarian eyes. But they wondered at him most of all when they circumcized him by violence, for he said the Credo aloud the whole time and tore off the gold tunic in which they had clothed him and flung the turban they gave him on the ground, stamping on both in presence of them all, so intrepid was his heart.

It was not my asking special favours for him (I have never asked them albeit during the war they were offered me) that made him conspicuous, it was the deeds done by my son himself. Your Serenity will have heard of them in your dispatches from Constantinople.

But because all this has come upon my son on account of his brave and Christian conduct and because he met it all in the service of your Serenity, I entreat you for your merciful and gracious aid. I beg you to bring to bear all the help you can, all that most meets the case. Your favour and assistance to him, when they bring about his liberation, will enable me to consecrate him afresh to the service of Our Serene Republic which may Almighty God have ever in his eternal care.

The final letter of this interesting series is from Antonio Tiepolo, one of the Venetian Agents in Constantinople. It brings at last, after weary years, good news to the devoted father.

From Constantinople, the 20th March, 1575.  
Most Illustrious Lord,

The liberation of your son, Lord Giovan Tomaso, is so near at hand that he can well dispense for a short while with your Lordship's letters. I therefore am keeping them, little as I like leaving him to think that his dear ones are neglecting him. But your Lordship must believe that I am doing it for the best, even though I seem cruel. It is as if a father kept from his son food

which would harm him and this is all I can say in reply to your letter of February 4th.

The negotiations here are most difficult and no one could understand them unless he were on the spot, at a distance he would be likely to misjudge the matter entirely.

I congratulate you with all my heart because soon you will have back the good son you so much desire. This comes of God's grace and a little also from my sincere efforts.

Your Lordship's

Antonio Tiepolo.

The letters end here. We are told nothing of the liberation, of the joy of father and son, of the family meeting. Letters indeed had become unnecessary. Of the after-fate of the gallant young man we learn something from the notes made by Messer Bartolomeo da Fano to the *History of the World* by Roseo. These notes were published with the History in 1581. He says :

The great valour shown in this fight\* by Giovan Tomaso Costanzo deserves everlasting praise. He was the only son of his father who, with the permission of the Doge of Venice his natural Lord, had most generously sent him, together with an admirable company of soldiers, to the service of the Catholic King in the Flemish War. He was received by the Prince of Parma with much honour and made a great deal of, so that in the end he became one of the secret War Council, an honour not usually given to anyone not a Fleming. This brave and able young man, only twenty-six years of age, had been wounded rather seriously a few days before he died, but on so great an occasion † he insisted on putting on his armour and on the fateful day, fully armed, he over and over again forced his way into the enemy's ranks and his valour and high heart were evident to all. But this exertion was too great, his wound became much worse and a strong fever came upon him. In only a few days, it carried him off out of this weary life into that other where the servants of Christ have their reward. We may surely believe that he is now safely there and gathers the fruit of the valorous conduct by which he so often defended the true Catholic and Christian faith.

With this striking epitaph, among the best a man can have, we may very well end the account of Giovan Tomaso.

M. G. CHADWICK.

\* A battle outside Cambrai.

† As the battle at Cambrai.

## CATHOLIC EASTERN CHURCHES AND THE HOLY SEE

*We desire intensely that all people should be Catholics, but not all Latins.*

Benedict XIV : Encyclical *Allatae Sunt*.

THE Catholic Church of Christ took its rise from the East. Greek was the language used by the Roman Church until the third century A.D., and in the East were held eight Oecumenical Councils, whilst during a period of seventy-five years in the sixth and seventh centuries almost all the Pontiffs occupying Saint Peter's Chair were of Greek origin. Until that fateful sixteenth day of July, 1054, when the Pope's Legates solemnly laid the Pontiff's Bull of Excommunication directed against Cerularius, Patriarch of Constantinople, and two fellow prelates, on the High Altar of the Cathedral Church of the Holy Wisdom, East and West had remained one in faith, acknowledging a Primacy of jurisdiction in the Apostolic See of Rome, but each preserving its own individual rites and liturgical customs, linked together in unity, but not uniformity.

What is known as the Great Schism may be said to have been due to political as much as doctrinal differences, for the Patriarchs of New Rome, that magnificently planned city founded by Constantine the Great on the shores of the Bosphorus, claimed an almost equal rank with the Patriarch of the West and Supreme Pontiff of the Universal Church. The separation seemed complete, yet the various Greek congregations scattered up and down Southern Italy and Sicily remained faithful to the Roman Obedience, with Grottaferrata, that famous monastery set upon the Alban Hills, whose Greek monks can date an unbroken succession from a period of fifty years anterior to 1054. Save for this exception, and the brief reunion signalized by that Council held at Florence in 1439 attended by Joseph II, Patriarch of Constantinople, whose tomb may be seen in the Dominican Church of Santa Maria Novella in the City of Flowers, the corporate division of East and West has



continued and still continues to this day. Yet at the fall of Constantinople in 1453 the final liturgy was chanted by priests of the Church Catholic, and her last Emperor, Constantine the Twelfth, fell in battle against the incoming Ottoman, in peace and communion with the Holy See. The intervening centuries from our time have seen a continuing return of Eastern dissidents to Catholic unity, from a mere trickle of individuals to large accesses of whole or partial communities, as exemplified by the nation of Maronites in 1182, and the 2000 Malankarese with two Bishops in 1930.

There exists a great deal of ignorance or misconception on the part of Western Catholics with regard to their brethren of the Eastern rite, which the Byzantine-Slav Concelebration at Westminster Cathedral some years back, and the presence of the former Jacobite prelate, Mar Ivanios, Archbishop of Trivandrum in Malabar, at the Dublin Eucharistic Congress, may have helped to dissipate in the minds of Irish and English Catholics. Many people are wholly unaware that no less than eight million persons belonging to the various Eastern Rites give allegiance to the Holy See and are absolutely equal with themselves as regards their Catholicity. Even if they possess a more or less hazy idea of their existence they are often inclined to think that these faithful Catholics of the Oriental Rite are of an inferior type to members of the Western Patriarchate. They may well take to heart the words of Pope Benedict the Fifteenth, who found time during his too short Pontificate, when the world was immersed in war, to advance the cause of his Eastern children: "The Church of Jesus Christ is neither Latin nor Greek nor Slav, but Catholic. Accordingly she makes no difference between her children, and Greek, Latin, Slav, and members of all other nations, are equal in the eyes of the Apostolic See."

It is doubtless true that the fact that secular priests of the Oriental Rite are permitted to marry before they are ordained, and that fifty per cent of their number have taken advantage of an age-long custom, causes not infrequently a stumbling block in countries where the Latin Rite is supreme. This has certainly been the

case in the United States and Canada, to which countries many thousands of Eastern Catholics have emigrated, and where they number 635,000. In fact an Apostolic Letter (since withdrawn) in response to representations made, which vetoed the employment of married Eastern clergy, led to a secession of 10,000 Ruthenian Catholics. A married priest of the Byzantine Rite who had the charge of his people in a certain European city, complaining that he was looked askance at by his Latin neighbours, clerical as well as lay, added somewhat pathetically that the Holy Father had himself blessed his family!

The total number of Catholic Easterns amounts to 8,200,000 as compared with 154,000,000 dissidents forming the Orthodox Eastern Churches. Of the former, Ruthenians are the largest body, 5,162,385, whilst the smallest is represented by the Catholic Greeks. The several Rites to which the Eastern Catholics belong are the Byzantine, Alexandrian, Armenian, Antiochean, and Chaldean. Each of these Rites has its special Liturgy which differs in certain details, according to the several nationalities included in it. The Eastern Liturgies are more florid in their wording as compared with the plain severity of the Latin Mass, and except in the case of the Syrian Melkites, extra-liturgical *cultus* of the Most Holy Sacrament is not general.

During the Pontificate of Benedict XV the Oriental Churches were placed under a Sacred Eastern Congregation of which the Prefect is always the reigning Pope. It had been the invariable custom of the Holy See to protect all the traditional rites and ceremonies of the Eastern Rites, a policy which unfortunately has by no means been invariably followed by certain local Latin prelates and clergy, whose zeal for Latinization has caused considerable losses to the Church at different periods in her history. Converts to Catholicism from the dissident bodies belonging to the Eastern Rite must join the Eastern Catholic branch of that Rite to which they belong, and in no case are they to become Latins.

This jealous guarding of Eastern privileges even extends to minor details, for when in 1934 the Coptic

Administrator asked permission to translate into Arabic the formula for blessing the five-fold Scapular he was told that if the Copts wanted Scapulars these must be blessed in conformity with their own Rite.

#### THE BYZANTINE RITE

The outstanding feature in Churches of the Byzantine Rite is the *eikon-ostasis*, or screen, in front of the sanctuary; this is divided by doors which in the case of the Ruthenian Rite are never closed. The Deacon occupies a special position in the Eastern Rite, and forms a sort of link between Celebrant and people, his place during the Sacred Liturgy being normally just outside these "holy doors". The consecration does not include an Elevation of the Host and Chalice as in the Western Rite, and is followed by the *epiklesis*, which is an invocation of the Holy Ghost, a prayer that the Holy Spirit should descend on the Sacred Species. Dissident Easterns claim that the Consecration is not completely effected until after the *epiklesis* has been pronounced. Baptism is by immersion, and the Sacrament of Confirmation is conferred by a priest immediately succeeding the former Rite. Extreme Unction, "Holy Anointing" is the Eastern term, has theoretically to be performed by seven priests, but in practice one priest gives the seven-fold unction, seven candles being kept burning during the ceremony. On Good Friday a figure of Christ is laid upon an ornamental bier surrounded by flowers and spices, and is carried in procession. The custom of eating blessed corn cakes in commemoration of the Faithful Departed has its counterpart in Italy, but in that country the cakes eaten are not blessed.

The Greek communities in Italy and Sicily, descendants of original settlers anterior to the Great Schism, reinforced by later Albanian fugitives from Moslem persecution, are absolutely confirmed in their Byzantine Rite by the Brief *Etsi Pastorales* of Benedict XIV, this constitution ordaining that no Latin Ordinary must interfere with their rites and customs, and decreeing the appointment of a Byzantine Vicar-General. These people

occupy twenty villages in Italy, mainly in Calabria of the southernmost corner, and six in the neighbouring island of Sicily. Benedict XV in 1919 constituted a separate eparchy for the Calabrian Byzantines, with its See at Lungro, and restored to their priests the right to confirm. It may be added that these priests have retained their right to marry before ordination to the Diaconate. The Catholics of the Greek Rite living in Greece receive scant consideration from their fellow countrymen who are almost entirely members of the autocephalous Greek Orthodox Church. It may be of some interest to note, however, that in 1929 certain members of the dissident Greek Communion residing at Lyons in France, dissatisfied with the ministrations of their bishop for Western Europe, sought admission into the Catholic Church, and a priest of the Catholic Greek Rite was sent to them from Athens. At Leghorn there is a church for the Greek Catholic colony there: the present priest is a Melkite, and the Liturgy celebrated in Arabic.

The Greek colony at Cargese in Corsica must not be confused with the Italo-Greeks. It owes its establishment to an exodus from Boitylos in the Morea of 700 persons, in 1675, refugees from Turkish domination, who were given a settlement in Corsica by the Comte de Marboeuf, at that time French Governor General of the island, and who accepted the Roman jurisdiction. They speak a Greek dialect, although this is dying out, and have preserved their traditional rites and customs modified by certain Western accretions, Baptism being separated from Confirmation, which is conferred at the Western age by the Bishop of Ajaccio, and an immigration from their number is settled in Sidi-Meruan in Algeria.

The 5,000,000 Ruthenians living in Polish Galicia and Czechoslovakian Podcarpathia are descended from ancestors who followed Russia into schism. In 1575 a historical meeting at Brest-Litovsk of the dissident Metropolitan of Kiev and his suffragan bishops resulted in all but two becoming reunited with the Holy See, the Bishops of Lwów and Przemyśl coming in later. The Ruthenian Church suffered much persecution after

the partition of Poland, and the invariable policy of Russia being against their Eastern Rite which approximated too nearly to the Orthodox Russian, the 300,000 Ruthenians who returned to the Catholic religion, following Nicholas II's declaration of religious freedom, were obliged to register as Latins. The present Ruthenian position has been greatly strengthened under the rule of Count Andrew Szepticky, Ruthenian Archbishop of Lwów, with the valuable assistance of his brother Count Casimir Szepticky (Father Michael) founder of the Studite Order of monks whose labours have been most fruitful. In Podcarpathia there has been a considerable amelioration in the case of the unfortunate schism which began in 1920, and in three years lost seventy villages and 100,000 souls to the Church.

Rumanian Catholics of the Eastern Rite number one and a half millions, their Liturgy being celebrated in the vernacular. The majority of their countrymen belong to the dissident Orthodox Church, but the Catholic Church received a notable accretion in 1701, when Bishop Athanasius with thirty-eight Arch-priests brought in 200,000 souls with their 1500 pastors, on the prelates' stipulation that their discipline, church ritual, fasts and customs should remain unchanged, being agreed to by the Holy See. Relations between Catholic Easterns and Orthodox are very friendly, and at the Easter ceremonies in the Rumanian Church in Rome, dissident Rumanians are in a majority.

The Maronites, Syrians who dwell in the mountainous regions of the Lebanon, claim that they have never forsaken the unity of the Catholic Church. But the undoubted fact is that although they did not accept the Monophysite heresy, yet their attachment to the Eastern Empire led them into following the Emperor Heraclius' Monothelite errors. Not until 1182 did their entire nation reunite itself to the Apostolic See; it has ever since remained pre-eminently loyal in the face of Turkish persecution, and now is incorporated in the independent Republic of the Lebanon under French protection; 300,000 in number, they owe allegiance to a Maronite Patriarch of Antioch. Their many monasteries,

for monasticism has ever been popular amongst them, occupy picturesque positions on the Lebanon highlands.

Here it may perhaps be mentioned that Eastern monasticism is exclusively contemplative and embodies the threefold desire to give up the world, to practise penance and to worship God.

## THE ALEXANDRIAN RITE

The Alexandrian Rite, of Egypt, is followed by the Copts and the Ethiopians, who received the Faith in the fifth century brought to Aksum by St. Frumentius, the first Ethiopian Bishop, who was consecrated by the famous Patriarch of Alexandria, St. Athanasius. When the Alexandrian Church adopted the Monophysite heresy Ethiopia followed her parent church and adopted this error, and together with the dissident Copts remains Monophysite to this day. In 1630 a Capuchin Friar, subsequently martyred in Ethiopia, Blessed Agathangelo of Vendôme, had a large measure of success in reconciling dissident Copts, but his efforts were much hampered by obstacles put in his path by the local Latin ecclesiastical authorities, who showed little favour towards their Coptic brethren of the Eastern Rite. At the present time the Catholic Copts number 41,000, ruled by a Patriarch styled "of Alexandria and the Copts".

Of the Missions to Ethiopia there is extant an extraordinary wealth of original documents recently compiled into twenty volumes. Reconciled with Rome early in the seventeenth century following the success of Father Peter Paez, of the Company of Jesus, who succeeded in converting the reigning Emperor, the act of reconciliation being sealed by his successor, severe measures were taken to enforce the decree; the usual want of tact so often shown by Latins in their relations with Easterns, in contradiction to the policy of the Holy See, led to a revulsion which plunged Ethiopia once more into schism and bestowed the crown of martyrdom on heroic men who had only erred in carrying their zeal for non-essentials too far. Ethiopia was thus closed to missionary effort for two centuries.



In the middle of last century an ex-Monophysite monk, beatified in 1926, Aba Michael Abra, converted the Emperor, but on the latter's overthrow only escaped martyrdom through the intercession of the British Consul and died shortly afterwards in prison, broken by torture and privations. Cardinal Massaia's Vicariate achieved a considerable measure of success in the Galla country, and the Catholic Ethiopian Rite includes today about 30,000, mostly in Eritrea.

The Sacred Eastern Congregation is anxious that the ancient Alexandrian Liturgy should be preserved, and hopes for the adhesion of converts from the dissident native clergy. At the present time there is one native Ethiopian Bishop who has his headquarters at Asmara, and seventy priests. Whereas Catholics of the Eastern Rite, with the exception of the Armenians (whose dissidents do the same), the Maronites and Malabarese, use leavened bread for the Eucharistic Sacrifice, the Ethiopian Eastern Catholics differ from all other Rites in consecrating leavened altar breads at Solemn Masses but *azyme* when Low Mass is celebrated.

#### THE ANTIOCHENE RITE

"The most venerable chief and head Patriarch of the great Cities, Antioch, Alexandria and Jerusalem, of Cilicia, Syria and Iberia, of Arabia, Mesopotamia and the Pentapolis, of Ethiopia, of Egypt, and All the East, the Lord Cyril, Father of Fathers, Shepherd of Shepherds, High Priest of High Priests, and Thirteenth Apostle", to quote his full title, rules over 150,000 people whose losses during the Great War have been compensated by extensions in the regions of Tripoli, Galilee and Transjordan.

The Melkites are more jealous of their Rite than any other peoples of the Levant. With them the Byzantine Liturgy is rendered entirely in Arabic, and in contradistinction to other Catholic Easterns, they have a very great external devotion to the Most Holy Sacrament. The Antiochene Rite is also followed by the reconciled Malankarese of Malabar in India who followed Mar Ivanios into the Church on 20 September, 1930.

### THE ARMENIAN RITE

During the world war the Armenian Catholics suffered only less than have their co-religionists of the Latin Rite in Spain of today, as regards ecclesiastics, and Religious of both sexes. They lost nine bishops, a hundred priests, forty-five nuns and three thousand lay people, whilst eight hundred ecclesiastical buildings were destroyed, hence they only now number about 42,000. In Poland there have been Armenians since the fourteenth century, of whom the majority submitted to Rome between 1630 and 1681. Many have joined the Latin Rite and at present number 5000 under an Armenian Archbishop of Lwów. On the island of San Lazzaro in the Venetian Lagoon stands an Abbey of the Armenian Mekhitarist Order of Monks whose Abbot is always a Titular Archbishop.

### THE CHALDEAN RITE

These represent the Catholic remnants of that great but heretical Nestorian Church which existed and flourished for centuries and included several hundred dioceses, extending even to India and China, but which was overwhelmed by the waves of heathen onslaught and wellnigh eliminated. At one time the Catholic Patriarchate descended from uncle to nephew, an undesirable nepotical practice which the Holy See ended by appointing in 1830 a coadjutor with right of succession. Seventy-one thousand in number, they are under the jurisdiction of a Patriarch, whose seat of government is at Mosul.

The Christians of Malagar on the south-west coast of India include 532,000 Syrian Catholics, several thousand ex-Jacobites of the Antiochene Rite, known as Malankarese, and 458,000 Latins; thus they form three distinct Rites. Malabarese have always claimed that their country was originally evangelized by St. Thomas the Apostle, hence their popular appellation of "St. Thomas' Christians". When the Portuguese landed in 1498 the natives welcomed them as brothers in the Faith, and fifty years later St. Francis Xavier recognized the Catholicity of their bishops. Unfortunately that spirit of

Latinization which has done so much mischief elsewhere, and which is so contrary to Papal decrees, made itself supreme in Malabar, with the result that practically the whole community seceded in 1653. Nine years later, however, 84 out of 116 parishes returned to unity, the remainders' descendants forming the schismatic body known as Malabar Jacobites, two of whose prelates were reconciled to the Roman See seven years ago and whose followers use the Antiochene Rite in their Liturgy. Except as regards the Liturgy, the Malabarese of the Eastern Rite are scarcely indistinguishable as regards their rites and ceremonies from their neighbours of the Latin Rite, and their conduct is held up as an example by favourers of that Latin Rite for Easterns, the attempted imposition of which in the seventeenth century lost nearly half a million souls to the Church.

It is impossible to shut one's eyes to the fact that the dissident Eastern Churches number 154,000,000 amongst their adherents whilst the Catholic Eastern Rites can only muster 8,000,000, and the late Holy Father urged most insistently the duty of in every possible way assisting toward reunion. Knowledge begets sympathy, and the Pope's Encyclical *Rerum Orientalium* suggests that in every ecclesiastical college there should be one professor entrusted with the duty of instructing students on Eastern subjects. Earlier in 1924, in a letter to the Abbot Primate of the Benedictine Congregations, Pius XI desired that at least one Abbey of each Congregation should concern itself especially with Oriental matters. At the Priory of Amay in Belgium, where both the Latin and Byzantine Liturgies are in use, the monks devote themselves exclusively to this object.

In this way [wrote the Pope], not a little profit may be expected, for the Church, from young priests' consciousness of Eastern doctrines and rites, profit not only to Orientals, but also to the Western Clergy, who will thus naturally understand Catholic theology and Latin discipline more adequately, and be excited to a yet warmer love for the true Bride of Christ, whose bewitching beauty in the diversity of her various Rites they would be enabled to see more clearly and impressively.

JOSCELYNE LECHMERE.

## SOME RECENT BOOKS

*The Unity of Philosophical Experience.* By Etienne Gilson.  
(Sheed & Ward. 10s. 6d. net.)

THE problems raised in this volume—a series of lectures given by Professor E. Gilson at Harvard University—are manifold, but they all centre on one point. In the history of philosophy we witness the endless chain of mutually destructive systems that runs from Thales to Karl Marx, from the dawn of philosophy to our present times.

A problem approached from a wrong angle or treated in the wrong way sets a false trail. As soon as the principles upon which the system is built are brought to their logical conclusions its structural weakness becomes evident. Hence a new system arises, which, however, having a similar congenial defect, comes necessarily to the same end. One system burying another system, and a failure following other failures, bring philosophers to a mistrust of their own principles and of philosophy itself, and the result is utter despair and scepticism. A new experiment is then set up to start afresh philosophical speculation. Eventually the new movement begins with a similar blunder, and consequently brings with it similar struggle; so that the same old cycle will revolve in the same old way.

The crucial problem, then, with which history of philosophy is confronted is this: Is the constant recurrence of these similar cycles with similar results determined by intelligible laws, or is it due to mere chance? Or perhaps is philosophy itself the ultimate cause of its own failure? Is it, perhaps, because metaphysics has by now been long exhausted, and proved by history to be doomed to its own destruction?

The aim and scope of the present book is to show that history of philosophy, philosophically understood, gives a philosophical answer to all these queries. With critical acumen Professor Gilson has chosen to illustrate his argument by three philosophical "experiments": the Mediaeval, the Cartesian and the Modern. Of each movement he analyses the starting point, the implications, ramifications, culmination, and finally the breakdown.

Gilson's treatment of the *Mediaeval experiment* shows all the best qualities we have long admired in him: scholarship without pedantry, and perfect mastery of his subject which gives him freedom to move among complicated problems with ease and to express difficult doctrines with clarity and exactness.

The starting point of his inquiry is Abailard's attempt to solve the famous problem of Universals. Abailard failed. He was not

a philosopher, but a logician. Unaware of the borderline that separates logic from philosophy, he mistook one for the other and tried to disentangle a philosophical question by pure logic. "The ultimate result of Abailard's error was the same—that we inevitably will see following similar mistakes—scepticism. If our concepts are but words, without any other contents than more or less vague images, all universal knowledge becomes a mere set of arbitrary opinions" (p. 29).

After logicism comes theologism. By banishing philosophy as inconsistent with a truly Christian life, some theologians hoped to avert its dangers; while others, without condemning philosophy as such, tried to merge it into theology. Accordingly, instead of dealing with philosophical problems in a philosophical way, they approached them from a theological angle and handled them for a purely theological purpose. The results, as it was to be expected, were equally disastrous.

It is noteworthy that the same cycle with the same fatal results occurred in the history of Islamic thought. The comparison drawn by Professor Gilson between the two experiments is very illuminating, as most instructive is the parallel between al-Ashari's teaching and that of Descartes and Malebranche.

Among the representatives of the tendency to consider philosophy as a branch of theology, Gilson singles out "one of the most lovable figures in the whole history of mediaeval thought, St. Bonaventura, the most perfect exponent of Franciscan theology". He clearly shows how St. Bonaventura by a mistaken notion of philosophy, by lessening the efficacy of free will, by his interpretation of physical causality, by the theory of divine illumination, paved the way to a scientific and philosophical scepticism redeemed by a theological appeal to the grace of God.

If piety is not theology, remarks Gilson, still less is it philosophy. St. Bonaventura's disciples, Matthew of Aquasparta, Roger Marston, Peter Olivi, attempted to improve their master's doctrine, but the answer remained substantially the same, and suffered from the same difficulty. "If the truth of my judgements comes to me from God only, and not from my reason, there is no natural foundation for true knowledge." And Gilson goes on to expound the desperate effort of the early Franciscan school to find a satisfactory definition of even the *object* of natural knowledge.

Then came Ockhamism, and with it scepticism was in full stream. Gilson gives a brilliant analysis of Ockham's teaching, full of sound and witty remarks, as when he tells us that Ockham had the privilege of being the first known case of a new intellectual disease, most difficult to describe by an appropriate name, but particularly common among the scientists of today. One would

be tempted to call it *scientism*, if it were not for the fact that its first result is to destroy, together with the rationality of science, its very possibility. Ockhamism was not a reformation but a revolution. As soon as it took deep root in the universities, scholastic philosophers began to mistrust their own principles and mediaeval philosophy broke down.

I wish space would allow me to follow Professor Gilson's excellent exposition of the *Cartesian* (concerning which he is, of course, a leading authority) and *Modern experiments*. With inflexible logic and convincing security he describes the rise and fall of Cartesianism, Kantism, Hegelianism, etc. To rescue philosophy from the chaotic state in which it stood, Descartes devised to build his philosophical system on unshakable certainty, that is, mathematicism. Leibniz brought his contribution with his system of pre-established harmony, Spinoza with his pantheism and Malebranche with his occasionalism. Unable to stand the assaults of Locke, Gassendi, Voltaire, Berkeley and Hume, Cartesianism broke down. Its end was as its beginning—despair and scepticism.

With Kant begins the *Modern experiment*. "David Hume," wrote Kant, "first broke my dogmatic slumber." Freeing himself from Descartes's mathematicism, Kant endeavours to construct his philosophy on physicism, unmindful that metaphysics is no more capable of physical than mathematical demonstration. Consequently his metaphysics, devoid of concrete objects, is a mere illusion, though an inevitable illusion. As a compensation ethics is charged with the obligation of solving metaphysical problems without consulting metaphysics. Comte to build up a more solid philosophical edifice based it on sociologism. Other attempts came forward, those of Hegel, Karl Marx, and others, and all were destined to failure. The last word in philosophical failure is of those "too many among us still looking at irrationality as the last bulwark of liberty" (p. 300).

These three experiments taken together form a centuries-long philosophical experience, coming down from the eleventh century to our own time. Such varied and long experience amply justifies Professor Gilson's conclusions. Underlying all the several systems and their ultimate failures there is a remarkable unity, determined by intelligible laws, which enables us to define the true nature of philosophical speculation. Philosophy is not dead, because *philosophy always buries its undertakers*. Metaphysics is not an exhausted and broken science, but is alive and will live so long as man lives. Since reason is the specific difference of man, man, by his very nature, is a metaphysical animal. As metaphysics aims at transcending all particular knowledge, no particular science is



competent either to solve metaphysical problems, or to judge their metaphysical solutions. Hence all the failures we have witnessed, and many others too, are not due to metaphysics, but to metaphysicians who overlooked or misused its first principles. "A man is always free to choose his principles, but when he does he must face their consequences to the bitter end. During the middle ages, the exact place of philosophical speculation had been clearly defined by St. Thomas Aquinas; nothing, however, could have obliged his successors to stay there; they left it of their own accord, and they were quite free to do so, but once this had been done, they were no longer free to keep philosophy from entering upon the road to scepticism" (p. 121).

To all lovers of wisdom, to whatever school do they belong, I recommend most warmly this valuable book.

D. A. CALLUS, O.P.

*Reality and Value.* By A. Campbell Garnett, M.A., Litt.D. (Allen & Unwin. 12s. 6d. net.)

THIS is a closely reasoned exposition of a realist, but not materialist, metaphysic and, in particular, a defence of the objectivity of values. To a great extent we can agree with the author's thesis, as we must congratulate him upon his ability in expounding it. Much, indeed, that he *laboriously* proves is obvious to common sense. That sense data are not purely subjective, that there is a persistent individual self, and that values are discovered, not invented by our personal preferences, are facts accepted without question by the ordinary man. But unfortunately modern philosophy has departed so far from common sense that all these certitudes are widely denied by philosophers and Dr. Garnett's arguments are thus far from superfluous.

Moreover, the problem involved by the first of these common-sense affirmations, the objective reality of *sensa*, is in fact one of the most difficult in the whole of philosophy. Plotinus was grappling with it in the third century and Dr. Garnett has to grapple with it in the twentieth. For on examination it becomes clear that, if *sensa* are objective, they are also subjective. A red object is not red to the colour-blind. Where then are *sensa* to be located? In a special order of being, Dr. Garnett concludes. He does not make it very clear how this order of *sensa* is correlated with the spatial order of extended objects. Perhaps it would be better to regard *sensa* as qualities grounded in objects but actualized only by and for their percipients. Dr. Garnett himself regards values as potentialities of the objects to which they are attached, actualized only in relation to wills that discover and seek them. Are not *sensa* in a somewhat similar position?

The most deplorable feature of Dr. Garnett's philosophy, a feature which robs it of much of the value it would otherwise have possessed, is his doctrine of God and the universe in relation to God. Profoundly religious, Dr. Garnett believes himself to have established on philosophical grounds a theism satisfactory to the thinker and believer alike. This, however, he has signally failed to do. For his God is not identified with the Absolute. The Absolute is rather the universe as a whole. God, the Eternal Will in Dr. Garnett's terminology, is correlated with "an Eternal Object . . . capable of diversification into the multiple qualities and forms of space, sense and value. And . . . Reality involves the active process of Time or Mind. Each of these three types of entity is incomplete without the other. They are not so many and independent reals. The nature of each is complementary to the other". That is to say, God is but one aspect of a triune Godhead which includes the universe, and is the Absolute. Such an absolute, however, including as it does the contingent beings of the universe, is not an absolute. The metaphysical insight which forbids us to rest in a final contingency and apprehends in the contingent the Absolute which it implies compels us to affirm an absolute God wholly other than the universe and not really related to it—the relationship being from the universe to God, not vice versa. Moreover Dr. Garnett's objection to the doctrine that the material universe is God's body, namely, that such physical disorders as earthquakes would be diseases of God, is equally fatal to the view actually adopted.

The hypostatizing of time and its identification with mind is the most curious and unintelligible aspect of Dr. Garnett's metaphysics. Time is clearly nothing substantial, but the property of temporal objects or rather of the process of their changes. And far from being identical with mind, its most apparent and generalizable form, clock-time, is fundamentally a physical not a mental phenomenon.

Dr. Garnett's rejection of God's pure transcendence is not unconnected with his rejection of the *via negativa*, both as a metaphysical principle and as a religious experience. But without the *via negativa* a satisfactory theism is impossible. While rightly insisting that we have a direct intuition of the spatio-temporal object, Dr. Garnett fails to see that every form is the object of direct intuition. The *sensa* are not in fact pure *sensa*, for these would be insignificant atomic sensation-points, but involve an intuition of form by the mind. It may be that Dr. Garnett is right when he argues that it was through our experience of motion that we first apprehended the categories of whole and part and of causation. But the former is certainly also appre-

hended in static objects, and the latter is a special case of the wider principle of sufficient reason which the mind apprehends even apart from motion. So far is motion from revealing, as the author contends, the infinity of space and time, that we do not grant that they are in fact infinite. Only the absolute Godhead can be infinite.

We are glad that Dr. Garnett defends the category of substance, too commonly discredited by non-scholastic philosophers. But we cannot be satisfied with his explanation of it as nothing more in the last resort than the principle that "All things must be ultimately interpretable as diversifications of some common nature". All men are diversifications of human nature. But humanity is not a substance, whereas individual men are.

We emphatically deny that "The highest moral experience and genuine religious experience are essentially one". Religious experience is self-evidently *sui generis*. To be convinced of this Dr. Garnett need only read Otto's book on The Holy, which should have given this moralism its deathblow. It would be as true, in fact as false, to say that the highest aesthetic experience and the religious experience are one. No doubt both moral and aesthetic experience alike at their highest touch the frontier of religious—but they do not cross it.

Dr. Garnett is right in finding in conation, therefore, in man's will, the fundamental stuff of beings, i.e. though he does not use this terminology, in regarding objects as energies, energy-objects. To this extent we are with him believer in a certain primacy of energy. But we part company with him when he affirms an absolute primacy of conation and will over thought and mind, of energy, therefore, as against form. For the conative or volitional energy is itself actualized by a form, in man by the form of an intelligent soul. The apparent primacy of energy, of conation, proves only apparent. A profounder scrutiny shows that the true primacy lies with form, intelligible and intelligent. And in God the divine will is absolutely one with the divine intelligence, the source of forms. Dr. Garnett's energeticism must therefore be rejected. Moreover, it leads him to identify form with the potential factor of objects. On the contrary it is the factor which actualizes their potential energy, metaphysical matter, and thus constitutes the actual energy-objects. A practical error into which Dr. Garnett has been led by this energeticism is the preference of action to contemplation. Not only does he ignore the fact that the highest activity is immutable, but he reverses the essential order of values by subordinating being to doing, fruition to production.

E. I. W.

*The Early Eucharist.* By Felix L. Cirlot. (S.P.C.K. 12s. 6d. net.)

THE publication in English of a first-hand study of sources for the early history of the Eucharist is an important event. Dr. Cirlot's scientific care and fresh desire for the truth will win the sympathetic attention of Catholic scholars, and they will echo his gracefully expressed hope that whatever in the book "is erroneous may be rendered innocuous . . . and that if anything within it is true and valuable, it may prevail and minister to the progress of historical truth and to the vindication of sound theology".

Dr. Cirlot's thesis is that the Last Supper was a *Haburah*, or fellowship feast. From this developed the *Agape*, from which the Eucharist, though not separate as a meal, was distinct in the sense that "it was always distinguished in the minds of the . . . instructed from ordinary food". The "bread" came about the beginning of the meal and the cup at the end, each being "consecrated" by a "grace". But these were soon transposed into a "higher spiritual key", and, when the *Agape* was abolished, "bread" and "cup" came together. After early liturgical freedom, at some point the Words of Institution were inserted. The *epiklesis* came in later. Then Western and Eastern theories of consecration developed.

With the chapter on the early doctrine of the Eucharist as a sacrament, we are taken to the Christian writers themselves, and get more evidence and less hypothesis. The result is remarkable. For Dr. Cirlot reaches the emphatic conclusion that the general doctrine of the Church, witnessed by Ignatius, Justin, Irenaeus and Hippolytus, was one of uncompromising realism, and that it is equally obvious that the Eucharist was considered the supreme Christian sacrifice. The evidence for both conclusions is admirably marshalled. And the same realism is in St. Paul, St. John and the Synoptics.

There seem to be two strains in this book. In preparing a doctorate thesis one keeps off well-worn ground. Dr. Cirlot says he was advised to do so. We fear that the result has been an over-emphasis of the Jewish background at the expense of the simpler New Testament evidence. Thus the natural interpretation of the Synoptics is that the Last Supper was the Passover Meal, and the difficulty of dating in St. John can be accounted for by the fact that the Sadducees eat the Pasch a day later. Moreover, the Pasch was a memorial sacrifice. Now Jesus was telling His disciples to do what He did as His memorial sacrifice, and the Words of Institution for the cup are redolent of the paschal sacrifice. We are led to the simple conclusion that the Pasch preceded the Last

Supper. Dr. Cirlot rejects all such arguments without discussion, and builds up his theory on the *Haburah*, with bread at the beginning and cup at the end, each "consecrated" by a "blessing". But, surely, if the Eucharist is a sacrifice, as Dr. Cirlot acknowledges, the whole point of the separation of Body from Blood, the sacrificial symbolism, is lost if an interval is supposed between the two consecrations. Why should no trace have been left in antiquity—for after all Dr. Cirlot's view is only hypothesis—either of such an interval or of "consecration" by a "blessing"? Moreover there is the presence in all extant liturgies—with two doubtful exceptions—of the Words of Institution, which leave no interval.

Dr. Cirlot does not seem to have given full significance to this presence of the Words of Institution, and to have attached too much weight to the Didache's permission to the prophets to "hold Eucharist as much as they will". Has he noticed Dom Hugh Connolly's articles in the *Downside Review* on the Montanist character of the Didache? What seems to be true of the earliest fathers is that they ascribe the consecration to the whole eucharistic prayer with the Words of Institution as foundation. Dr. Cirlot does not seem to have remarked Justin's "food made Eucharist through the prayer of his word" (Apol. 66), or Tertullian's "panem corpus suum fecit, 'hoc est corpus meum' *dicendo*"; nor has he noticed that none of the great Greek Fathers stand exclusively for the *epiklesis*. And certainly "Roman theologians" need not be troubled by one! But the view that Hippolytus shows there was one at Rome seems to have been destroyed by Dom Connolly in the October *J. T. S.*

We have said quite enough in criticism, and now only point out that John vi and the Words of Institution are inexplicable without each other; thus there is no need to say that the Apostles could not interpret the Words of Institution "in the light of well-known . . . belief as we can", and conversely we can hardly explain our Lord's unpopularity at the end of the public mission except by John vi.

The epilogue to the book shall be quoted to show the power and candour of Dr. Cirlot's directly scientific work and the two strains in his thought: "We seem driven by the most cogent considerations to the really startling view that [St. Paul's belief in the Real Presence] was already the faith of Palestinian Jewish Christianity well before the Gentiles began to flock to the Church." Where did it come from? "The historical data, if viewed from the relatively narrow sphere in which we have so far been working, seem to clamour insistently for the answer that such an advanced belief, in such a milieu, at such an early date, admits of only one

explanation. That is, it must proceed from the one and only source sufficiently authoritative to secure the early, universal, and unchallenged acceptance of so extremely scandal-giving a belief, viz. the Lord . . . Himself." What then? "But historical considerations of a broader sort . . . seem to raise very serious doubts. . . ." Oh *praevalebit veritas*! Cannot we take the evidence and follow that out rather than the critics? *Quantum potes, tantum aude!*

DOM RALPH RUSSELL.

*The Social and Political Doctrines of Contemporary Europe.* By M. Oakeshott. (Cambridge University Press. 10s. 6d. net.)  
*The New State.* By Victor Pradera. (Sands. 8s. 6d. net.)

MR. OAKESHOTT has made a book of quite remarkable interest and value. The reader must not be put off because I use the word "made". The book is, indeed, a compilation, the amount of original matter being almost entirely restricted to the foreword by Professor Barker; but it is a compilation that shows in every one of its quoted texts that Mr. Oakeshott has thought deeply and has therefore chosen wisely in his objective presentation of the tenets of the five main schools of political thought in contemporary Europe, namely, Democracy, Communism, Nazism, Fascism—and Catholicism. The fact that Mr. Oakeshott has had the insight and courage to add the last (actually it comes second in the book's order) is in itself sufficient to give the work a high place in the list of text-books for the real student of political thought. The superficial, non-Catholic, politician, be he left or right, professes to ignore the Church; to the former Catholicism is just an appanage of Capitalism to be destroyed with it; to the latter the Church is of no concern except when its authority can be invoked to sustain the existing order of things. Many Catholics, even, do not seem to be aware that Christian philosophy has devised a coherent system of political ethics which can stand by itself and has no cause to be dependent on other political régimes. There is, indeed, some excuse for the notion, fairly general among Catholics, that the details of practical politics are outside the scope of the Church's interests, since the Church has always allowed to her children a freedom of allegiance to any political system provided that it ensures personal liberty, freedom of conscience and is conducted for the general good of its constituent members. This generous degree of liberty has often been falsely construed as though it meant that the Church is indifferent to political theories, and as a further practical consequence that Catholics must ally themselves to one or other of the existing ideologies. Actually this is far from being the case, and no



Catholic philosopher would accept any of the four above-named régimes without reservations and without submitting many of its tenets to criticism in the light of Christian principles.

On the other hand, in every system, even in the much-damned Communism, there are political ideals and aspirations that cannot fail to elicit the sympathetic approval of every true Christian, and it is the special virtue of this book that each system is presented at its best by those who believe in it and can speak with authority about it. There are no polemics—a serious omission in the eyes of those who are looking for ammunition for the party fight ; but the serious student will rejoice at the absence of mere debating points. Of course this fact makes the book more difficult to peruse, since the reader is required to exercise his own critical faculty and is not presented with cut-and-dried conclusions.

As an unbiased, objective—and within obvious limits, an authoritative—presentation of five conflicting theories Mr. Oakeshott's book will, I feel sure, receive the welcome that it deserves, for the author has brought together a catena of quotations that the average student would find difficult to assemble for himself. I, for instance, am particularly grateful for the extracts from the Constitution of Eire (1937), for I had never previously read the constitution and probably should not have known where to find it if I had thought of consulting it. Yet obviously it is a document of the greatest importance, being an attempt to lay the foundations of a modern state according to the Catholic model.

This leads naturally to a consideration of Victor Pradera's *The New State*, which also is an attempt to foreshadow the Christian state of the future. Pradera died a martyr for his belief that that state will be the new post-war Spain. Dr. Bernard Malley's translation of this book is, I feel sure, an authentic copy of the original ; I could wish that he had been less faithful to the author and more true to his own knowledge of what is readable English. It badly needed pruning ; as it stands it is an almost impenetrable thicket of words, words, words, that overlay the thought instead of revealing it. The key to Pradera's style is given in the prologue : "To the mind of Victor Pradera only one form of mental honesty, of intellectual rectitude, existed ; and that was logic." And so, to take the first chapter as an example, the reader is hectored as though he were a child, cudgelled as though he were an imbecile, battered as though he were a heretic ; and all to prove that man has a supernatural destiny ! Why twelve pages of blustering logic when it has been done in one clean thrust straight to the heart of the matter ?—"What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world ?"

The book has a foreword by the Prince of Asturias. His Royal Highness (naturally, since he is half English) is disturbed by the lack of sympathy shown in England for Catholic Spain. The reasons for this are various but they should not present any difficulty to one who knows England. You have, first, the official Anglican mind (like Mr. Sidney Dark's, for instance) which can never forget the Spanish Inquisition. Then you have the ruling classes, the Cecils and their like, who have never got over their fright at the Spanish Armada. At the other end of the social scale are the Labour politicians with their pathetic belief that Russian Communism represents democracy. Nothing will alter the sympathies of these three classes. But the average Englishman, who belongs to none of these parties, has never been able to account satisfactorily for the slaughter of priests and religious and the burning of churches. The Franco apologists who specialized in horrific statistics only made the confusion worse. If these horrors were perpetrated by the minority, why were they not prevented? If, however, they were done by the majority, then in what sense can we speak of "Catholic" Spain? The dilemma was seriously conceived and has not, in fact, been satisfactorily explained. S. J. G.

*The Spanish Arena.* By William Foss and Cecil Gerahty. (The Right Book Club.)

*World War in Spain.* By A. F. Loveday, O.B.E. (Murray. 6s. net.)

*Russia's Work in France.* By Reginald Dingle. (Robert Hale. 12s. net.)

THOUGH the Spanish civil war and the French experiment at "popular-front" government are now, happily, over, the three books under review retain their value. The writers possess a first-hand knowledge of their subjects and of the sinister forces operating behind the European scene, the documentation of their works is ample and authentic. Both books upon Spain were written before the fall of Madrid and final triumph of the Nationalists; it is regrettable that they did not come out earlier and reach a wider circle of readers. When they were issued, skilful propaganda had done its work; Franco's fight for civilization had been distorted into a revolt of ambitious, self-seeking generals, bolstered up by "fascists", against a lawful and progressive government. This idea has been so firmly rooted that even now, when the atrocity of Red rule in Spain has been exposed, too many still stubbornly adhere to it.

Since Mr. Loveday and the writers of *Spanish Arena* view the struggle from the same angle, necessarily they cover much of the

same ground ; Mr. Loveday's book is more concise. The writers are concerned to show that the civil war was actually a "world-war", one episode in the Komintern's bid for world domination. It had been engineered by the same international group responsible for the revolution in Russia. Indeed, as early as 1920 Lenin had predicted that Spain would be the next field for a successful proletarian revolution, and the fulfilment of this dictum became a pious legacy for his successor, and anyone who witnessed the Russian revolution would recognize many familiar features in the paving of the way for the sovietization of Spain. When the King was driven by trickery into exile and the Republic came into being, Soviet influence became more and more visible, and here it is useful to recall that there exists in Moscow a special state-subsidized training college for agitators from every country and every people. There is sufficient evidence for the indictment of the Komintern for the crimes perpetrated in Spain since 1931 with the object of establishing a soviet republic in the West, essential for the success of the world revolution. "If Spain became a Red republic the real attack on the western powers had begun, France . . . stands very near the brink, after France the target is England. . . . The Soviet attack on Spain was the most dangerous attack Europe had to face from Bolshevism."

Throughout twenty years of experience the Kremlin has brought its technique of revolution to perfection. Its tenets are of the simplest—man is easily corrupted, hence money is of paramount importance, both for individual corruption and for the financing of ceaseless and insistent propaganda. Secret societies play no small part in this plan. Mr. Loveday dates the beginning of foreign intervention in Spain as early as 1920, when the Komintern started its subversive activities. There is ample documentary evidence of Moscow's very thorough preparations for converting Spain into a soviet republic, but significantly the only constructive work left as a memento of her passage was the Barcelona Che-Ka with its scientifically devised torture chambers !

There is interesting information upon the international brigades, backbone of the Red army, whose organizer, the French communist Marty, confessed that, "the Spanish republic would long have been crushed but for the creation of a great popular army directed by a single command", and by the so-called "non-intervention" policy of which Mr. Loveday gives a terse account. France bears the heaviest responsibility for the prolongation of the strife ; indeed, it was by a very narrow margin that her "non-intervention" did not become open and active intervention on the Red side.

Mr. Loveday's book is supplemented by an appendix of documents of outstanding importance: they prove conclusively that General Franco's action only anticipated the communist rising planned to take place in June in Spain and France simultaneously.

Mr. Dingle's book, dealing with an aspect of communist activities in another field, serves as a useful corollary to these works upon Spain and lends weight to the thesis of the universality of the Kremlin's activities and objects. Though the "popular front" idea has been discredited in the West, Mr. Dingle's book remains a valuable record of an important and critical phase of France's troubled post-war history. The writer's inside knowledge of France and her intricate political machinery, as well as the close study he has made of the disruptive work of the Komintern in western Europe, qualify him to deal authoritatively with his subject.

Mr. Dingle surveys the international background which favoured Moscow's plans for the creation of a "popular front". It is not realized here how considerable are the funds the Kremlin spends abroad, "particularly in France", in order to promote world revolution, without which communism in Russia is doomed. Not only is the press subsidized—*Humanité* to the extent of several million francs a year—but the Communist Party owns several cinemas in Paris and its suburbs. The writer examines the various political parties and their leaders, of whom the erstwhile communist Doriot, leader of the *Parti Populaire*, is by many believed to be destined to play an important part. Maybe the most interesting chapters are those which deal with the *expérience Blum*, which is here shown in its true light, and the vaunted "reforms" to have actually been designed to create a maximum of dislocation, to "make capitalism unworkable"; in short, M. Blum, consciously or not, was playing the game of the communists.

O. B.

*Foreigners Aren't Knaves.* By Christopher Hollis. (Longmans, Green. 5s. net.)

*Communism and Christians.* Essays by François Mauriac and others. Translated by J. F. Scanlan. (The Paladin Press; Sands. 7s. 6d. net.)

*The Salvation of the Nations.* By Hermann Franke. Translated by Canon George Smith. (Coldwell. 4s.)

*Towards Freedom.* By Sir Alexander MacEwen. (Hodge. 5s. net.)

MR. HOLLIS has again earned the gratitude of the general reader for his enlightening and interesting reports of the discussions of Algernon and his friend Bobby on foreign affairs. The slight appearance of the book and the colloquial style of writing conceal

an abundance of deep and carefully thought-out judgements. He is on the whole admirably impartial but he has evidently a great love of France and, while appreciating the faults of her politicians, sees in her the last hope of European civilization; "Europe cannot live without France" (p. 110). He also understands the real nature of the troubles beyond France; "All problems east of the Rhine . . . are problems rather of pathology than of politics" (p. 54). Yet these are comparatively small matters in comparison with the dangers to Europe which threaten from outside. The problems of the second half of the twentieth century will be such, he thinks, as to "shake the world—problems in comparison with which disputes about the precise influence of Hitler in the Danube will seem about as important as the disputes of a housemaid about a cup of tea". He refers, of course, to the danger from the east and if he perhaps exaggerates this danger it is at least good to be reminded of the need of European unity.

The collective work on Communism and its relations with Christianity has been produced by a group of French writers who could be expected to grapple with the fundamentals of the problem and to appreciate its every aspect. They have not failed to come up to expectation. Père Ducatillon in the longest essay brings out clearly both the origins and nature of Communism and, while condemning the doctrine, is full of sympathy for its misguided adherents and shows a proper respect for the logic which has led them to their present views. He insists from the beginning that the problem must be placed on a sufficiently elevated plane. "Communism . . . is an assumption of consciousness by man in his entire reality before the great realities of the world and life" (p. 42). Daniel Rops goes further and associates it, like every other revolutionary movement, with Christianity in the sense that only Christian thought insists on the full equality of man with man after which all revolutionaries strive. This is a work of permanent value which will do far more good both to communist and Christian than any amount of facile condemnation.

Dr. Franke examines into the problem of the vocation of nations to Christianity and the value of their contribution to the Church. It is an important aspect of the redemptive scheme but the author seems to exaggerate the value of race.

Sir Alexander MacEwen has produced a vigorous but by no means narrow-minded attack on the evils of modern times, showing up clearly the fallacies of Marxism and of exaggerated nationalism and expounding the principles of Christian sociology. His experiences in the Scottish national movement enable him to bring out very clearly the concrete problems which face the people of the British Isles.

EDWARD QUINN.

*Union Now.* By Clarence K. Streit. (Cape. 10s. 6d. net.)

No reviewer would be justified in matching himself against the commendation which this book receives upon its wrapper. The "blurb" describes it as "possibly momentous", and Mr. Lionel Curtis as "a milestone in history". It is in fact characteristically American, and has the defects of its qualities. It recognizes that the world has reached a state when peace and solidarity are essential to civilization; and it affirms this not in a platonic but in a practical manner. It proposes, therefore, the construction of a "great republic" of the human species, upon the establishment of which "Man's vast future would begin".

So far, indeed, Mr. Streit has not advanced, except in optimism, beyond Tennyson's "Parliament of Man" and "Federation of the World!" But much greater precision follows. Fifteen elect countries are designated as qualified for the "union now" that Mr. Streit is aiming at. An executive board of five persons is to be appointed to administer the affairs of this aristocracy of nations. The members of the directory must be thirty-five years of age and should not, perhaps, be more, since at the conclusion of their five years of office, though Mr. Streit gives them no warning of this, they will presumably have reduced their expectation of life by at least another thirty. They are to be assisted in their stupendous task by a legislative congress of 287 deputies and 42 senators, of whom 126 and 10 respectively would be drawn from the U.S.A. They would be the guardians of liberty and democracy throughout the world.

There are difficulties about this plan. It is far from clear that democracy is a guarantee of liberty. So far that Lecky, who was a very cautious and dispassionate historian, wrote two volumes at the end of his life to show their incompatibility! But this is only one objection among many. The exclusion from the countries of Mr. Streit's election of China, of Greece, and of Italy, which have given as much perhaps to civilization in art and thought as all the rest of Mr. Streit's collection put together, gives furiously to think. Besides the people of these countries the Germans, the Russians, the Spaniards and the Japanese find, doubtless for good cause, no place in Mr. Streit's list. But it looks very much as if a formidable opposition would form almost as quickly as the nucleus government of the new "Union Now" of mankind. And this under a truly democratic régime should surely have its representation in a World Congress. Democracy does not claim infallibility. Or does it?

The real interest of the book under consideration lies, not in its practical proposals, but in their impracticability. Mr. Streit, who



has seen something of Geneva, gives excellent reasons why the League of Nations was bound to be a failure. But there are deeper reasons why his own scheme is equally doomed. These would take too long to discuss here. A reviewer can only suggest that it is not so much a common form of government of which the world stands in need as a common faith transcending political organisms and making every war a civil war. Mr. Streit sees this perhaps in a way, but very dimly, as his extraordinary excursus, entitled "Of Cain and Abel, Socrates, Jesus and Mohammed" is there to prove. Like Mr. Curtis, he seems to prefer to beat the air with ingenious, or perhaps more truly, ingenuous projects for *Union Now*, instead of turning to consider the immense spiritual spade-work which must precede any conceivable advent on this earth of a Civitas Dei and the historic organization which exists for doing it. At the time of writing (April) the probabilities of Armageddon, however, appear so much greater than the prospects of any "union now" that it is difficult to treat this book as seriously as the earnestness and good intentions of the author deserves that it should be. It is indeed exceptionally unfortunate in the hour of its appearance.

A. C.

*The Necessity of Freedom.* By Douglas Jerrold. (Sheed & Ward. 7s. 6d. net.)

It is difficult to give an impression of this book in a short review: summary criticism will inevitably appear as prejudice and fail to do justice to all the forceful argument lucidly expressed. With the framework of Mr. Jerrold's thought every Christian will agree, and could not fail to be warmed by the freshness and enthusiasm with which it is expressed.

But the book is not an academic treatise of abstract Christian principles. The central position takes flesh and blood in the form of Mr. Jerrold's own view of actual Christianity in the Europe of today. And it would seem that neither his analysis nor his method are nearly sufficiently penetrating. Is it, for instance, sufficient to say, "we should raise the standard of the church-builders against the church-burners", and to talk as if the Christian tradition can be easily recognized among the political institutions of Europe? Applying his own standards in the field of art and literature, he naturally comes to deplore what he calls the romantic movement, as representing something intrinsically subversive. It is a small point, but revealing. The voice of the teaching Church itself has always been clearly identifiable, but to say that it is now best echoed through the political, social and cultural forms which it created in a past age, and that it has everything to fear from the

newer forms that have arisen, is to speak against the facts. Rainer Maria Rilke expressed it: "Is it not possible that the God who has disappeared out of the heavens will come back to us, rising out of the earth?"

It may be true that there is a fundamental distinction between Fascism and National-Socialism, and that the former is no more than an anti-political readjustment of Europe arising out of the deficiencies of democracy; but such a distinction should add something to the significance of National-Socialism rather than lead us to disregard it, as does Mr. Jerrold.

He is rightly anxious to dissipate the present apathy and urges us all to take up the fight on behalf of Christianity, but we should study to avoid unnecessary and unproductive engagements such as would be regarded by many people on both sides of the border as unprovoked frontier incidents.

M. B.

*An Introduction to Ascetical and Mystical Theology.* By the Most Rev. Alban Goodier, S.J. (Burns Oates & Washbourne. 7s. 6d. net.)

THE death of Archbishop Goodier is a very great loss. Many years of study and meditation and an unusually wide experience of souls had given him (to quote a phrase of his own, which in his humility he would never have applied to himself) "a long spiritual vision and a right perspective".

In this book he summed up all that he had written. Elsewhere he had dealt with various features of the spiritual life. Here he viewed that life as a whole. It is not a speculative analysis of ascetical and mystical theology. A book of so small a compass, made up of only seventeen lectures, could not be an adequate treatise on so vast a subject. The Archbishop meant it to be descriptive and practical; he wanted to point out the salient features of the spiritual landscape, and to show others how to take the "long spiritual vision and the right perspective". For that reason he called his work an "introduction".

The first lecture outlines the plan of the book and discusses the meaning of ascetical and mystical theology, its sources, and its value as a subject of study and as a guide to right living. The next five lectures are historical. They deal with asceticism and mysticism outside Christianity, and within Christianity from apostolic to modern times. The treatment is necessarily sketchy. The writer has not space to present more than an outline of the principles and movements of the various epochs. But, for all his brevity, he manages to produce a wonderful wealth of information; and he effectively proves certain important truths, for instance

that Hindus and Mohammedans *do* practise a genuine natural mysticism and show an intense devotion to God.

The next group of five lectures are called "Doctrinal". They discuss the meaning of the spiritual life, and its Christ-centredness; the supernatural organism in man; and the nature and means of perfection. This is a very rich section, containing some of the finest pages, for matter and style, in the whole book. The writer is on very familiar ground; he is outlining his own way of spirituality, and abridging the writings on Christ and His charity which won for their author so effective an influence over souls. But there are not unnaturally certain statements or omissions in the section with which a reviewer may quarrel. There is, for example, a lack of firmness at times in distinguishing the supernatural from the natural; an overlooking of the supreme importance of the Holy Eucharist as a means of perfection; and but a scant reference to the gifts of the Holy Ghost and their paramount part in the spiritual life.

In the remaining six lectures his Grace treats of the historic "ways". He describes the Purgative Way, meditation which is its characteristic prayer, and the true nature of penance and mortification; then the Illuminative Way, affective prayer and the practice of the theological and cardinal virtues; and lastly, the Unitive Way, contemplation and mysticism. He rightly sees in the "ways" "a conventional and convenient division" rather than three well-defined stages of spiritual growth. For him the Illuminative Way is the pith and core of a deep, supernatural life. He writes of this way with great understanding.

The Archbishop had as one aim in writing this book to show "the essential unity of all the Church's spiritual teaching, whatever the channel through which it flows, both in theory and in practice, in principle and in application, in the active, contemplative, and mixed life, with the layman equally with the religious". His descriptive method has not enabled him quite to succeed in this purpose. He has indeed shown the general harmony in practice of the various trends of spiritual schools. But he could not be expected to establish a harmony in theory, because harmony does not in fact exist; there remains still, and seems likely to remain, much divergence among theologians as to the real character of mystical prayer and its relation to the supernatural organism of grace and the infused virtues and gifts of the Holy Ghost.

However, it was not his wish to plunge into profound theological speculation. He wanted, as always, to show the ordinary Christian a more excellent way and a better part. In this he has admirably succeeded. Lucidity, wisdom, persuasive and beautiful diction—such are the qualities of this last testament of a great and gifted director of souls.

J. C.

*Contemporary Continental Theology.* By W. M. Horton. (S.C.M. Press. 7s. 6d. net.)

THERE are not enough books of this kind published in English, and probably not enough students of the theologies herein analysed and described. This work is intended as an introduction for the beginner or for those who have a general interest in the progress of contemporary theological writing in Europe, but the more experienced student will not be displeased to read such an account as this, which is at once fair, lucid, and understanding.

There are four sections: "The Rediscovery of Orthodox Theology" (Berdyaev and Bulgakov), "The Revival of Catholic Theology" (Maritain and Przywara), "The Crisis in German Protestant Theology", and "Protestant Theology outside Germany". The pages devoted to Barth, Brunner, Rosenberg, etc., help towards an understanding of modern Germany. It is a pity that only Maritain and Przywara should be chosen to represent Catholic thought; they are probably not the most important thinkers in the Church abroad. Among the German Lutherans there is no mention of Heiler—a rather surprising omission. The author might have gleaned some useful information in the latest edition of *Religion in Geschichte und Gegenwart*. There is nothing about the liturgical or reunion tendencies among Swiss and French Calvinists. There is no mention of any Italian theologian, either Catholic or Protestant.

In spite of these many and serious omissions, the book is a useful attempt to describe some main trends of Christian thought in Europe during recent years.

C. A. BOLTON.

*Jesus of Nazareth.* By the Most Rev. Hilarin Felder, D.D., O.M. Cap. Translated by Berchmans Bittle, O.M. Cap. (Coldwell. 10s. 6d. net.)

*Form Criticism: Its Value and Limitations.* By E. Basil Redlich, B.D. (Duckworth. 5s. net.)

DR. FELDER is already well-known by his *Jesus Christus, Apologie seiner Messianität und Gottheit gegenüber der neuesten ungläubigen Jesusforschung*, 1911, and again in 1923-4, translated by J. L. Stoddard as *Christ and the Critics*, 1924. The present is a more popular work, by no means a *rechauffé* of the former, as the contents will show. Part I deals with the gospels and criticism, II with the personality of Christ, III treats of His interior life, IV, the Messiah, V, His godhead, VI, summarizes the testimony of the early Church to the gospel, also the Christological teaching of St. Paul and the theology of the Fourth Gospel.

The section on the critics and the gospel is, as we should expect, admirable. Dr. Felder has a happy knack of retorting an argument, as when, for example, certain critics maintained that the earliest gospels had succeeded in unduly stressing the divine side of Christ, he retorts: "If that be the case, then the Synoptic Gospels cannot be a mere reproduction of the later belief of the Church in contrast to actual history, since their portrait of the Saviour exhibits throughout those characteristics which are pointed out by liberal critics as perfectly genuine, in contrast to the portrait of Christ of later decades" (p. 45). He makes a good point, too, when he draws attention to the fact that "a large number of those who knew the Saviour from daily contact lived through the subsequent period down to the writing and publication of the Gospels" (p. 51). The book is full of good things and we wish we could quote extensively; but note this on the sinlessness of Christ: "The only man who is without a trace of remorse is one who is either conscienceless, or godless, or the sinless one—Jesus" (p. 126). Here is another: "Renan, under the mask of assumed piety, has become a modern Judas to Jesus, with the sole difference that he did a correspondingly better piece of business. While Judas had to content himself with thirty pieces of silver, Renan, as Dumas the younger reminds us, received a million francs for his work from the Jew Rothschild"; Dr. Felder might have added that Judas's conscience smote him and he gave back his "honorarium"!

On p. 16 by a misprint Thackeray becomes "Phackeray"; on p. 22 St. Irenaeus's date is given as 80 A.D. instead of 180. We find it hard to follow the author when he says that Zahn has *proved* that St. Paul's revelation on the Holy Eucharist was not made directly to him but was mediated through the Apostles; nor can we readily accept the very positive statement that the Synoptic Gospels came into existence a few years after the main epistles of St. Paul which began "about the year 50 (p. 21). But the whole work is admirable and will be of use to others than the professed Biblical student.

One aspect of Dr. Felder's work we must deal with separately: "The only enemy," he says, "of positive belief in the gospels and in Jesus which is to be taken seriously" is what is now known as "Form-criticism", which may not unjustly be described as the latest critical craze. It is, as Dr. Felder rightly says, based on the tacit supposition that all that is supernatural in the Gospel narrative is to be regarded as a romantic and unhistorical infiltration. But the form-narrative school has a vogue and a large following, whose output is enormous. There has just appeared, however, *Form Criticism: Its Value and Limitations*, by Canon

E. Basil Redlich, B.D. It is the first attempt to evaluate rightly the principles of this school of thought. Briefly: while allowing that, as Dr. Felder too expresses it, it has done away with "the day-dreams of a Reimarus, Christian Bauer, Strauss, Renan, Bruno Bauer, and destroyed the last doubts regarding the genuineness of almost the entire New Testament" (p. 67), yet it is a purely speculative theory based on a series of suppositions such as that there were no eyewitnesses on whom we can depend, that the context of the various passages which they have attempted to isolate is of no importance, that the collection of stories about Christ arose solely from the practical needs of the early community, and that the material of the early traditions has no biographical or chronological value. To all this it seems to us that the one decisive answer is St. Paul and the historical background of all his epistles, with the theological teaching he develops—in other words the Acts of the Apostles. We warmly recommend Canon Redlich's examination of the whole question.

F. H. P.

*The Good Pagan's Failure.* By Rosalind Murray. (Longmans, Green. 7s. 6d. net.)

MISS ROSALIND MURRAY has attempted to interpret liberal humanism to the Christian, and Christianity to the humanist, to examine the misunderstandings which inevitably arise between the supernatural outlook of the "totalitarian" Christian, and the cultivated, "moderate", humanitarian worldliness of the Good Pagan. Miss Murray is singularly equipped to make this attempt, having known both worlds, and she has achieved a work of immediate value.

At its best (and Miss Murray knew it at its best) that humanism possessed qualities of culture, moral refinement, honour, and humane sensibility which were remarkable; today its essential weaknesses have worked themselves out, and the Good Pagan stands back in hurt surprise at the sight of a world in ruins. His intentions were so good, his heart so kind; what has gone wrong? Miss Murray examines his failure with intelligence and sympathetic insight, and shows how by his exclusive preoccupation with this world, his confidence that with bread (and kindness) alone man could be happy, the Good Pagan was forced to shut his eyes to the world's imperfections, to the facts of suffering, poverty and sin. But "by excluding Heaven we have not abolished Hell, by denying redemption we have not been redeemed, the sinner is still there, in the world and in ourselves".

Probably England more than any other country has been influenced by this humanism; English thought is still dominated



by it to a greater degree than more clear-thinking, and perhaps more cynical, European minds; while on vast sections of English society its influence has been crossed with that of Nonconformity, and has degenerated in inferior minds into a vaguely "Christian" sentimentality which is a constant menace. Miss Murray, however, is concerned rather with the finer type of Good Pagan; but even here his belief that he embodies in his thought the "best elements" of Christianity makes a *rapproch* exceedingly difficult. A variety of activities and sentiments are branded as "Christian", which may or may not be so, and which may in fact be criminal. Kindness to animals, euthanasia, birth-control, can all be "Christian"; and the humanist is shocked and hurt when the professed Christian fails to share his enthusiasm for them. Miss Murray explains patiently the fundamental difference in outlook which characterizes the "totalitarian" Christian, whose abiding city is not here, and whose attitude to the joys and sufferings of this world is correspondingly transformed.

Her book should do a great deal to remove these misunderstandings. Her analysis of our present social disorder, if perhaps a little oversimplified at times, is always very intelligent, and it is certain that neither Christians nor pagans can read it without profit. To have shown the *sacramental* character of the Christian, his engrafting on to Christ which in essence characterizes the new man and distinguishes him from the unregenerate, would scarcely have been within the scope of Miss Murray's book; but we may hope that some at least of those for whom it is primarily intended will be led by it to learn this truth elsewhere.

F. G. SEARLE.

*Overtures to Death.* By C. Day Lewis. (Jonathan Cape. 5s. net.)

*Mini by Night.* By Alfred Barrett, S.J. (America Press. \$1.50.)

*Poems.* By Helen Foley. (Dent. 6s. net.)

*Quixotic Perquisitions.* By George Reavey. (Europa Press. 3s. 6d. net.)

*Can No One Understand?* By Julia Wickham Greenwood. (Putnam. 7s. 6d. net.)

*I Saw the World.* Translations from Walther von der Vogelweide. By Ian G. Colvin. (Arnold. 5s. net.)

*The Fountain of Magic.* By Frank O'Connor. (Macmillan. 4s. 6d. net.)

WHY is it that our leftish "intellectuals"—knowing something of the elements of poetry and a little more of its purpose—so clamour, like bewildered rooks, about the deracinated, leafless trees of

Auden's abstractions and Spender's hollow verse, when they have their Day Lewis who can write the heads off such overrated poetasters? In *Overtures to Death* we find this fine poet burrowing like a goat-moth caterpillar, destructively enough, but right to the heart of his tree, grown from the authentic seed of valid experience. He really does look at the world universally and interpret it in terms of his own time, fulfilling his art. His book is important.

I have already written, elsewhere, commending Father Barrett's *Mint by Night*, and have suggested that his verse has that peculiarly thomistic flavour which, for some reason or other, attaches itself to the work of poets—such as Gerard Hopkins, for example—who have been disciplined by the Ignatian Exercises. This concise, gritty verse is of an extremely high order. One can only hope that Father Barrett will, later on, attempt some poem frankly ambitious in length and matter.

Helen Foley's poems are of a more conventional type. The beauty and finish of her lines, from the technical point of view, are hard to fault, but there is a certain thinness of vision and idea which fails to support the craftsmanship. It is a pity, too, that the wealth of splendid imagery which she obviously has at her command should too often give way to commonplace analogies. Nevertheless, I shall be surprised if we do not hear more about Miss Foley's poetry, if only she will bring herself to submit to a larger literary discipline.

Mr. Reavey's work is dull stuff, seeming to conceal a lack of genuine feeling and creative power behind an orchestra of esoteric allusion and noisy verbiage. Of Julia Greenwood's verses I find it hard to write. They are precisely the kind I most dislike, whilst I am well aware they will please a great many people and, frankly, I know of no reason, apart from a somewhat virulent personal prejudice, why they should not. They are not too sentimental, but are certainly too woolly and subjective for my liking. Miss Greenwood understands metre but has yet to learn adjectival economy and to wait for the *mot juste*.

Mr. Colvin's translations from Walter von der Vogelweide's mediaeval German poems are of great historical interest and will provide English readers with a unique opportunity for understanding the "gothic" mind in the days of Richard Coeur-de-Lion. There is no great poetry here but there is a wealth of fun, and all the fascination of a translator's work which has been accomplished with dexterity and sympathy.

*The Fountain of Magic* consists of a collection of excellent translations of Irish verse selected by the late W. B. Yeats. There is an astonishing loveliness in the simplicity of these poems,

nearly all of which have about them the true ring of the folk song, to which has been added, without interference, Frank O'Connor's exquisite chiselling and, in some cases, that of the lyric master himself, W. B. Yeats. Of the seven books mentioned, this is, perhaps, the only one which may be described as indispensable to any library of poetry.

EGERTON CLARKE.

*Cuthbert Tunstal.* By Charles Sturge, M.A., Ph. D. (Longmans, Green. 21s. net.)

IN the first part of the sixteenth century the centre of the transalpine renaissance in this country was London rather than Oxford or Cambridge. Grocyn was at his city living, Linacre had returned from Venice, Colet was at St. Paul's, Bernard Andreas was tutoring at the court, Polydore Virgil was writing his history, Lily translating the Greek Anthology, More lecturing on Augustine, and Erasmus coming and going. To this literary circle belonged Cuthbert Tunstal. He was, in fact, More's best friend, for Stapleton wrote: "The friendship between More and Tunstal was the closest and most intimate of all." Through the chancellor, Tunstal was introduced to Erasmus, who wrote back: "*Hodie coenavi apud Tunstallum ut compendio dicam tui simillimum*".

Cuthbert Tunstal was born in 1474, studied at the two English universities and at Padua, passed into Warham's household in 1508, was appointed archdeacon of Chester in 1515 and sent on his first embassy, chosen Master of the Rolls on his return, promoted to be vice-chancellor under Wolsey, dean of Salisbury in 1521, bishop of London in 1522, and lastly was preferred in 1530 to the semi-regal palatinate of Durham. These were the rungs of the ladder which Tunstal climbed in his career. It was a brilliant ascent worth describing in a great work of over four hundred pages, put together by Dr. Sturge in a masterly way. We are shown how Tunstal steered his course, during the religious controversies of the time, through the midst of Papalism and Protestantism, submitting to the royal supremacy but clinging in other matters to more or less orthodox views. His attitude to papal supremacy moved in the reverse direction to that of More. More said that he had not at first held it to be of divine institution, but had later changed his opinion: Tunstal on the contrary was at first a papalist, but came later to the conclusion that the claims of the papacy were without warrant, divine or traditional. So the chancellor was sent to the scaffold, while the bishop kept his princely see. Dr. Sturge takes great pains to get at the truth with regard to Tunstal's vacillations, but he wisely refrains from probing his conscience. In this he is more ready to excuse than

to accuse—which is a Christian attitude, adding merit to his learning.

Under Elizabeth, Tunstal proved the strength of his character, refusing the oath of supremacy, and rebuking the queen: he would not now "receive a rule of faith from laymen his juniors". She imprisoned him at Lambeth where he died, bitterly regretting his past waverings: "I beseech thee," he prayed, "appear not as an accuser against thy runaway slave." Cuthbert Tunstal was always an obscure figure in the history of the Reformation, but this recent work has brought him into the light where we shall be better able to study his character and the difficulties of his position as bishop under the later Tudors. This is a successful biography because it is written with sympathy and sincerity and devoid of party feeling. The author's zeal for the perfection and meticulous accuracy of his work has led him to fill his pages with notes sometimes twenty or thirty lines deep, smothering the text. This makes it a very difficult book to read, but it makes a worthy companion of R. W. Chamber's *Life of More*, which it resembles in many ways.

ALBAN LEOTAUD.

*Let Dons Delight.* By Ronald A. Knox. (Sheed & Ward. 7s. 6d. net.)

THE narrator was invited to dinner in hall on a Sunday evening in Simon Magus College. The port was good. After dinner in the smoking room the windows were shut and the fire was alight though it was late spring. His host was called to the telephone; so the narrator kept aloof from the chatting groups of dons and tried to smoke his pipe. Now port will make its victim loquacious or sleepy according to circumstances. Here obviously the circumstances made for sleep; so Monsignor dropped off, and this book is the result. For amid the buzzing of the dons he dreamed eight dreams. At fifty-year intervals the dons were gathered in this panelled room and talked and talked according to the changing fashion of their times. Oxford is always Oxford; but the more it remains the same the more it changes (*vide* the title page).

In 1588 the Armada was reported off the Scillies, and the dons debated as to whether they would not soon all be reading the Mass. The Provost, who was of the old vintage, was trying to recollect his Latin and finding himself rusty. The others being priested according to the rite of Elizabeth were thinking what brave fools they would look putting on massing vestments. There was an absence of bitterness in their discussions.

Not so in 1638; the bitterness had become great. Mr. Milton has just written *Lycidas*; Mr. Prynne had lately stood in the pillory; Archbishop Laud was making men angry with his High

Churchism ; Puritans were waxing wroth over Whitsun ales, Maypoles, and football on the Sabbath ; the Thames had been made navigable as far as Oxford.

In 1688 the old Provost was dying, at a most unconscionable time in the opinion of the dons, who feared King James would intrude a Catholic on them.

In 1738 they discussed the king-over-the-water, Mr. Locke's philosophy, and Mr. Wesley. The old Provost told the young dons how in his young days he would argue till the sun set, and then go off to finish the argument in a tavern ; "but we never got much further forward ; never much further forward".

In 1788 Voltaire had begun to make merry, Mr. Wesley had begun to ordain ministers for himself ; the canal had come to Oxford ; the era of enlightenment had dawned and an improved general condition of humanity was confidently expected ; Kant was mystifying the world from Koenigsberg ; Herschel was finding millions of stars where previously there had been thousands.

In 1838 the railway had come to Oxford ; Mr. Newman was getting well into his stride ; in the common-room one of the dons would insist on calling the Church of England "she"—"as if it were some female of your acquaintance", indignantly snorted another. In Germany, Strauss was denying the divinity of Christ.

In 1888 the dons were wondering whether one could believe unfeignedly in the New Testament and feignedly in the Old ; whether it was possible to give any form of assent *ex animo* to the Anglican formularies ; whether there was any authority in religion, and where it resided, and whence it came.

In 1938 the sleeper woke up and found the dons in full blast about anything and everything : whether it was right to let the rich pay for the privilege of being uneducated at Oxford ; whether any education was worth while ; whether there is any solidity in our intellectual processes ; and what part will Oxford play under a dictatorship.

"Variations on a theme", the author calls the book. The theme, of course, is religion, with two subsidiaries : that Oxford is always going to the dogs and that anyhow Cambridge is no good. A scholar's *jeu d'esprit* for scholars, to be enjoyed in the depths of an arm-chair, cigars and whisky and soda alongside. Clever as are the eight conversations, some readers will think that the notes appended to each chapter are cleverer still. We knew of course that Mgr. Knox could write a new Anthony Trollope. Now we know that he can equally well write Bishop Challoner, Anthony à Wood, Mark Pattison, and Boswell. In short, one wonders if there is any author for whom Monsignor could not write a new book.

C. E. E.

*A Popular History of the Church.* (Burns Oates & Washbourne. 7s. 6d. net.)

*The Faith in Practice.* (Longmans, Green. 5s. net). Both by the Reverend Philip Hughes.

By interrupting his labours on his longer history of the Church to write this short popular history, Father Philip Hughes has put the ordinary reader very much in his debt. It is a book which has long been wanted, and no one is better equipped to write it. To present such an intricate story in a coherent form in so short a space is no easy task, but he has succeeded in making the history live from beginning to end. It is, in fact, an extraordinarily dramatic story, with something of the character of a Greek drama, as the gradual development of the Church is traced from its obscure beginning in the Roman Empire to the culmination of its power in the middle ages: and then, almost like the *περίεργία* of an Aristotelian tragedy, its rapid decline in the fourteenth century, checked for a moment at the Counter-reformation, but continuing nevertheless until in the eighteenth century, as Father Hughes says, "The Catholic Church is more isolated from European life than at any time in history": and finally its recovery, like a resurrection from the dead, in the nineteenth century in spite of the "assault of liberalism", and its expansion all over the world until the present day.

It need hardly be said that Father Hughes makes no attempt to whitewash churchmen or to hide the appalling degradation which has so often disfigured both the Church and the papacy in their human aspects. There is perhaps a slight tendency to caricature in his description of modern heresies, which is doubtless difficult to avoid in so short a summary, but his treatment of the various movements of spiritual life within the Church, though necessarily brief, is admirable and puts the whole history in its right setting. It is strange, however, that Father Hughes should have omitted to make any reference to the great mystical movement, especially in England and Germany, in the fourteenth century, which does something at least to lighten the darkness of that "lamentable century", as he calls it.

It is noteworthy that the chapter on the "Revolt of the Protestants" is followed by a chapter on the "Revolt of the Catholic Kings", in which Father Hughes states that the Church suffered almost as much in Catholic countries from the absolutism of the Catholic kings as from Protestantism itself. In fact the whole drama of church history is seen to turn on this struggle between the Church and the State, the state either persecuting the Church and depriving it of its rights, or claiming to protect the



Church and usurping its privileges. It is a drama which continues unabated at the present day, with apparently as little hope of solution.

In *The Faith in Practice* Father Hughes brings his admirably lucid style to the exposition of the Faith on the basis of the catechism. In its own way it could hardly be better done, but one wonders whether this is the best method of bringing out the living character of the Faith as he desires. However useful such an abstract scheme may be for purposes of instruction, it is hardly likely to inspire a strong personal religion. The real principle of Christian life is surely not charity in the abstract *but the personal love of Jesus Christ*. In the same way the sacraments and moral virtues have no real meaning for us except in so far as they are seen to be the way by which we enter into communion with Christ.

The weakness of this method of exposition comes out especially in the last part, where prayer and devotion are treated, as it were, in isolation, without any reference to their sacramental character as the means of our participation in the life of Christ as members of His Body. A book on the Faith in Practice which thus leaves out the principal motive of the practice of the faith is surely very like our old friend, the book on Hamlet which leaves out the Prince of Denmark.

D. B. G.

*Nennius's History of the Britons*. Edited and translated by A. W. Wade-Evans. (S.P.C.K. 7s. 6d. net.)

IN an earlier book, *Welsh Christian Origins*, Mr. Wade-Evans successfully began the task of cutting down the undergrowth that has surrounded the sources of Welsh history. In particular, he showed how the fantastically unreliable *Story of the Loss of Britain* (falsely ascribed to St. Gildas) had deceived St. Bede and every historian since, "so that Welsh history now for twelve hundred years has continued to be poisoned at the source". He argued convincingly that the date of the *Story* must be almost two centuries later than that universally given (i.e. early in the eighth instead of the sixth century A.D.). Among the most important of the conclusions that follow is the rejection of the theory of the displacement of the Welsh people from England into Wales during the fifth and sixth centuries.

The present volume provides the "documents in the case". In addition to Nennius's *History* (which is largely based on the shorter *Story*) there are the *Annals of the Britons*, Court Pedigrees of Hywel the Good and the *Story of the Loss of Britain*. Here, for the first time in English, is a concise and scholarly edition of the sources that have been so uncritically used by generations of

historians for the conventional text-book account of the "defeat of the British people". Indeed, not one of these historians seems to have thought of submitting the MSS. to serious examination.

Mr. Wade-Evans gives in his introduction some account of the various texts as well as a summary of Nennius's *History*. He convincingly deals with the various discrepancies, especially of chronology, that have previously rendered unintelligible much of Nennius's narrative. The treatment of the texts is a model for editors: the notes are plentiful but always concise, and there is an exceptional adroitness in tracking down the innumerable philological difficulties.

It would be good if Mr. Wade-Evans were to produce a companion volume, doing for the *vitae* of some of the Welsh saints—Gildas, Dyfrig, Illtud, Samson—what he has so efficiently done for Nennius's *History*. It is practically an untouched field and it is certainly one that is worth tilling.

I. E.

*Monastic Studies.* By Watkin Williams. (Manchester University Press. 10s.)

THESE are the papers of an archaeologist interested in origins, ruins, and old monastic charters. All of them have appeared before in periodicals, either in the DUBLIN or *Downside Reviews*, *Pax*, or the *Journal of Theological Studies*. Frankly, they are too stiff to appeal to a wide public, but the less superficial reader who has a taste for archaeology and research will appreciate this collection. The study of monasticism, even if we limit it to its Christian form, is too vast a subject to treat of in detail, so one must be content to cut just a few green sods in the immense field in which one works.

Mr. Williams first inspects three Merovingian foundations, in a sort of *voyage littéraire*, Maurist-like: he collects *fiches* like them, as learned (and as difficult) as theirs, but he can add a modern touch to an old ruin, such as he saw at Moûtier in the panelled rooms off the cloister, inhabited now by a farmer and his wife "and the *bébé* cooing in the cradle, where once perhaps Montfaucon had lectured to the young monks". He travelled to Cluny and wandered among the ruins of the feudal abbey "of late so reverently handled by my friend Professor Kenneth Conant" (Americans have played the fairy-godmother to France since the war—Versailles, Rheims, Lille, and now the excavations of Cluny!). But the way in which he describes Abbot Ponce (who was a scandal) as "less scrupulous than was St. Odo", is too delicate for words: but it is true that Ponce is shown up badly by the line of saints who were abbots before him, and Peter the Venerable his successor, let alone the scathing innuendoes of

Bernard of Clairvaux ; in the perspective of history, Ponce is the one blemish of Cluny and breaks her beauty, like the bad teeth of the Duchesse de Bourgogne.

In the next chapter Peter the Venerable retrenches the expenditure of the abbey and tries to correct the maladministration of Ponce : dainty furs are now prohibited, and there were certain imported luxuries which Peter considered "a notable and damnable piece of affectation", and (the splendid fellow!) "detrimental to the trade in home-grown products". But cheap skins from sheep, lambs, goats or cats he considered not unsuitable to monastic dress : and there were also certain bedspreads of warm reds and scarlets imported from Ratisbon, which had to be discarded. From the magnificence of Cluny we pass to the chilly austerity of Cîteaux ; we like to see that Cistercian bishops were allowed to wear sheepskin cloaks and hats of similar simplicity "as symbols of their dignity".

The book is full of interest.

ALBAN LÉOTAUD.

*Benjamin Franklin.* By Carl van Doren. (Putnam. 15s. net.)

It is not always—one might even say not often—that a full-dress biography is both exhaustive and entertaining. Nor, alas, is it usual to find a book of this nature keeping up its quality through 800 pages of closely printed letterpress. Mr. van Doren's life of Franklin achieves both these ends. It is, indeed, the best long biography that has appeared for some time.

Benjamin Franklin lived a long and eventful life, which he himself has described in an autobiography that takes rank among the classics of its kind. But no man writing of himself can know exactly what will interest posterity ; there was much to add to his account, and American students and historians have collected a store of Frankliniana that in some ways resembles the odds and ends of personal matter garnered by the devotees of Dr. Johnson. In this book Mr. van Doren has gathered together these loose and often disjointed pieces, rejected stories that he was convinced were apocryphal, and with the skill in narrative biography that has been developed to such a degree of perfection in America has worked them into what will be the definitive life of Benjamin Franklin. He makes little attempt at analysis or criticism ; he is singularly free from prejudices or political bias. He sees his man objectively. To him Franklin is a live person, and with skill and sympathy Mr. van Doren tries to make him a live person to his readers. To us English this is particularly valuable, as in this country knowledge of American history and the men who made it is elementary.

To summarize the immense amount of material presented in

coherent form in this book would be impossible. The story of Benjamin Franklin starts in New England, where he was born in 1706. His father had come from England some twenty years earlier and was established in Boston as a tallow-chandler, and it was to this trade that he wished his sons to turn. But the younger boys revolted from tallow; James Franklin, nine years older than Benjamin, learned printing, and when he was old enough Benjamin was apprenticed to him. Printing, publishing and journalism were all mixed up together in those days, and young Franklin became proficient in all three trades. But even with a brother—or perhaps because it was with a brother—he found the bondage of apprenticeship more than he could bear; he broke his indentures and ran away to Philadelphia, where he set up for himself, married, and began that strange life of politics, scientific research and experiment that carries any student of his career into many queer places. In time he became assistant post-master of North America and in 1757 went to London as agent for the Assembly. There he already had some reputation as a scientific experimenter; he now became better known as a politician, speaker, and authority on all matters pertaining to America, and this at a time when American affairs were of paramount interest and importance in England. When the colonies broke away and the United States of America came into being, Franklin, who had already returned home, took a hand in drafting the Declaration of Independence, and soon afterwards went to France as minister plenipotentiary for the new republic and agent for American affairs on the continent of Europe. The account of his work in Paris, his return to America and election as president of Pennsylvania concludes the story of this many-sided man.

These few bare facts are the outstanding points in the life of a remarkable and astonishingly versatile character. Versatility was, indeed, the note of Franklin's personality. He was interested in everything. He invented lightning-conductors, slow-combustion stoves, musical instruments, bifocal spectacles, cold-cures, and so forth; he devised systems of government, a method of shorthand, a scheme for simplified spelling, and a plan for keeping his own country under the Crown of England while satisfying every claim and aspiration of both countries. All these plans, inventions and systems read plausibly and seem practicable enough, yet somehow only the lightning-conductor has ever been taken seriously; and on coming to the end of Mr. van Doren's book, which can leave little to be said on the subject, one wonders what lasting effect Benjamin Franklin had on his age and on the new country he helped to make.

A. L. HAYWARD.

*William Law : Selected Mystical Writings.* By Stephen Hobhouse.  
(The C. W. Daniel Co. 8s. 6d. net.)

It is a curious fact that the Church of England in general and the Anglo-Catholic movement in particular have made so little of their own home-grown mystical writer, William Law. Even the *Serious Call*, an ascetical rather than a mystical work, is, I imagine, little read today; and the other works of Law are not easily accessible. Yet he was unquestionably a great mystic, great both in the religious content of his writings and in the literary quality of his prose. This skilfully compiled selection by Mr. Stephen Hobhouse is, therefore, very welcome.

Apart from certain individual peculiarities, in particular the universalism to which he came in the latter part of his lifetime, William Law stood quite definitely in the Catholic tradition of Christian mysticism. His central theme is the indwelling of Christ in the soul; and in his view of the Incarnation and of our Lord's atoning work he shows strong affinity with the theology of the Greek fathers and a certain antipathy to the expiatory and retributive emphasis of St. Augustine and St. Anselm. In this tradition he remained to the end of his life, though in later years he became more and more indebted to the thought of Jacob Boehme, and was considerably influenced also by Quietism. A passage in the *Answer to Dr. Trapp* implies that St. John of the Cross, Ruysbroeck, Tauler, Suso and Harphius, as well as Fénelon and Mme Guyon, were his constant reading, and their volumes are still to be found on the shelves of his library in the Northamptonshire village of King's Cliffe.

The first part of Mr. Hobhouse's book consists of substantial extracts from the chief of Law's writings; notably from the *Appeal to All Who Doubt or Disbelieve the Truths of the Gospel*, "the best all-round statement of William Law's mystical theology and cosmology"; the *Way to Divine Knowledge*, a series of dialogues written as an introduction to a translation contemplated by Law of the works of his master Jacob Boehme; and the *Spirit of Love*, which contains a comprehensive explanation of the nature and meaning of the Atonement. This section is followed by a series of notes on each of the extracts, explanatory of difficulties and of contemporary or literary allusions. These are extremely useful to the uninitiated reader, because they connect the ideas and doctrine of Law with their sources in Boehme's work and in the great mystical writers of the Catholic tradition.

The book ends with twenty-four short studies, mainly concerned with the theological background of Law's writings. Mr. Hobhouse is very modest about his theological qualifications; but though

there are points where a Catholic theologian would differ from him, his work is always learned, clear and illuminating. If this review should catch his eye it may interest him to know that William Law's library at King's Cliffe, which he last visited in 1925, is still exactly as it was, occasionally inspected by interested visitors, but seldom used locally.

H. St. J.

*European Jungle.* By F. Yeats-Brown. (Eyre & Spottiswoode, 10s. 6d.)

There is no lack of books on Europe. They have been written from every angle. We have had the journalist going from capital to capital and, in accordance with a new and doubtful convention, keeping his best copy for a volume instead of sending it to his paper. We have also had the theorist setting out with his convictions ready-made and finding his facts to suit them. Both these treatments have fairly obvious defects. The daily journalist suffers from the bias which makes him regard only the exceptional as news, only the paradoxical as worth saying. Contemporary history can no more be written than any other without a judicious mixture of fact and theory. "Bengal Lancer" is the ideal writer for this kind of book. He is neither the literary carpet-bagger with no background, nor is he the pure theorist. The result is that we have in this book the reflections of a particularly acute intelligence and a highly individual and well-informed personality.

We may agree with the publishers that the book is not easily to be labelled "Right" or "Left". Major Yeats-Brown has that quality which Matthew Arnold thought so unEnglish of being able to turn back on himself. His admiration for Herr Hitler is undisguised, but he is able to view the events of last March objectively and to tell us that the Führer's fault is "writ large across a startled Europe". Sympathetic to Mussolini, he finds it difficult to write calmly about Albania. The chapter on the Jews is a remarkable example of dispassionate analysis.

Perhaps the most conspicuous merit of the book is the rare one that the reader is never left in any doubt whether the author is drawing on his copious resources of first-hand knowledge or giving us his own speculations and theories. Both are interesting, but it is important that they should not be confused and if they are in the mind of any reader of *European Jungle* we do not feel that the author is to blame.

There are some elements in Major Yeats-Brown's outlook on life, which Catholics cannot be expected to share. They will agree with him in what he has to say about the atheistic philosophy of Russia, and his chapters on Spain can be read with profit by any-



body who is still under any illusions about the underlying issues of the Spanish war. Much that he says about the better aspects of the Nazi regime may also find favour. Ultimately, however, we have to face the fact that our author admires Herr Hitler for qualities which make it impossible for a Catholic to do so. Major Yeats-Brown would hardly accept all the racialist theories of the Nazi regime, but he is quite able to accept with enthusiasm the eugenic ideas which are equally unscientific and no less repugnant to the Catholic mind. It is something of a shock to find amid so much good sense in this book the trite observation that we are careful how we breed racehorses and careless about human stock as though the differences between the two were not far more significant than the resemblances.

To some extent the book suffers, as any attempt to treat European politics in present conditions is bound to do, by the continually changing scene. It is difficult to preserve the form of a volume in which proofs have to be continually corrected, chapters revised and the whole thing sent off to the printer with a fervent prayer that it will not be hopelessly out of date by the time it appears. The remarkable thing is the extent to which these difficulties have been surmounted. Equally striking, in view of the strong but justified comments on financial dictatorship of the Press, is the reception the book has had from reviewers. "E'en the ranks of Tuscany," as represented by Mr. Vernon Bartlett, have not been able to "forbear to cheer". If the book is as widely read as it deserves to be it will be a valuable corrective to a great deal of current "ideological" literature and journalism.

R. J. D.